

MARCH NO.30

NATIONAL



SM
★
3

COMICS

10¢



Best Wishes
to Adolph & Co.
From
Uncle Sam
&
Buddy

UNCLE SAM
and **BUDDY**
BURST THROUGH
IN ANOTHER
SMASH STORY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A BELL RINGER!



PACKED
WITH
THRILLS

FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

NATIONAL COMICS, March, 1943, No. 30. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. John Beardsley, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

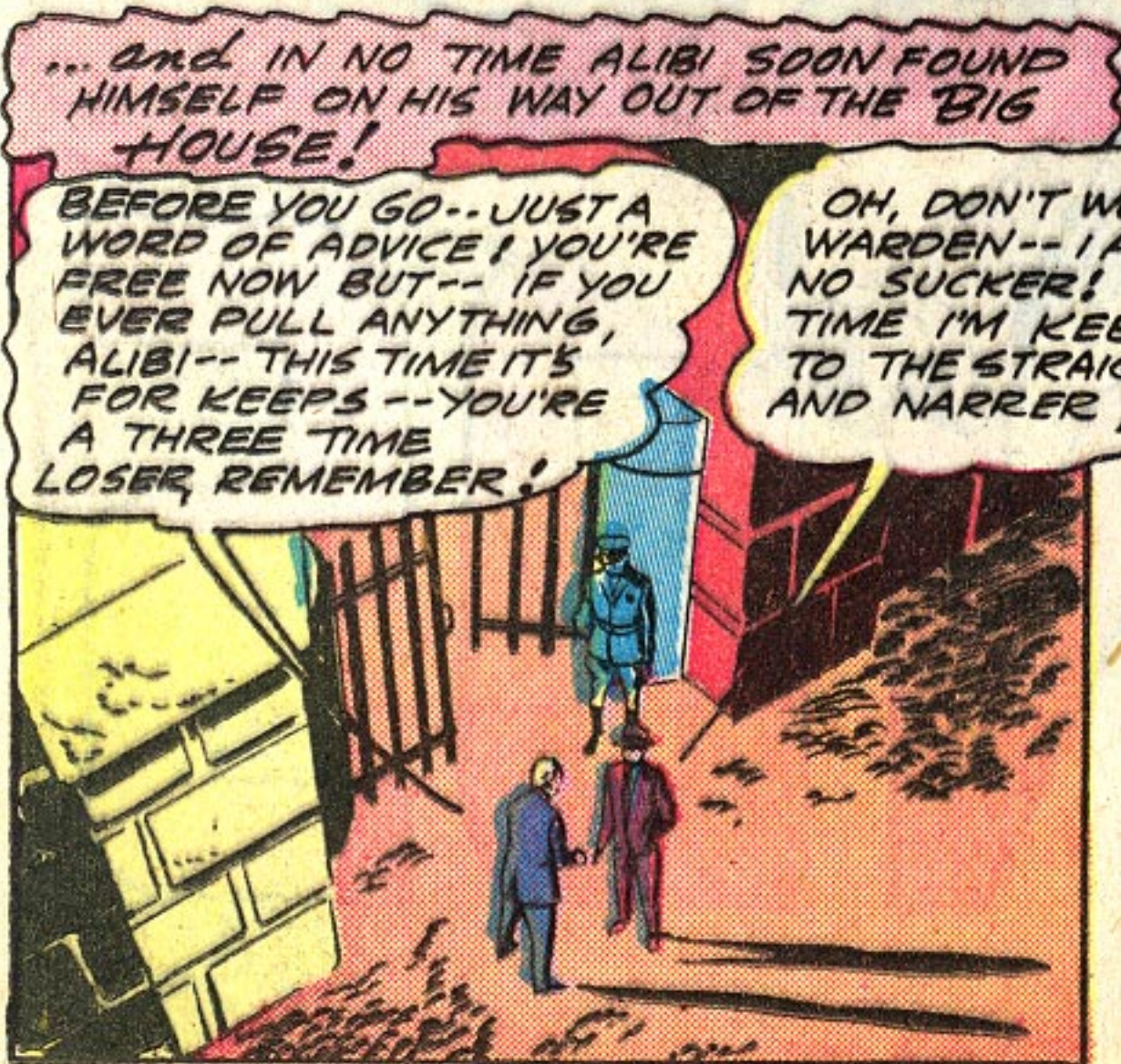
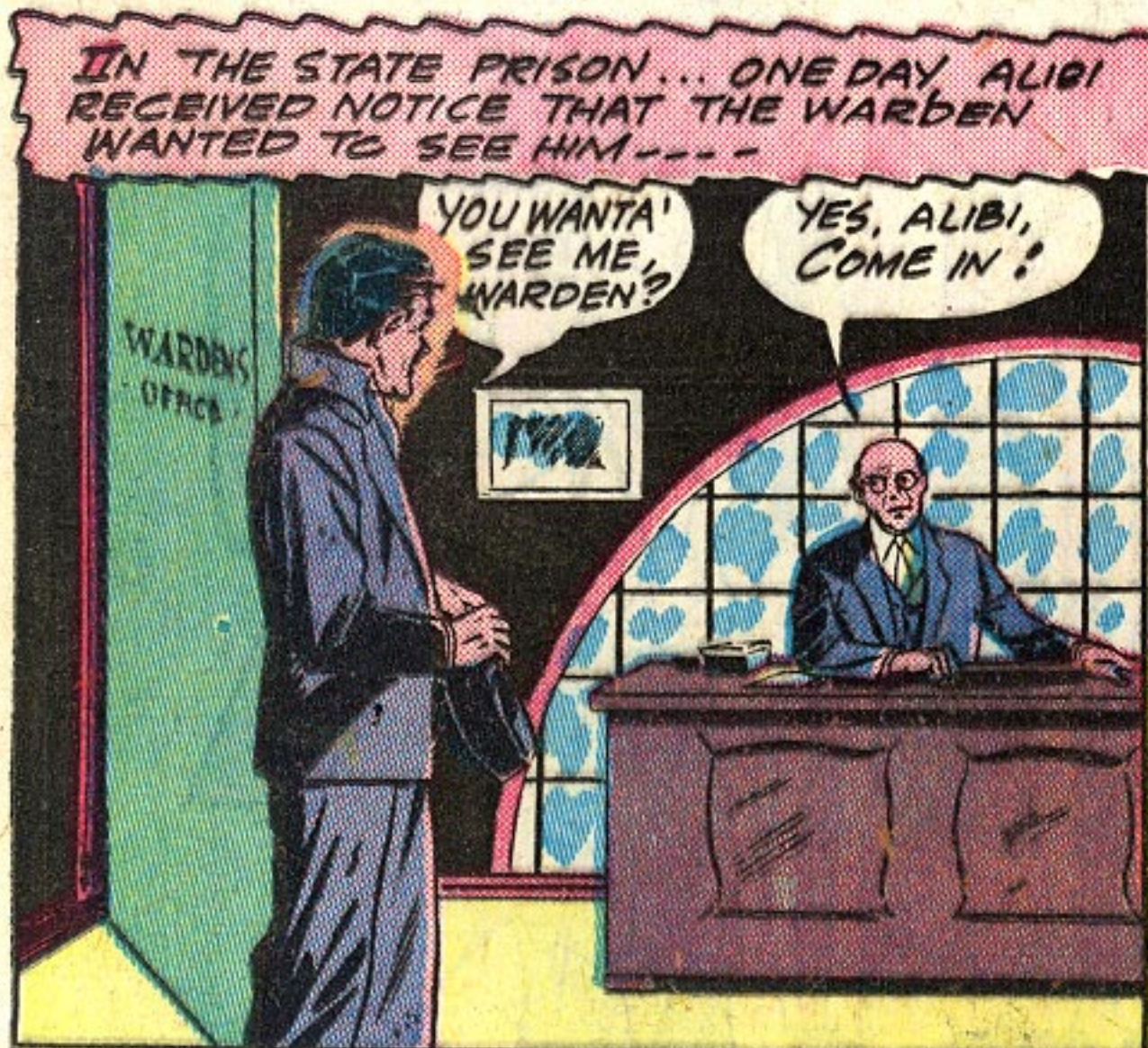
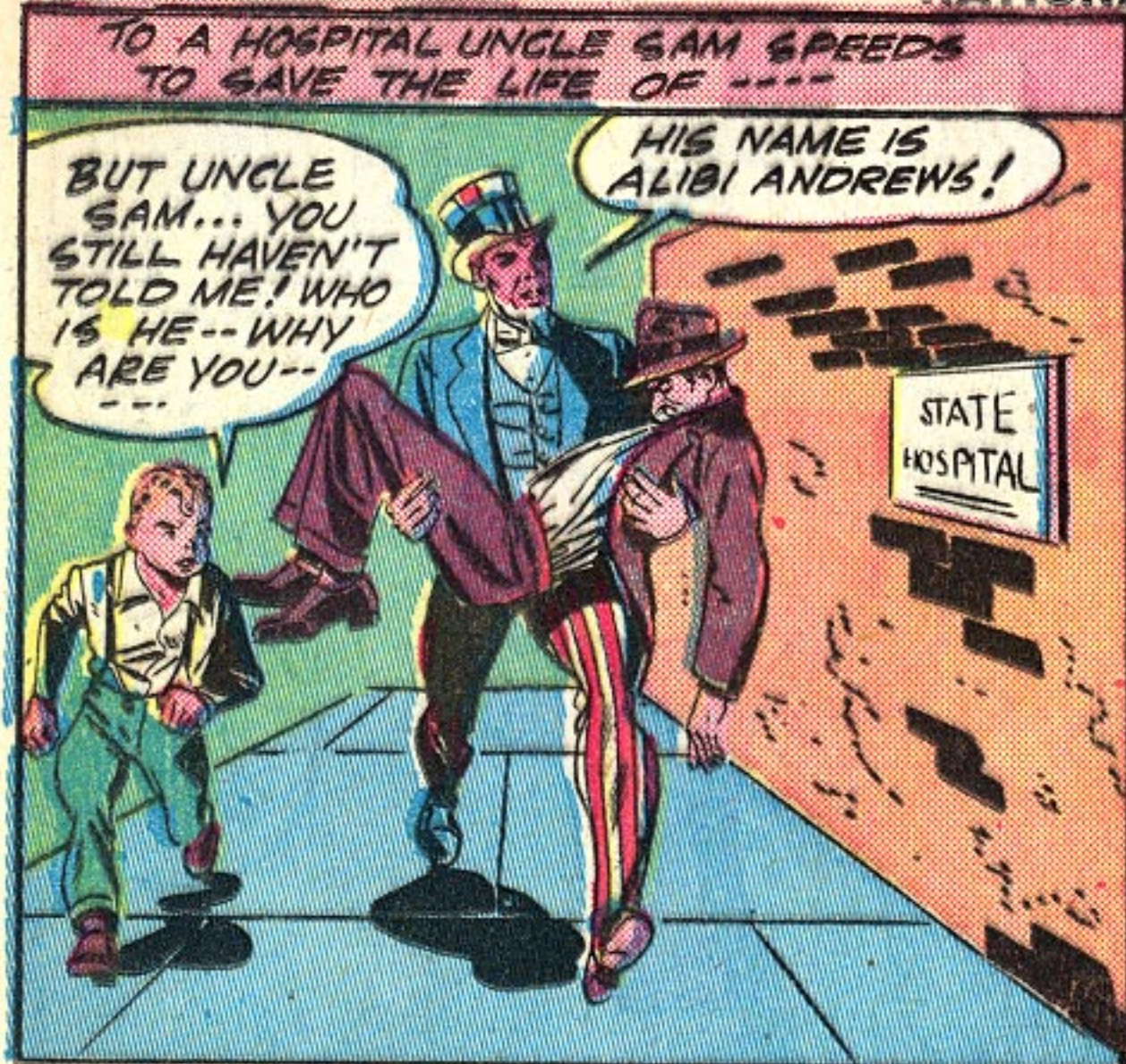
UNCLE SAM

PIER

THEY WOULDN'T
GIVE ME A
CHANCE---I WAS
AN OUTCAST-- A
"JAIL BIRD" THEY SAID.
I PLEADED FOR A
CHANCE TO BE
DECENT-- BUT THEY
ALL LAUGHED AT
ALBI ANDREWS--
THE THIRD TERMER--
MAYBE WHEN I DIE
THEY'LL BELIEVE
ME!

By
AL
GABRIELE

WARR BUNDOS



AS SOON AS HE REACHED TOWN ---
ALIBI LOOKED FOR WORK ---

WHAT?-- A JAIL BIRD--A THIRD TERMER,
GET OUT--- WHO'D HIRE YOU
GET OUT!

B- BUT--
SIR,--
I-I ?

**JOBS
FOR ALL**

EMPLOYMENT

And so ALIBI
TOOK TO THE
STREET AGAIN
--- BITTERNESS
FILLED HIS
HEART!

**GET OUT,
HE SAID!
GET OUT!**

6th AVE

SUBWAY

BUT I TELL
YA, I'M
GOIN STRAIGHT

OKAY--
OKAY--
BEAT
IT!

LATER, PASSING A STORE,
ALIBI SAW A SIGN THAT
SENT HIS HEART-LEAP-
ING FOR JOY!

HERE'S MY
CHANCE-- I'LL
SHOW 'EM
I MEAN
BUSINESS!

**MAN
WANTED**

YOU LOOK LIKE A
STRONG WORKER!
IT'S A GOOD JOB--
IT PAYS FIFTEEN

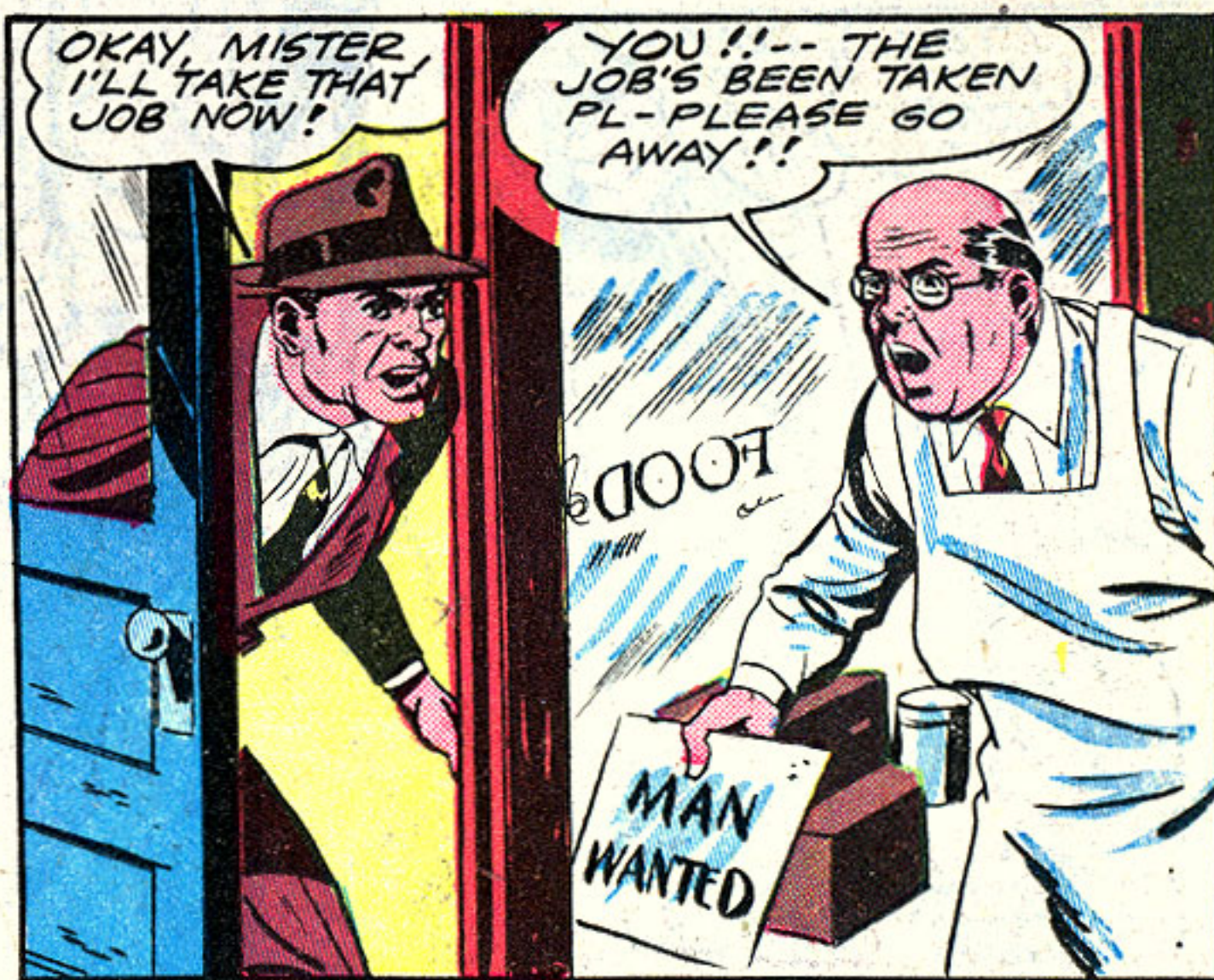
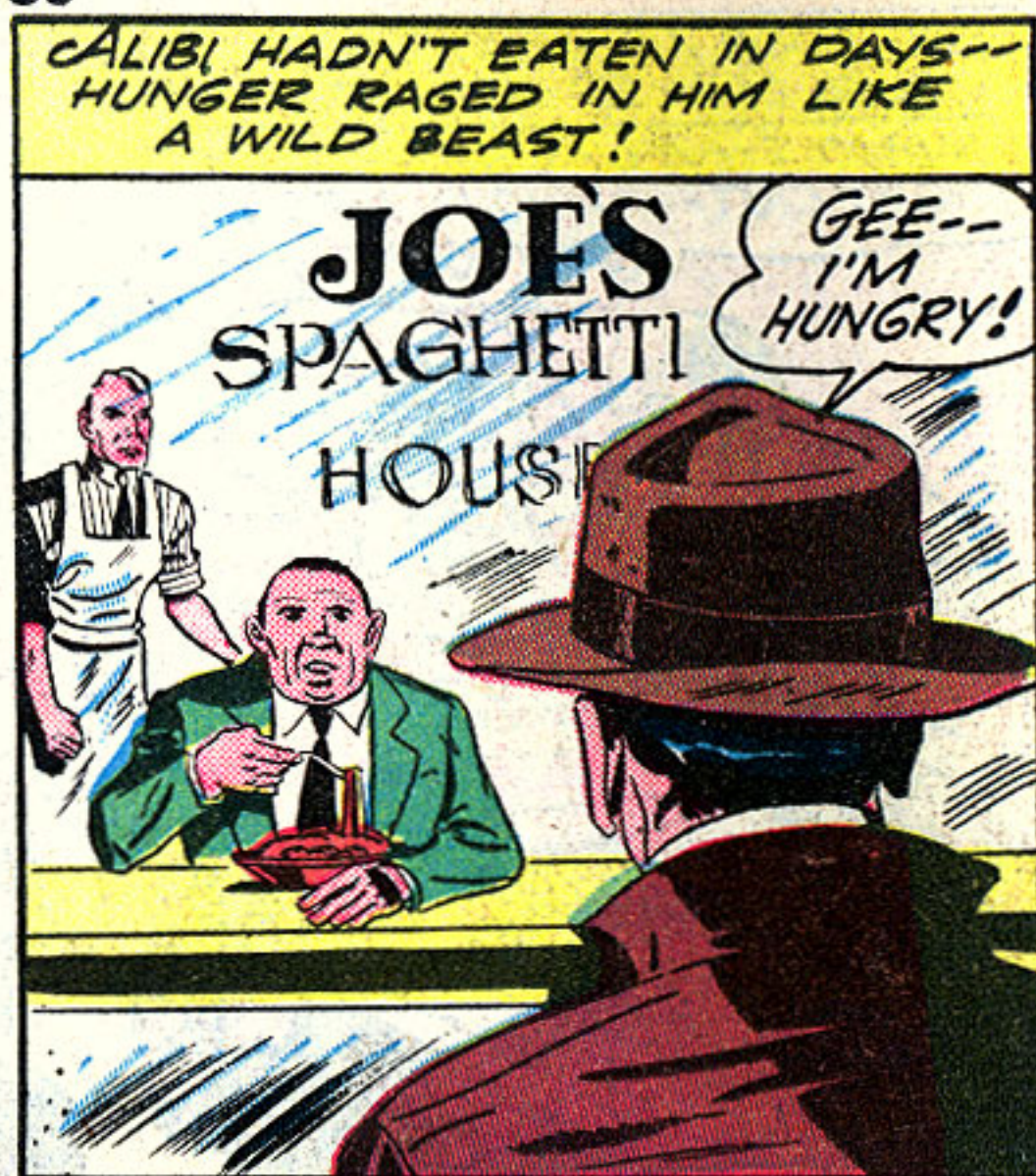
DOLLARS
A WEEK
AND...

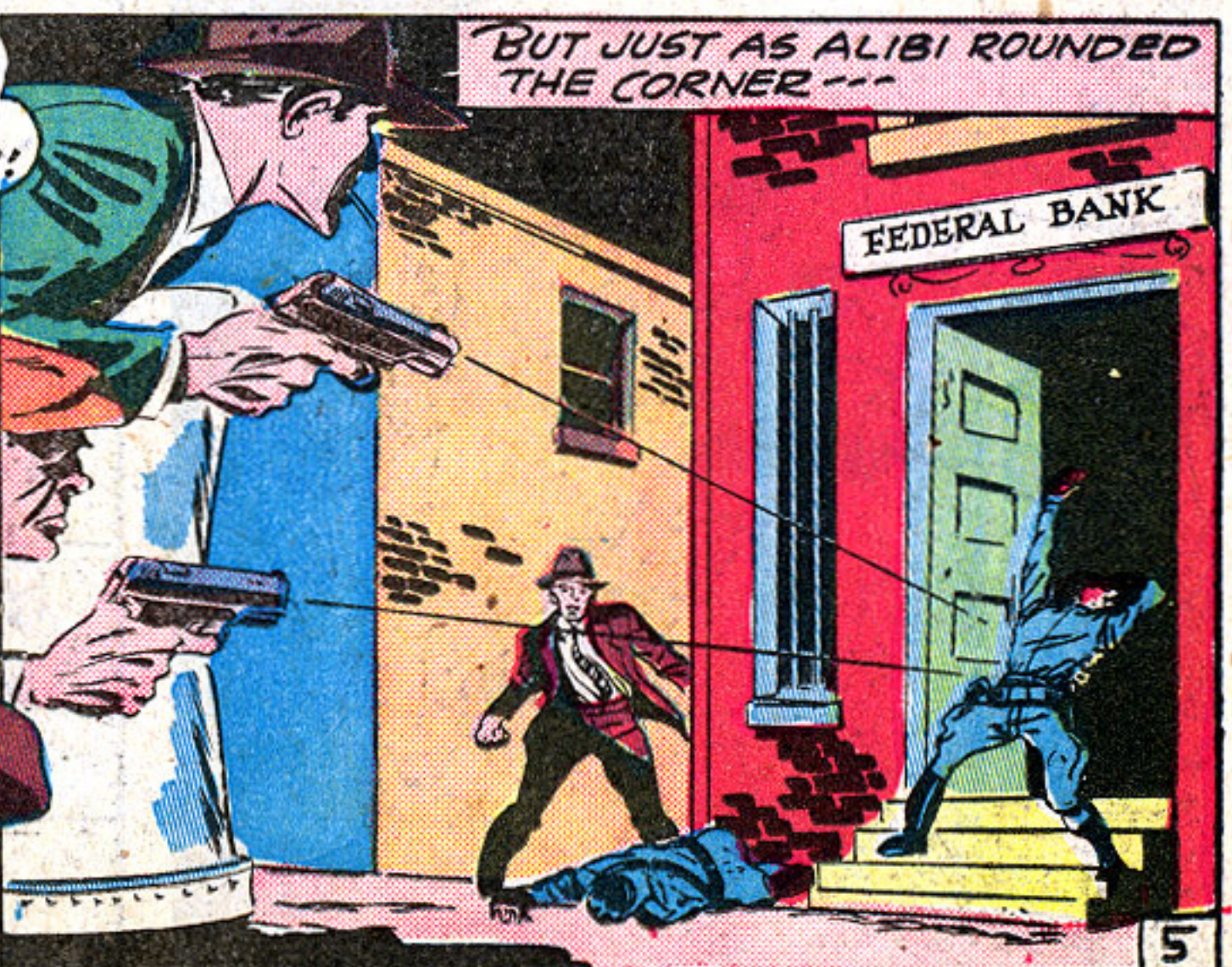
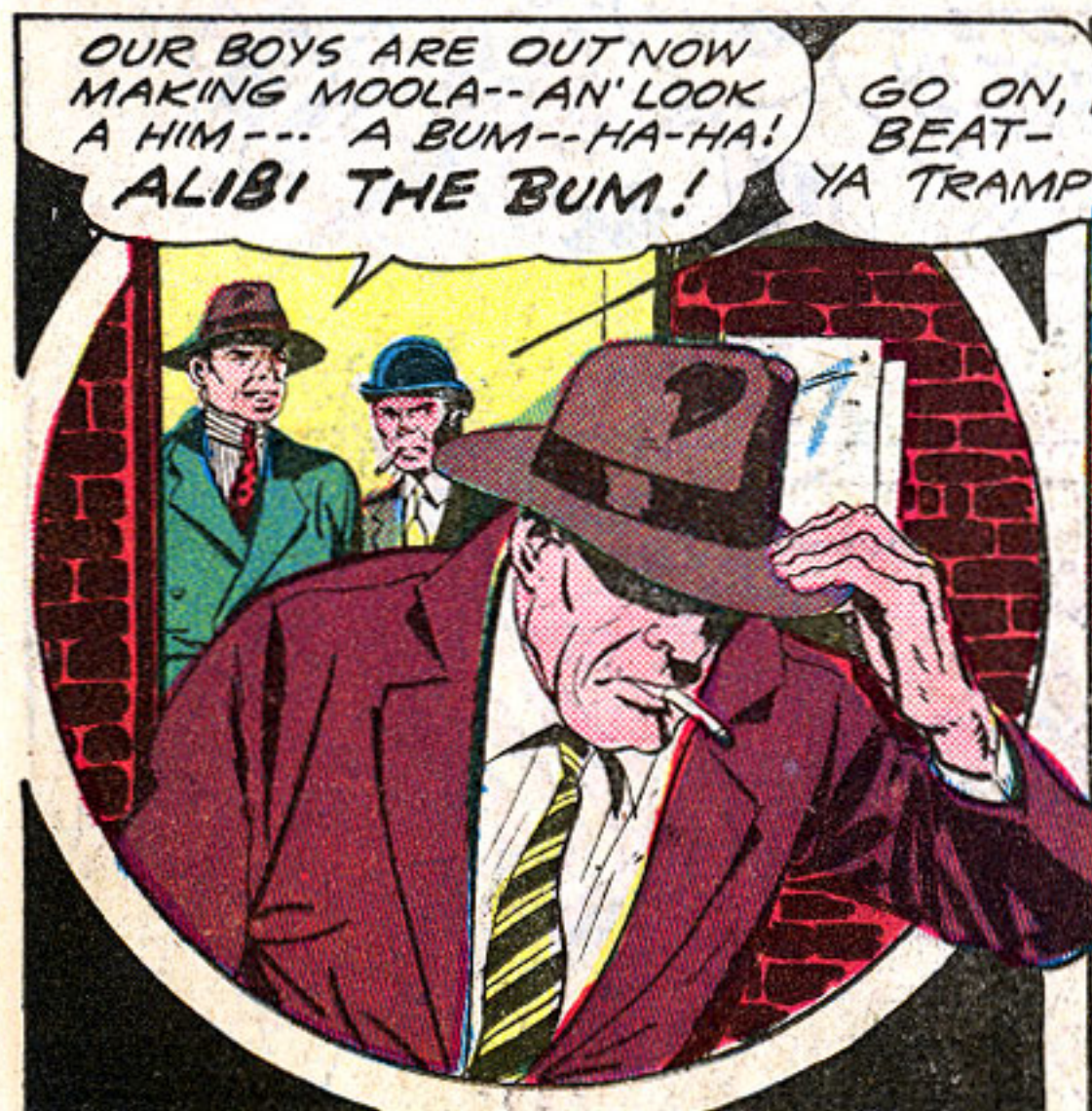
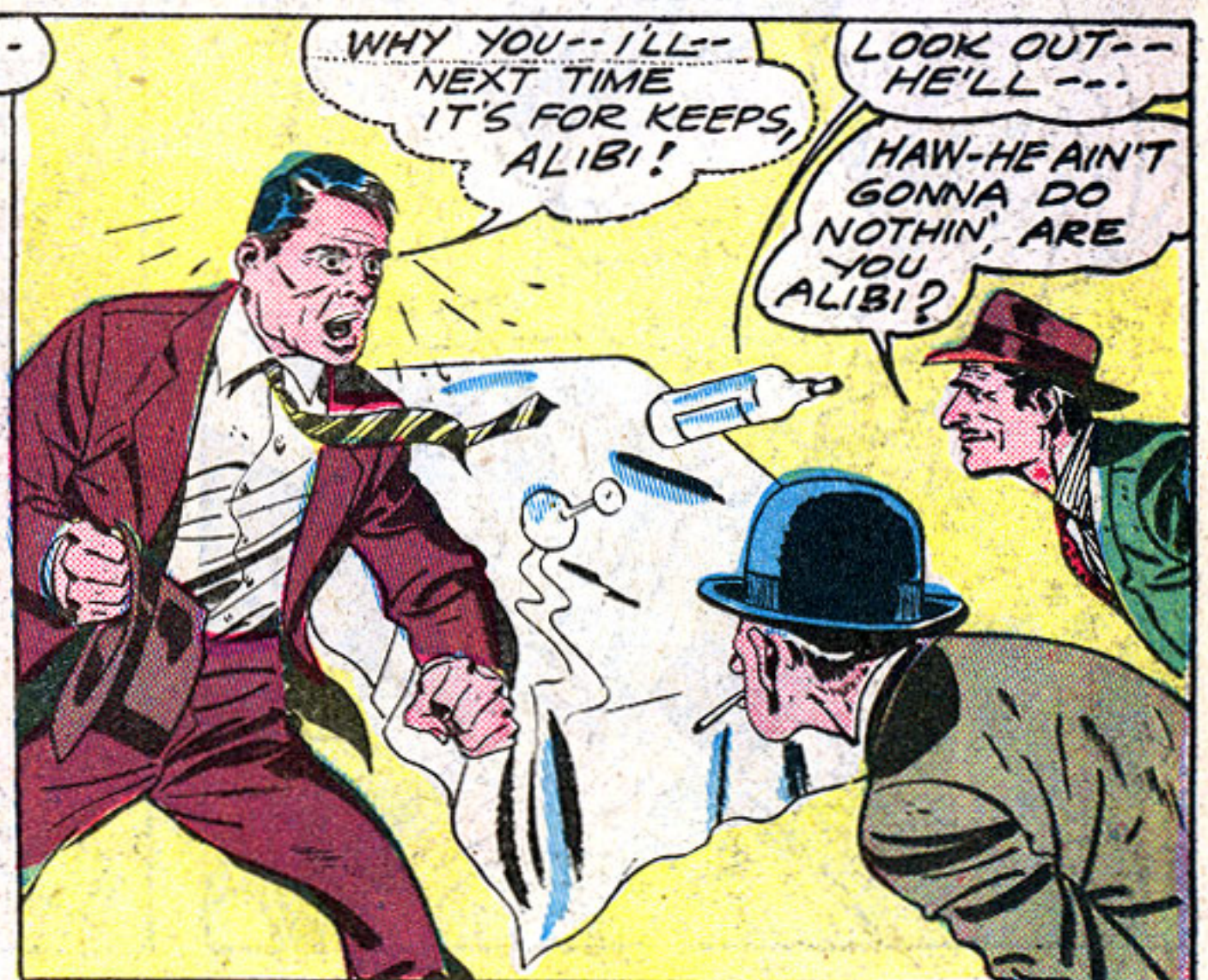
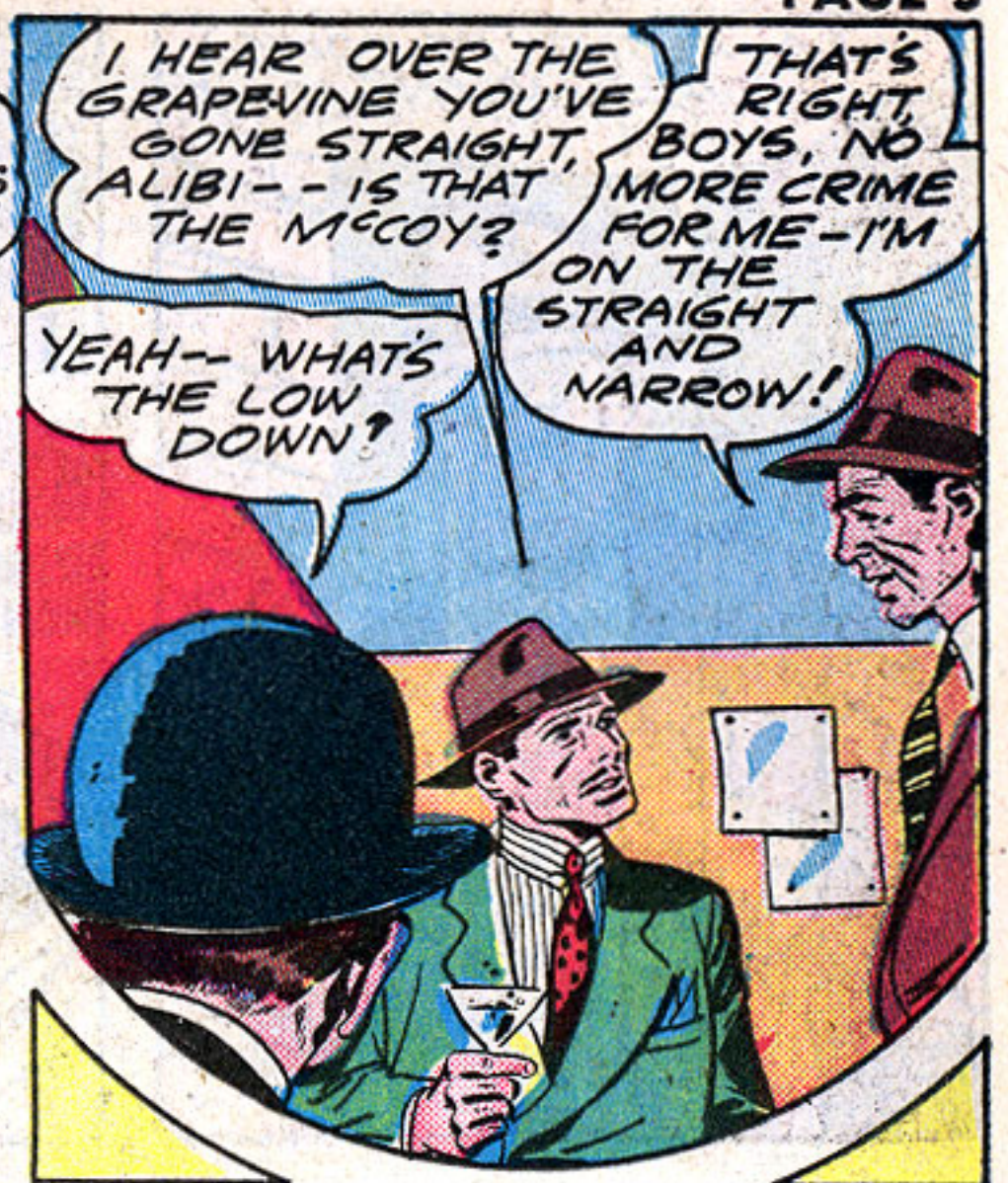
**43
SALE
EGGS**

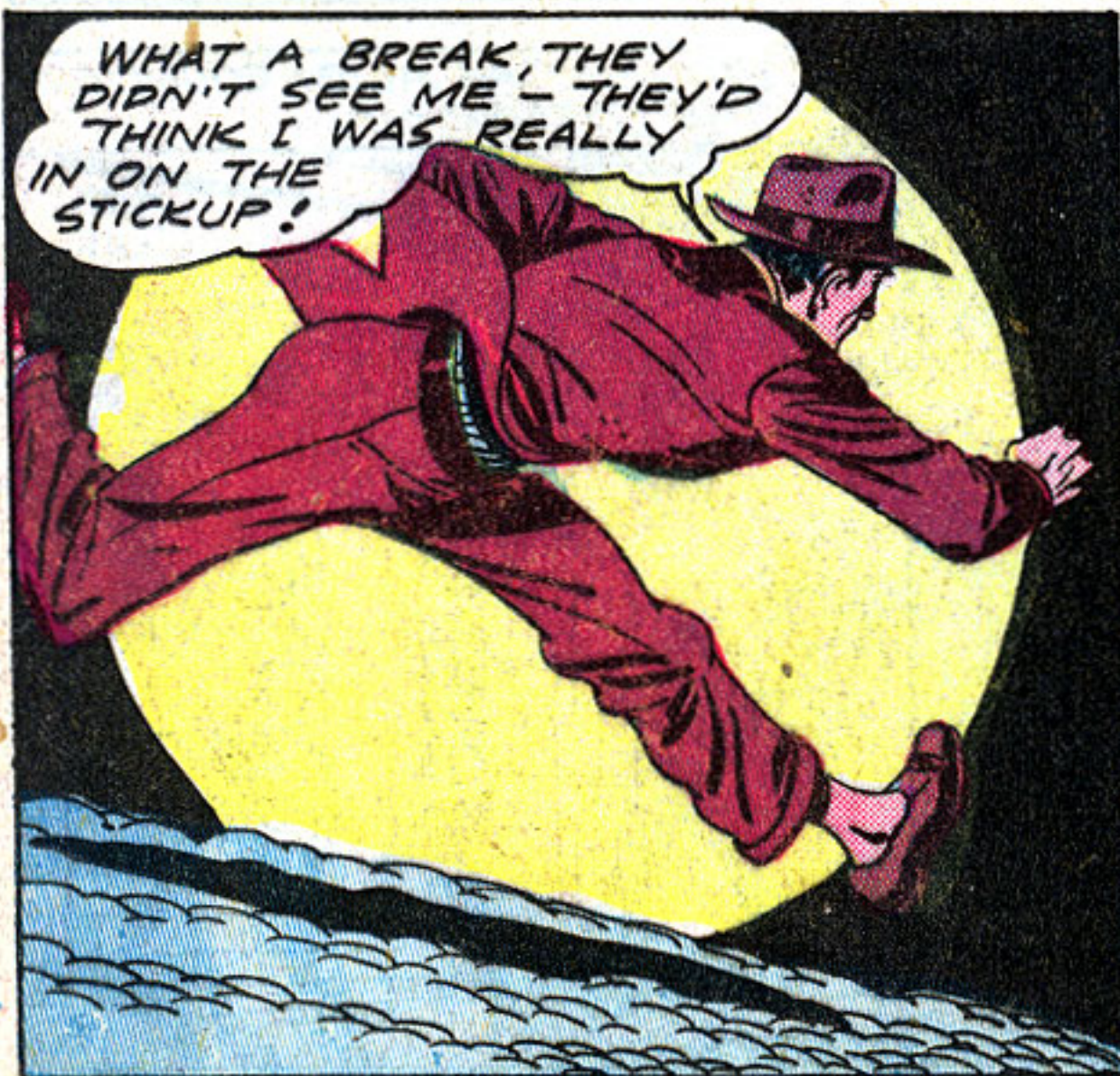
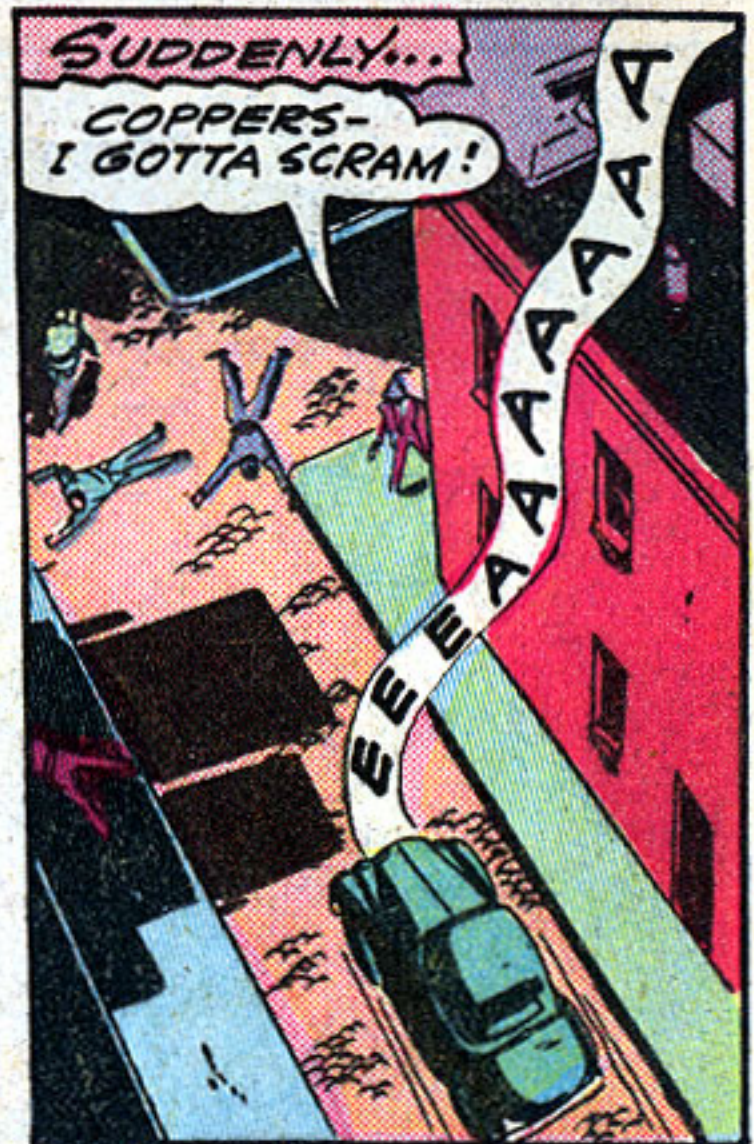
I NEED
THE JOB,
MISTER--
WHAT?

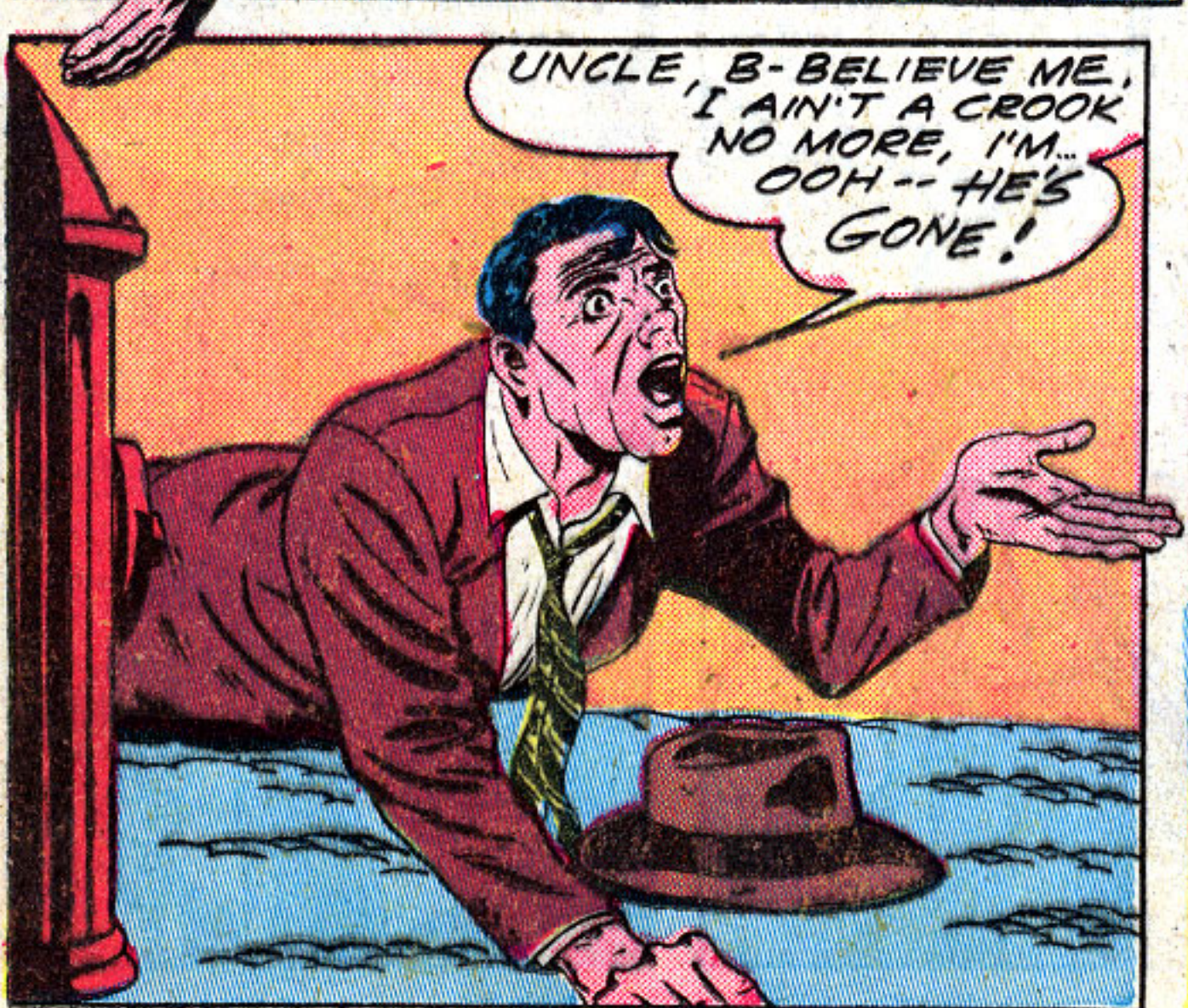
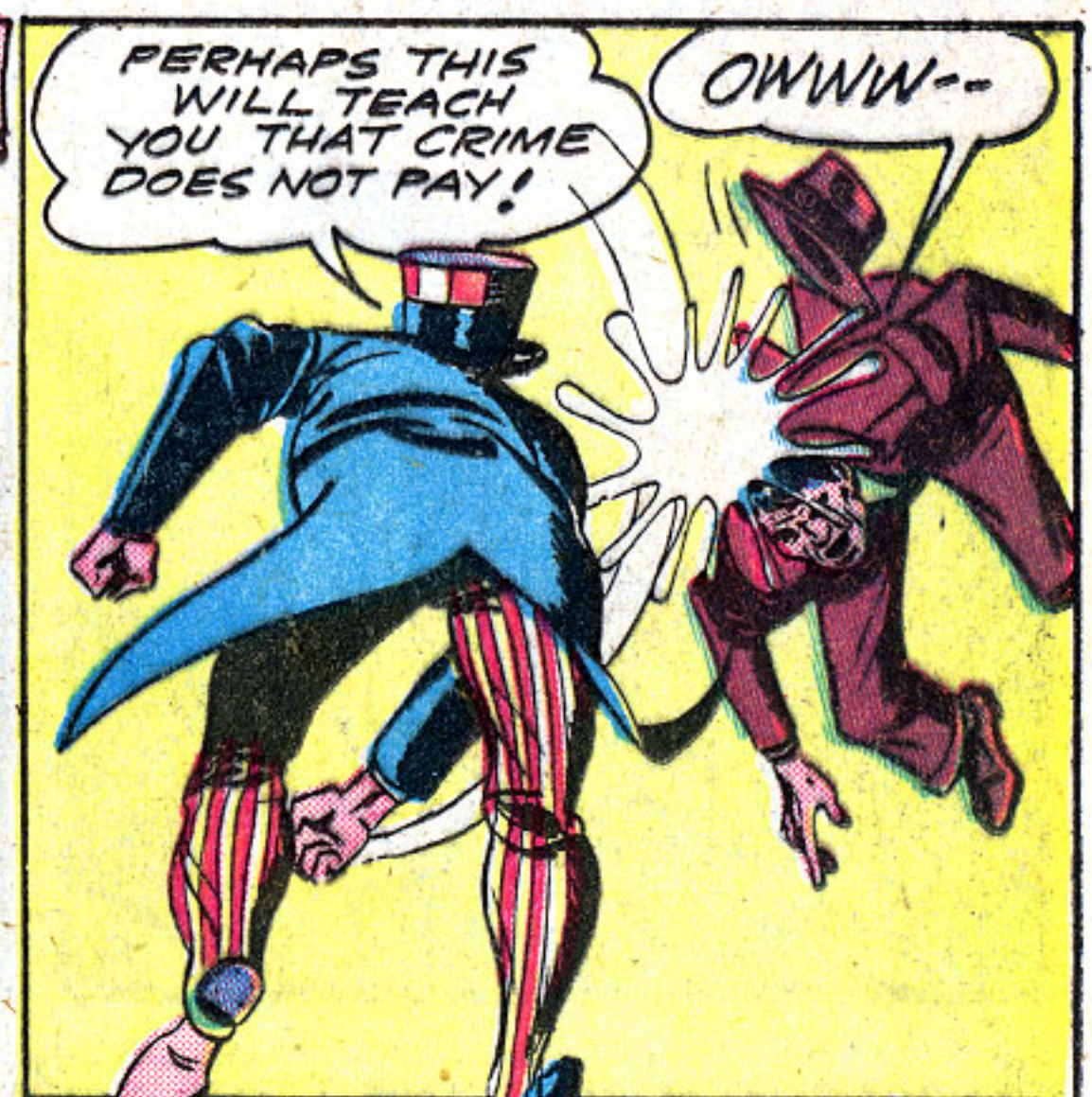
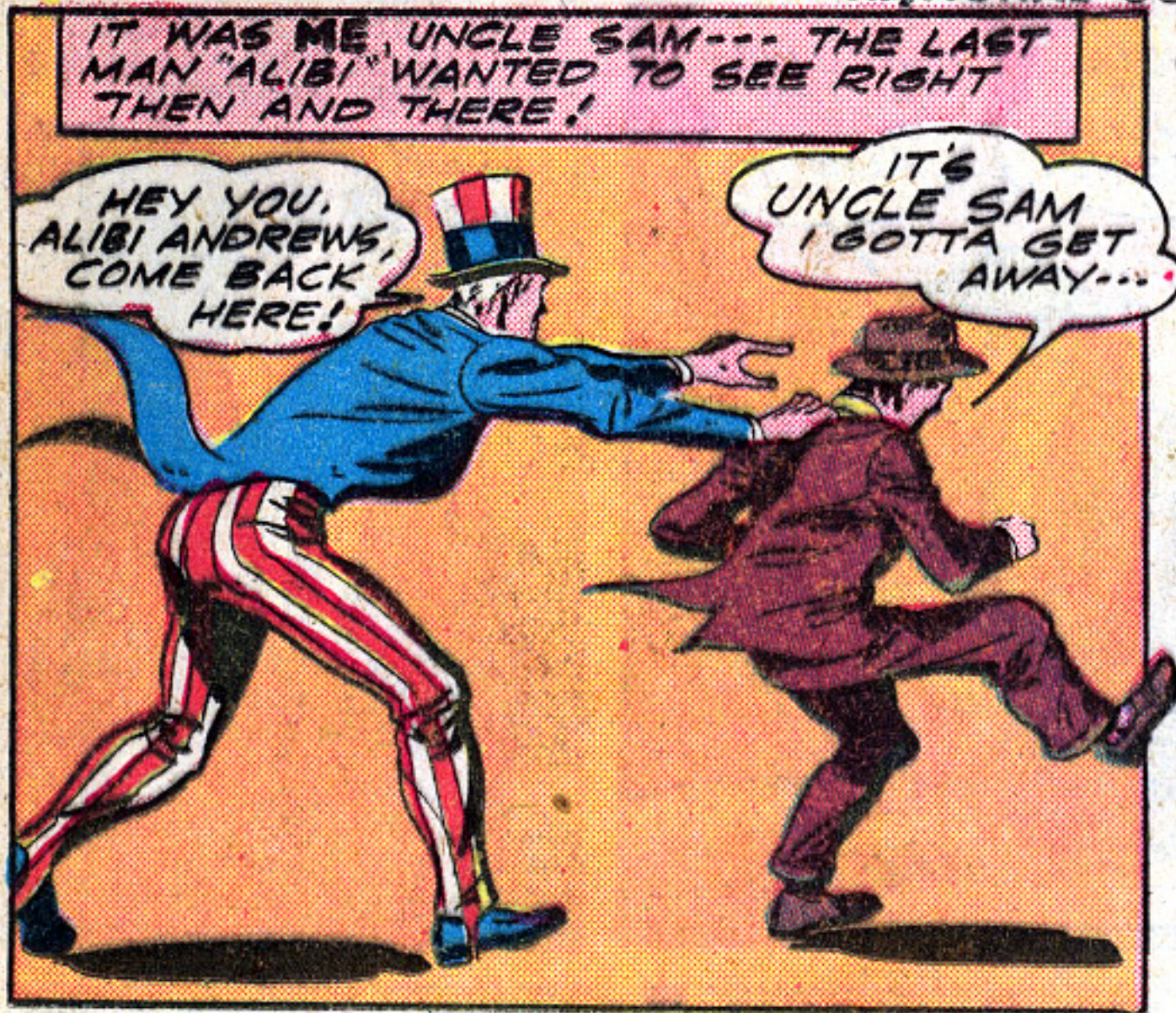
FIFTEEN A WEEK?
WHY YOU DOG, YOU!
I'M ALIBI ANDREWS!
I USED TO RUN
THIS TOWN!

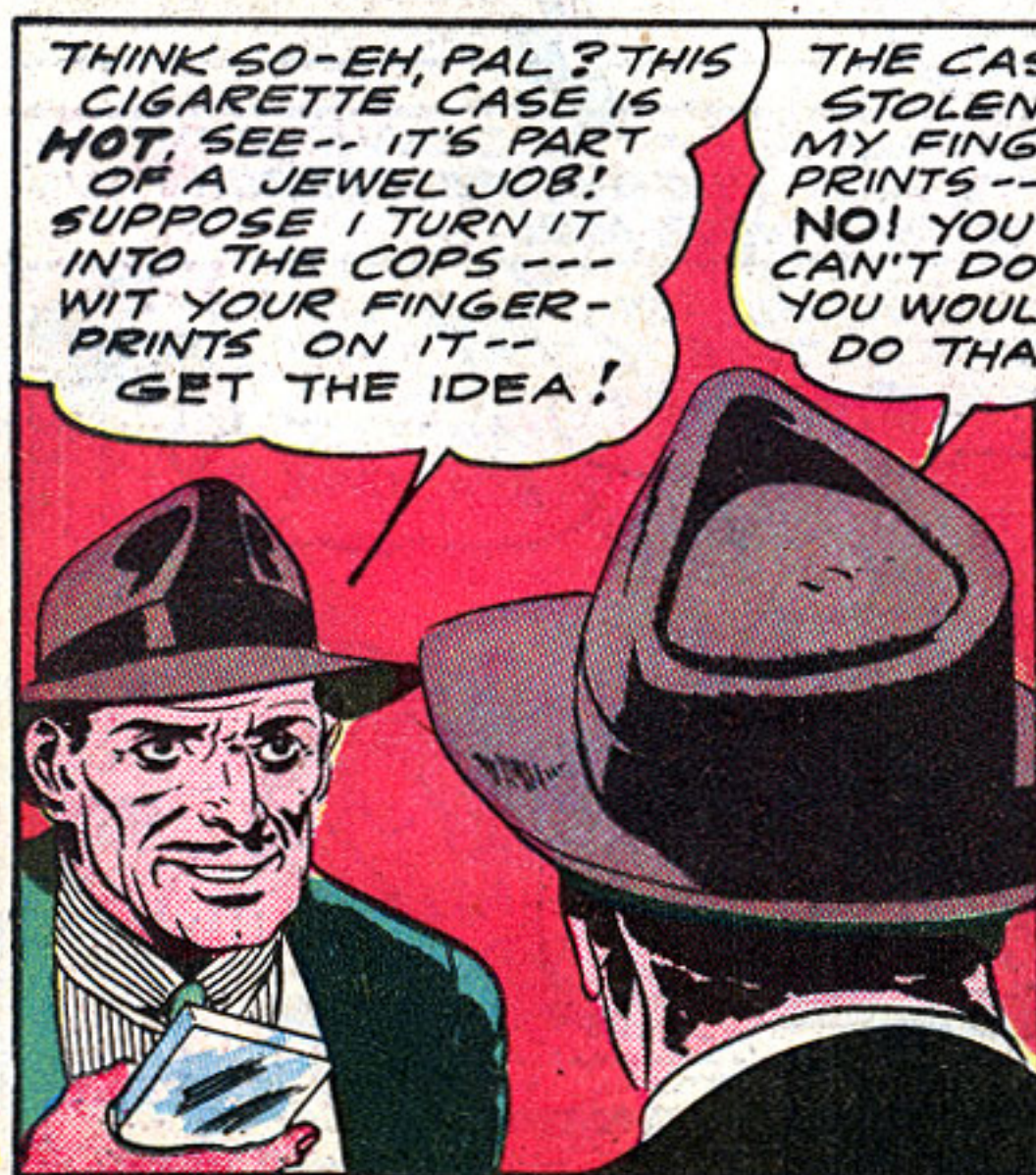
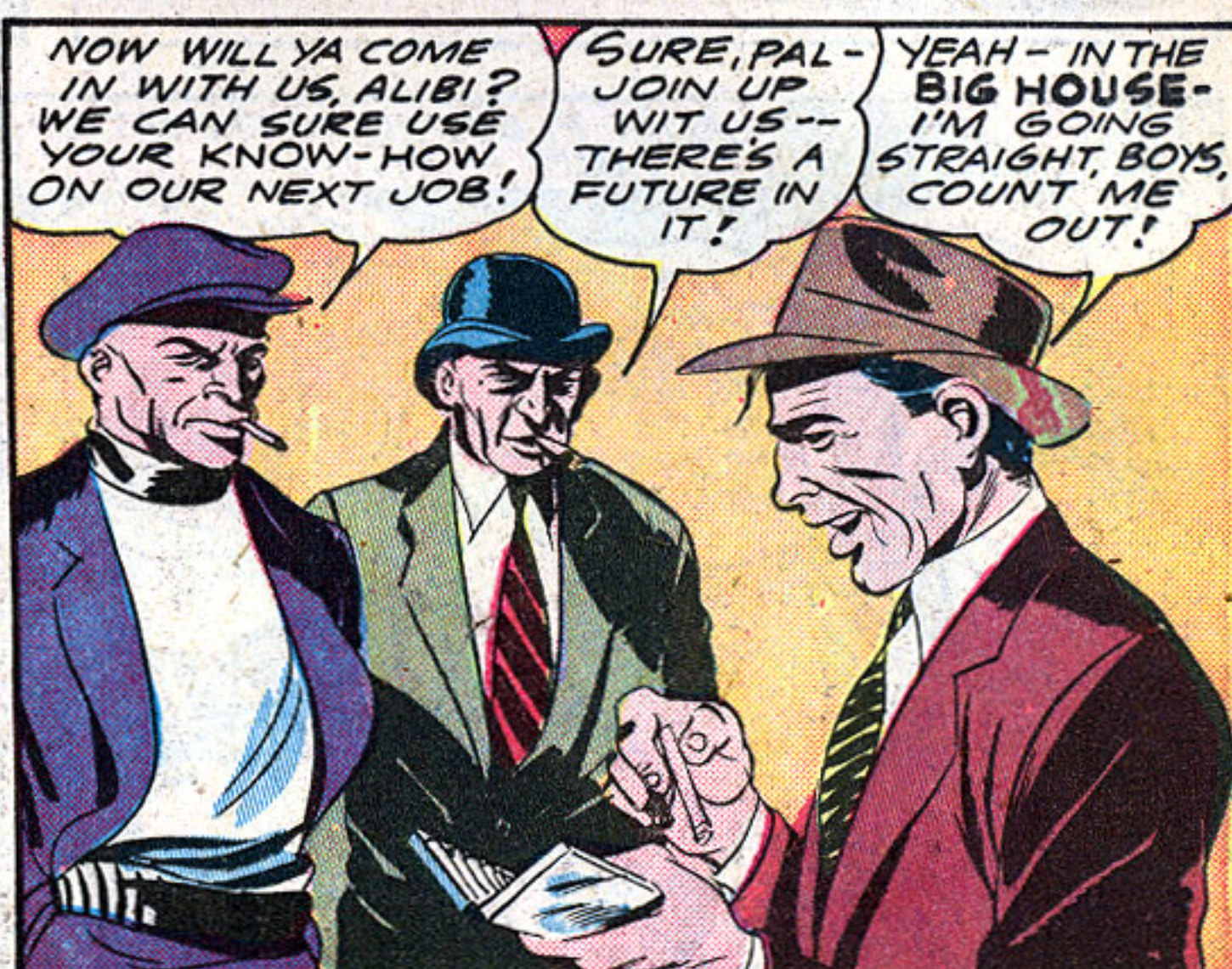
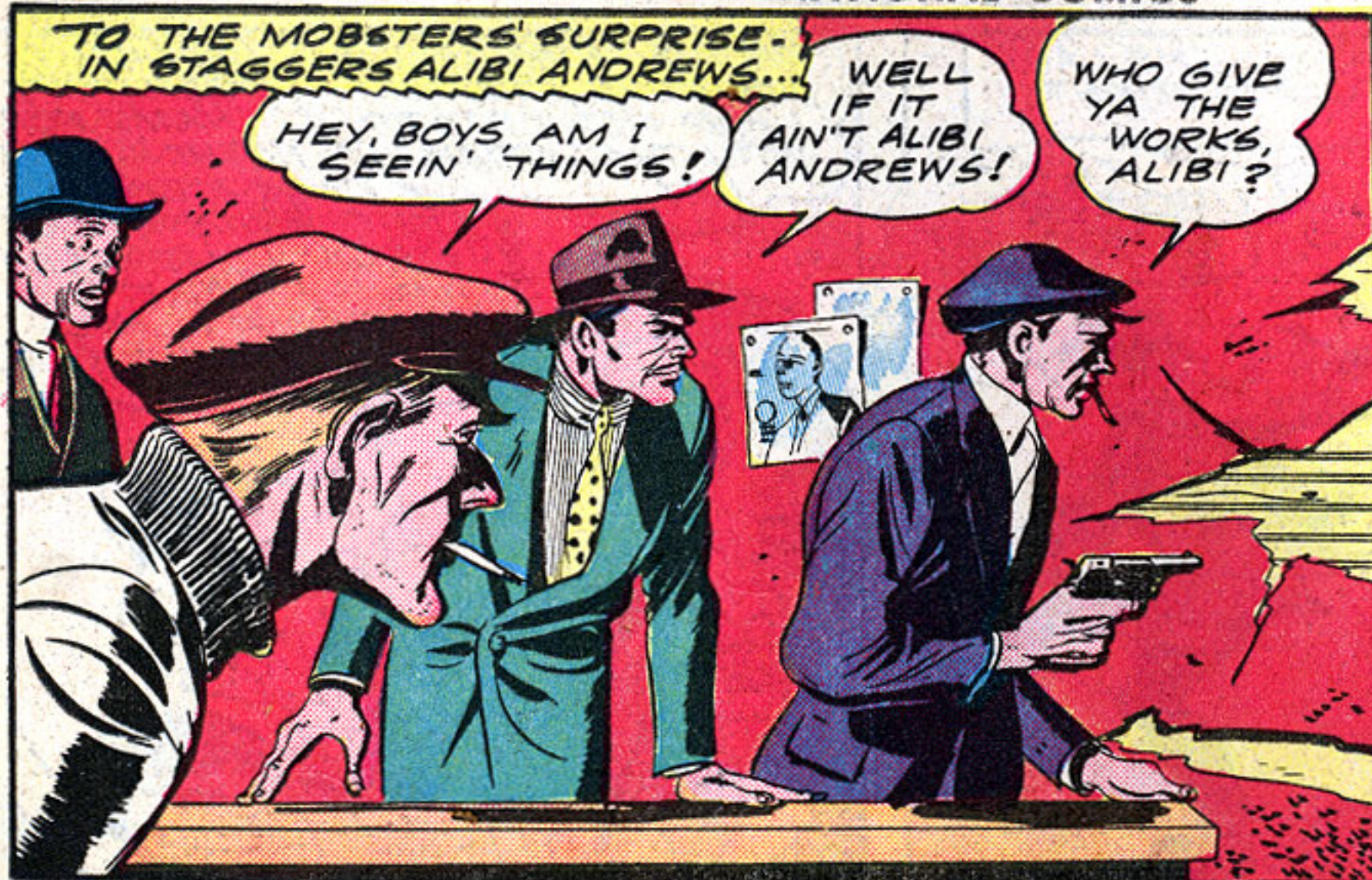
STOP--
ST--ST











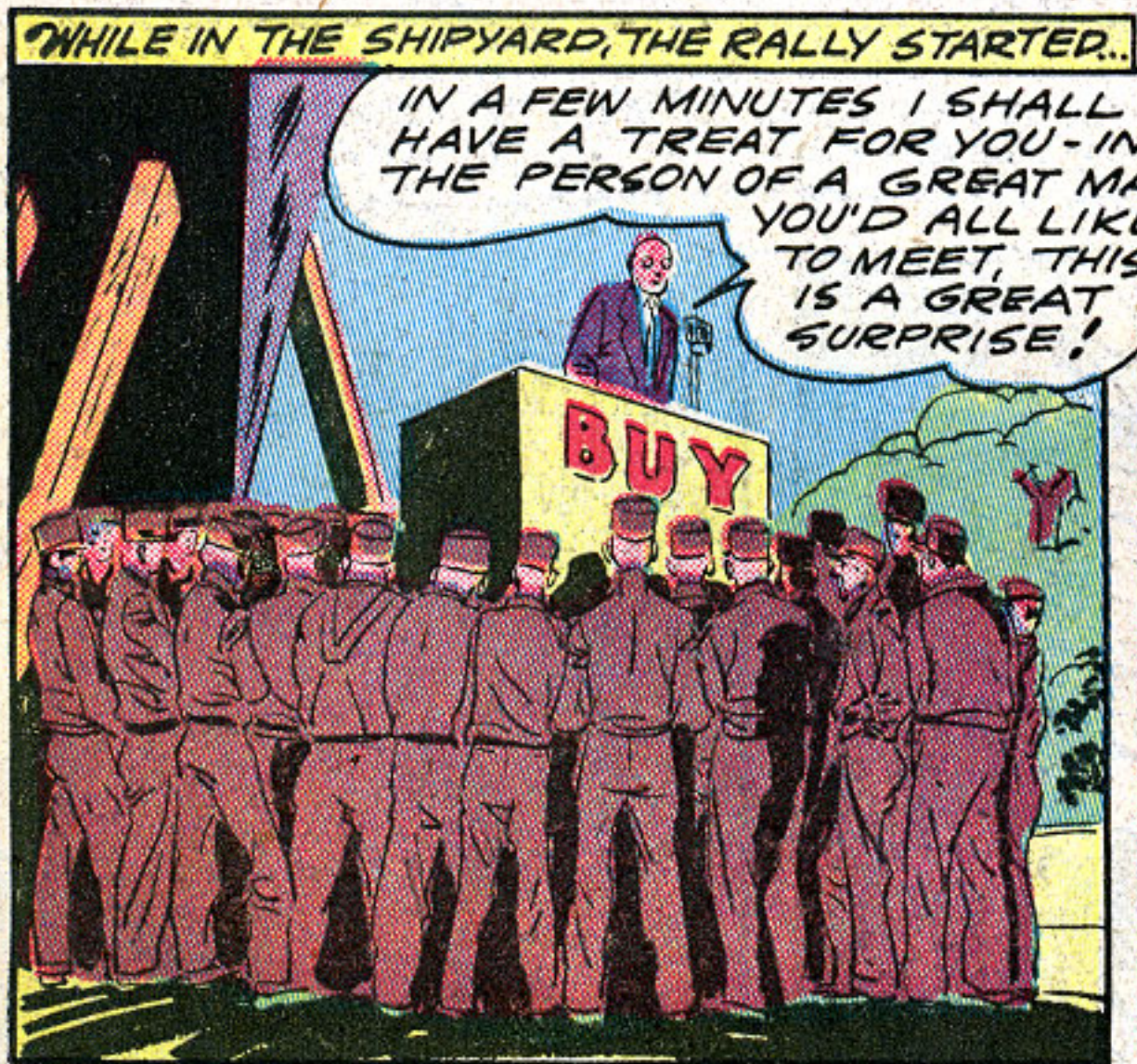


A FEW DAYS PASSED, DURING WHICH I SEARCHED FOR THE GANG WHICH PULLED ALL THESE ROBBERIES-- BUT I WAS UNSUCCESSFUL, UNFORTUNATELY!

AND THEN I WAS ASKED TO ADDRESS A SHIPYARD WAR BOND RALLY...

Y'KNOW, UNKIE-I'VE BEEN BUYING WAR STAMPS REGULAR, AND NOW I'VE GOT A WHOLE DOLLAR'S WORTH!

GOOD FOR YOU, BUDDY! ALL PATRIOTIC LOVING AMERICANS ARE BUYING STAMPS, THESE DAYS! WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE ME SELL THOSE SHIP WORKERS BONDS AND BONDS!



WHILE IN THE SHIPYARD, THE RALLY STARTED...

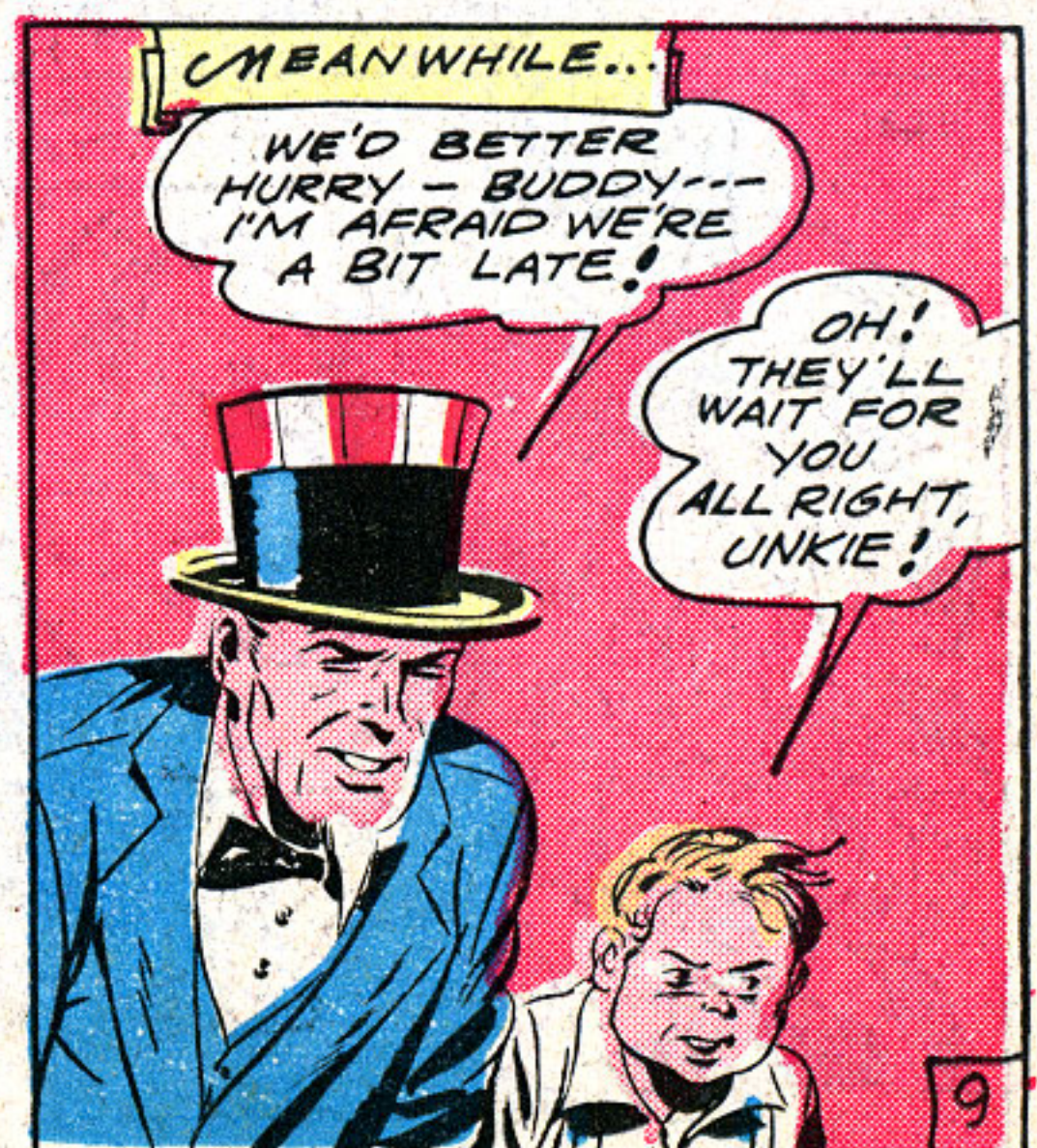
IN A FEW MINUTES I SHALL HAVE A TREAT FOR YOU-- IN THE PERSON OF A GREAT MAN, YOU'D ALL LIKE TO MEET, THIS IS A GREAT SURPRISE!

AND SO IS THIS-- REACH HIGH, SUCKERS! REACH!

WHAT GOES ON -- YOU CAN'T DO THIS -- IT'S TREASON!



THIS IS A STICKUP-- YOU GUYS WERE ALL PAID TODAY-- SO HAND IT OVER TO MY BOYS! MAKE A MOVE-- AND YOUR WIFE'S A WIDOW!



MEANWHILE...

WE'D BETTER HURRY-- BUDDY-- I'M AFRAID WE'RE A BIT LATE!

OH! THEY'LL WAIT FOR YOU ALL RIGHT, UNKIE!

BUT AS BUDDY AND I RACED FOR THE GATE, LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT....

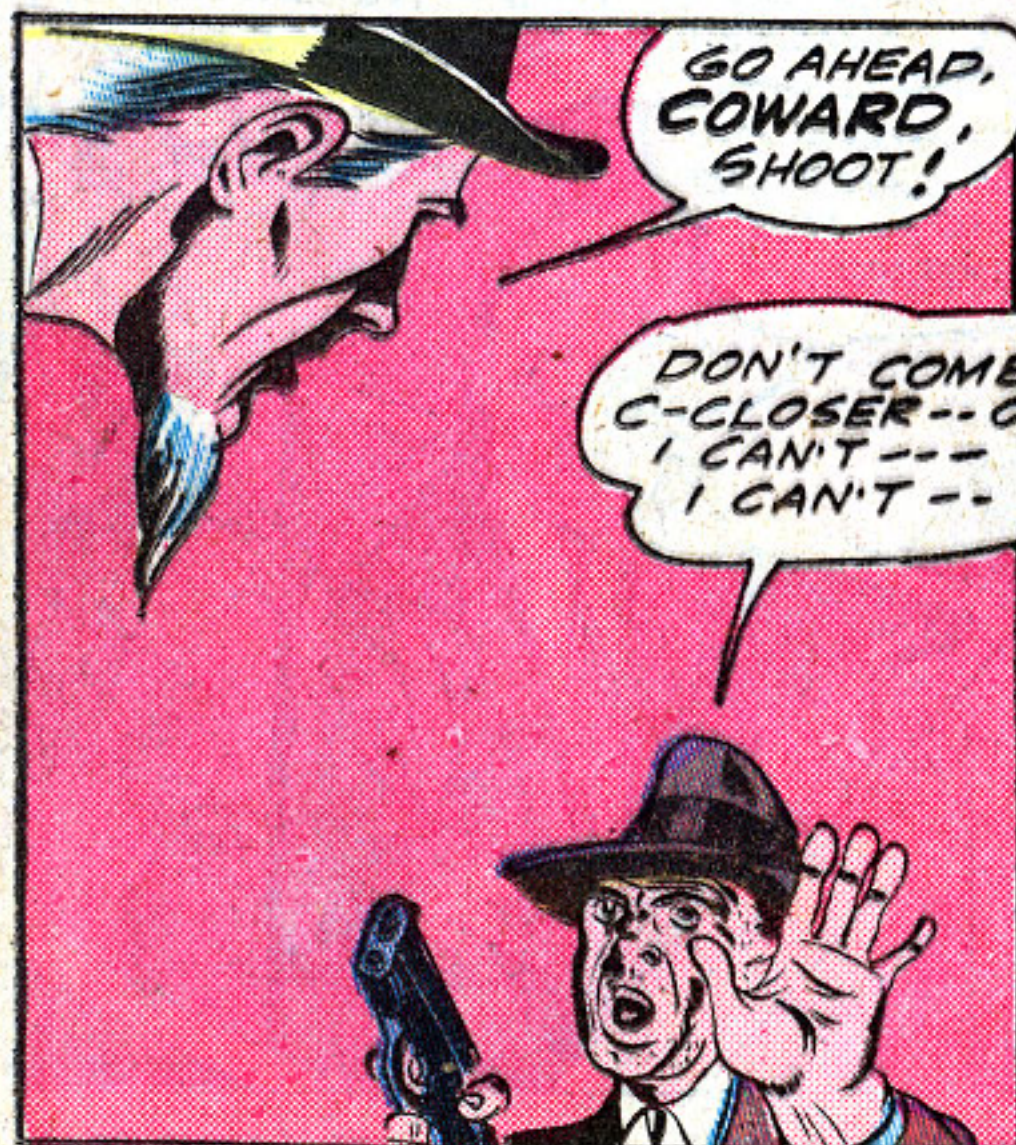


IT'S UNCLE SAM-- HE'S HEADIN HERE! WHAT'LL I DO?



SO-- IT IS YOU, ALIBI ANDREWS! AND AFTER ALL YOU SAID, THE WAY YOU PLEADED THAT YOU'D GONE STRAIGHT! I WAS RIGHT NOT TO BELIEVE YOU! YOU CHEAP CROOK!

DON'T MOVE-- I'LL PLUG YOU SURE!



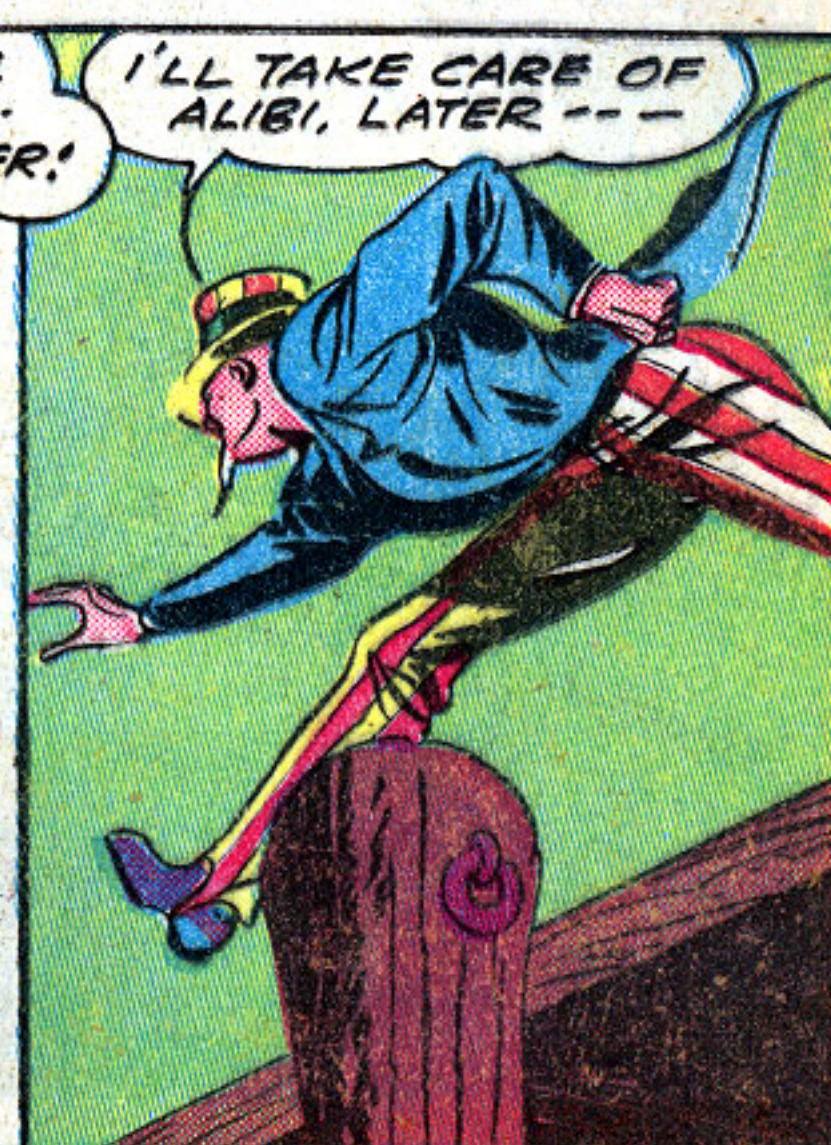
GO AHEAD, COWARD, SHOOT!

DON'T COME C-CLOSER-- OH I CAN'T --- I CAN'T --

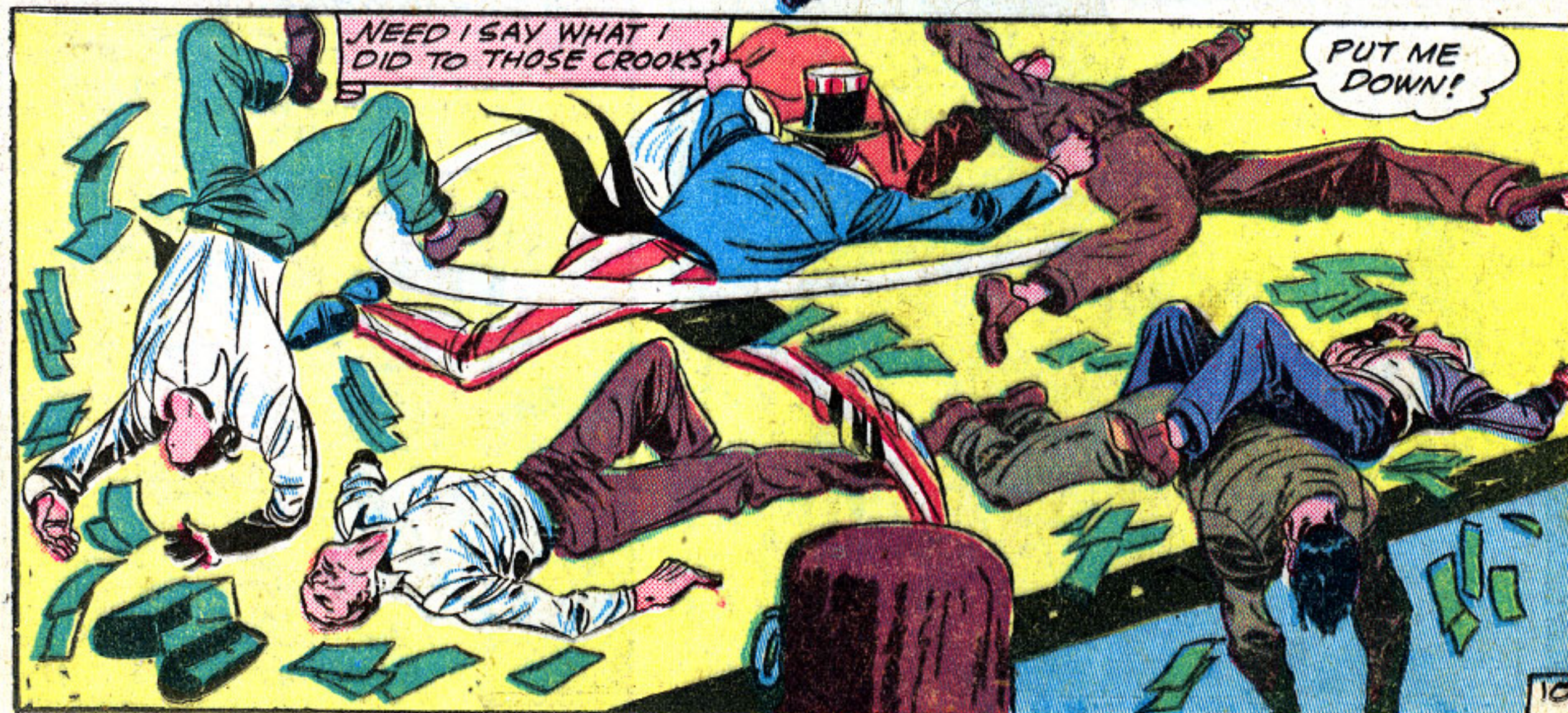


NEXT TIME IT'S FOR KEEPS, ALIBI-- A-- THREE TIME LOSER!

I CAN'T

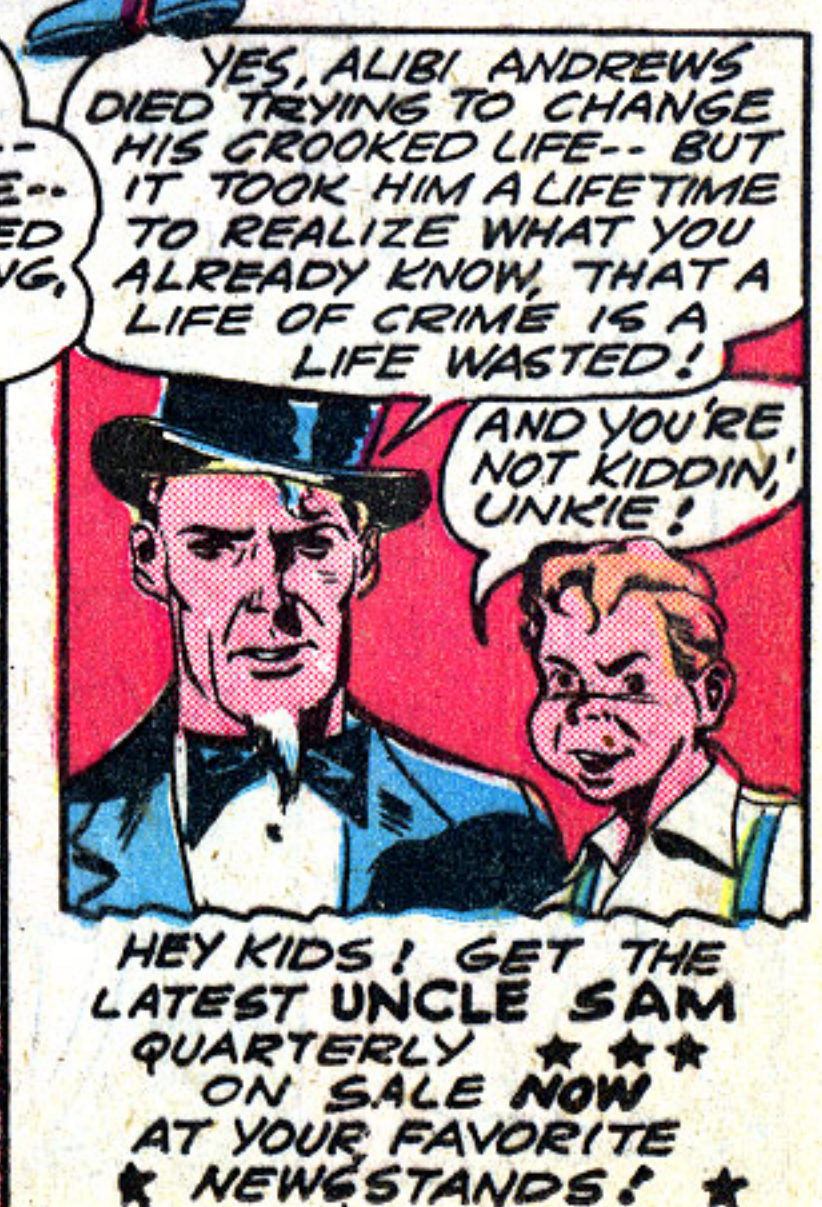
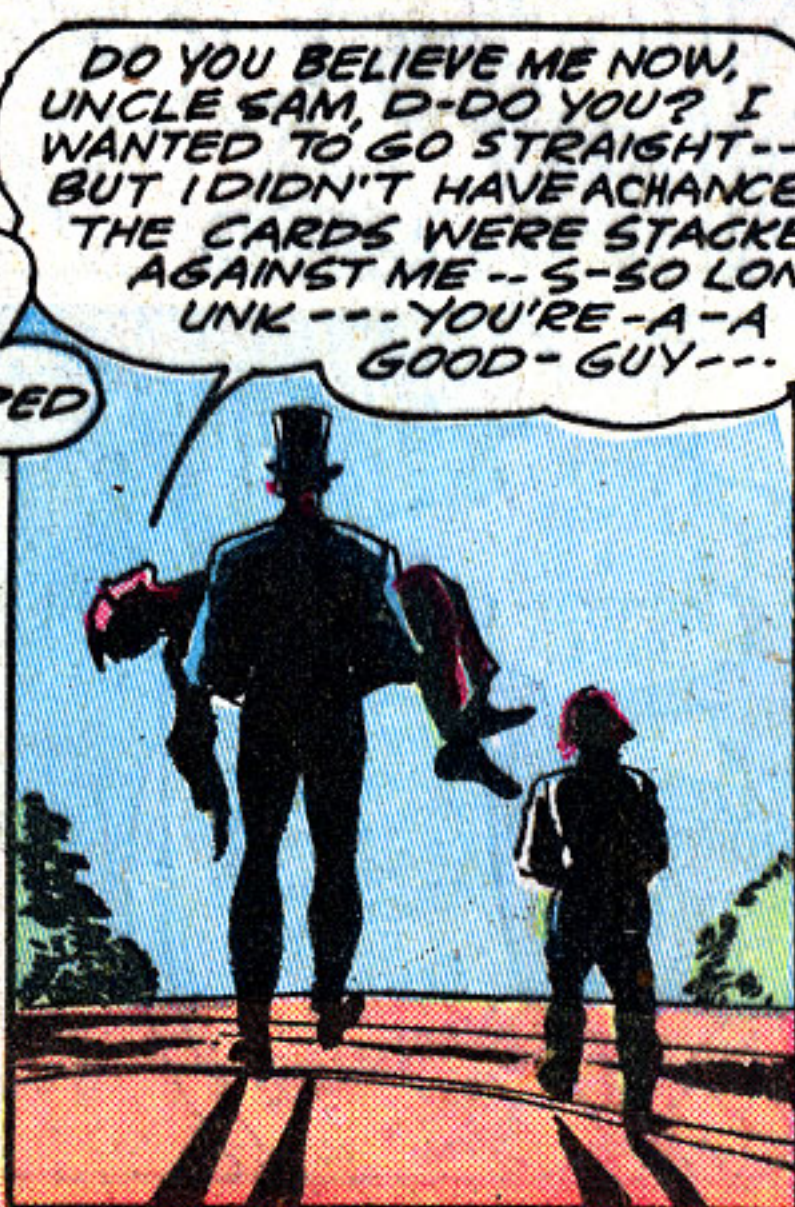
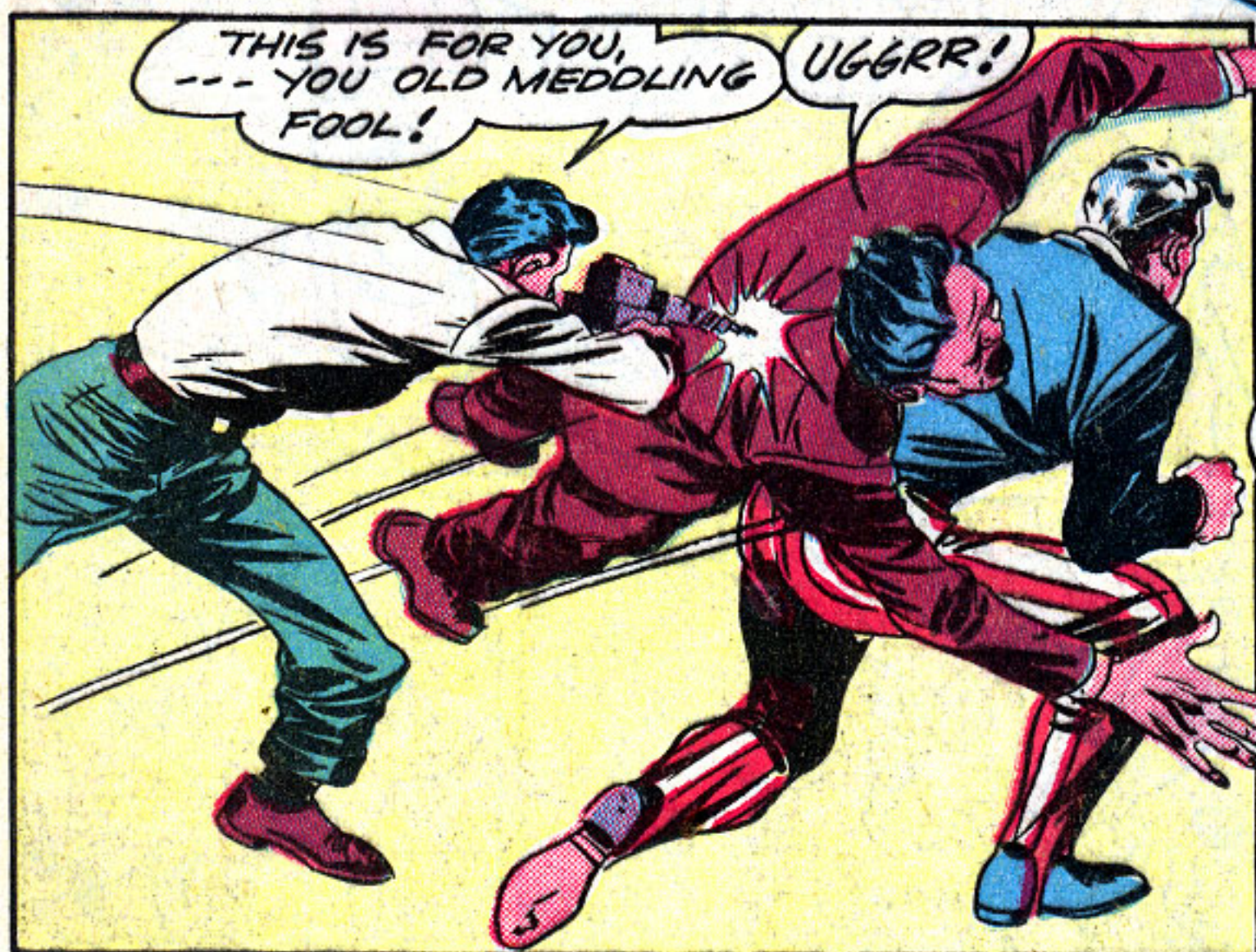
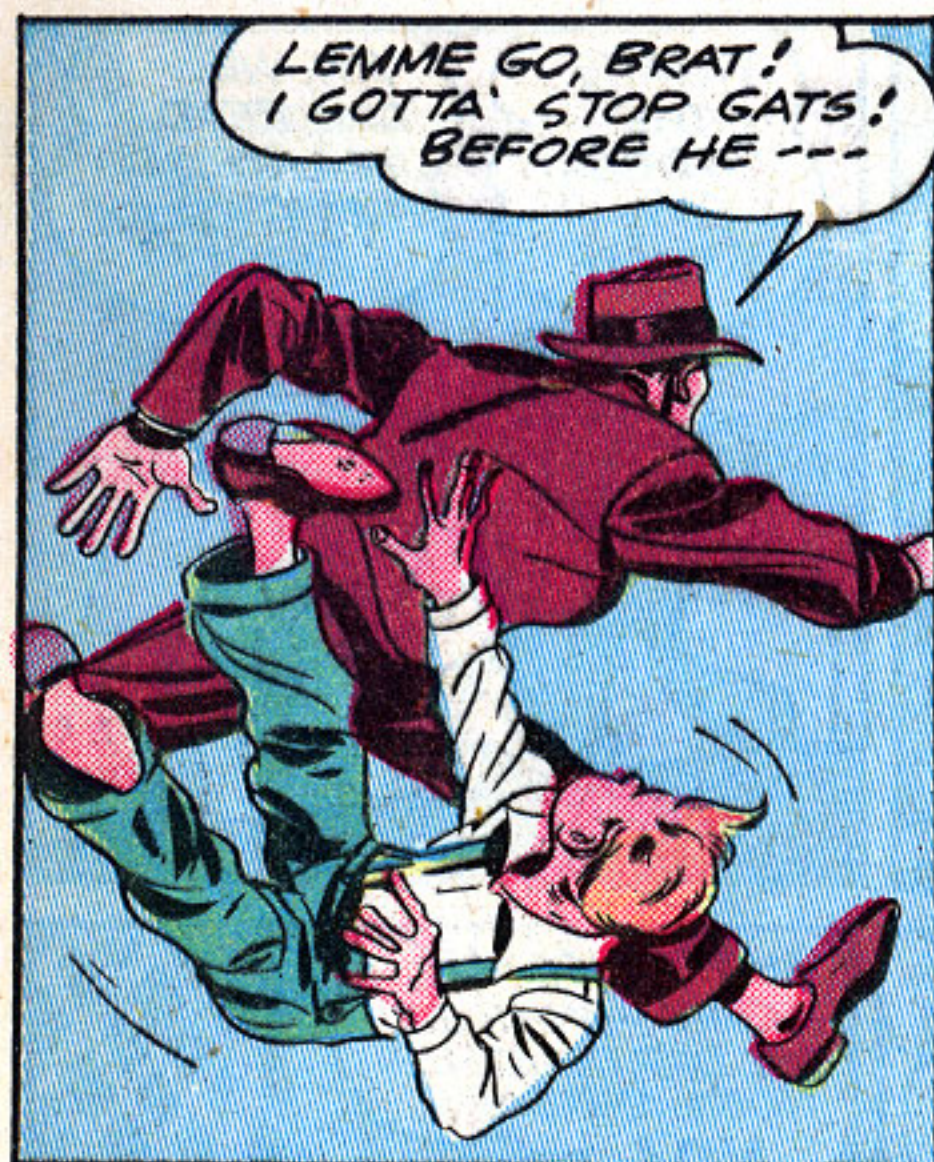


I'LL TAKE CARE OF ALIBI, LATER ---

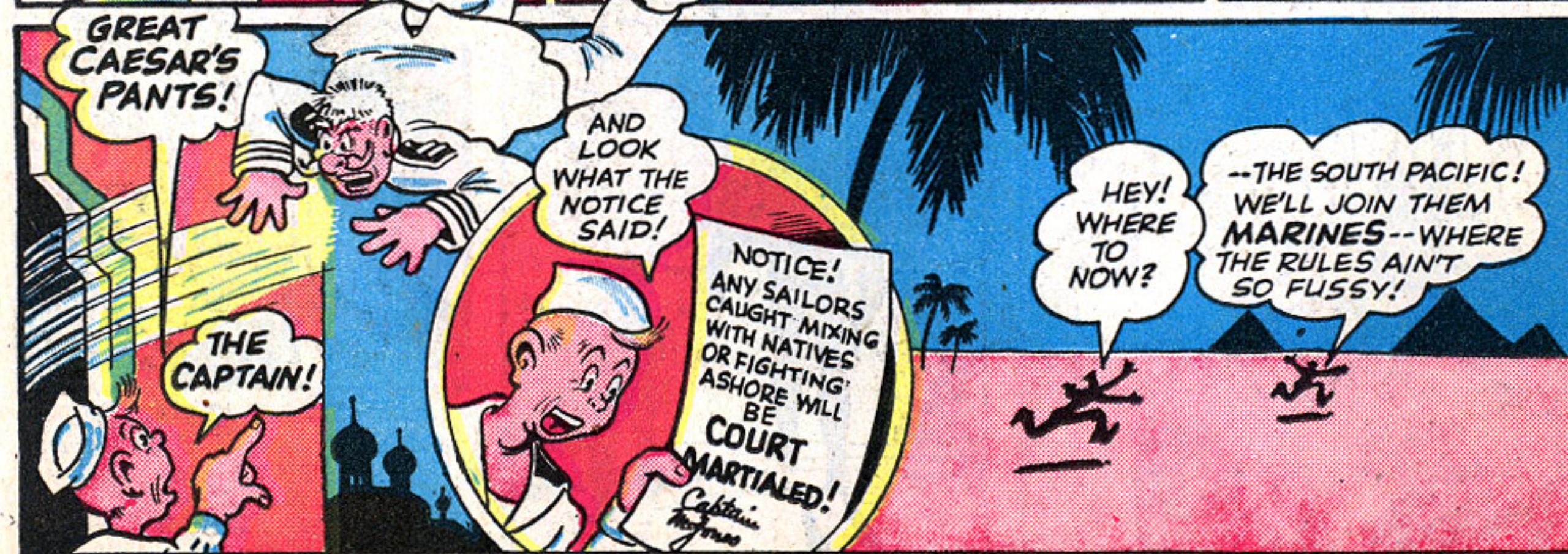
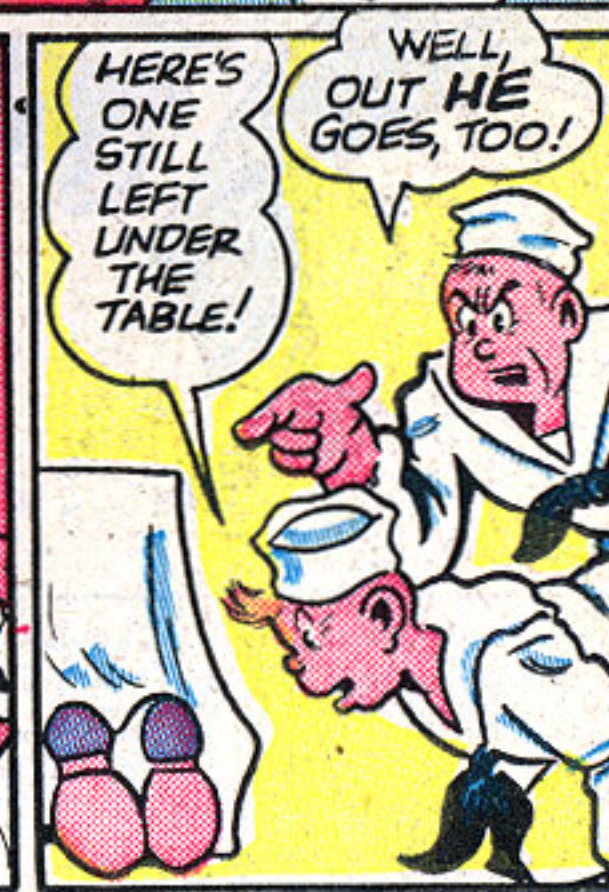
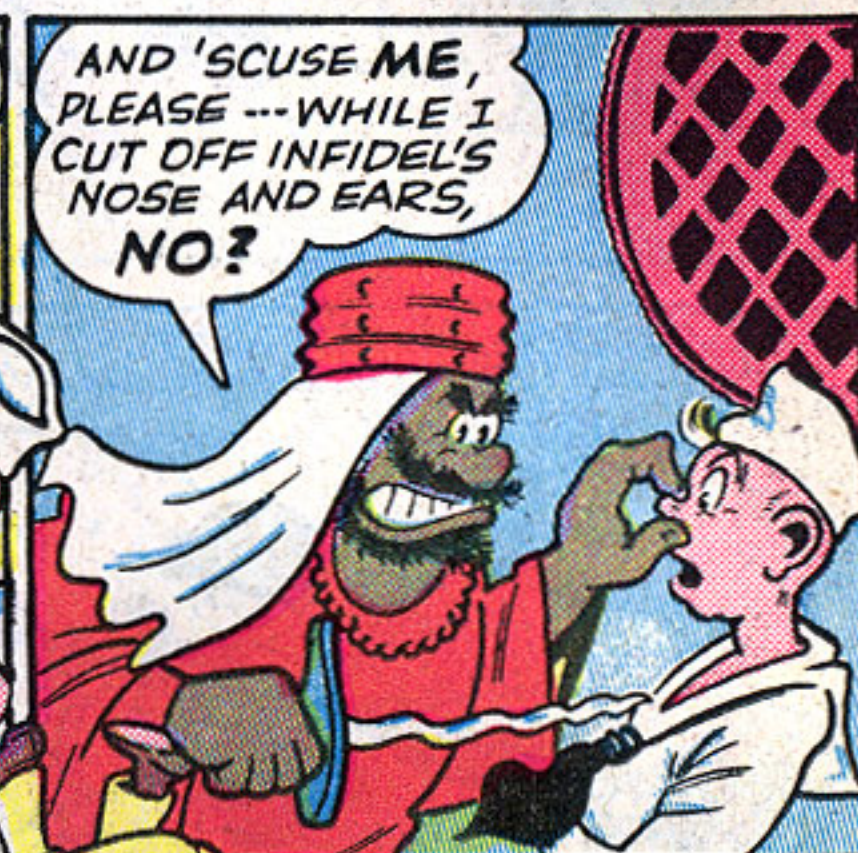
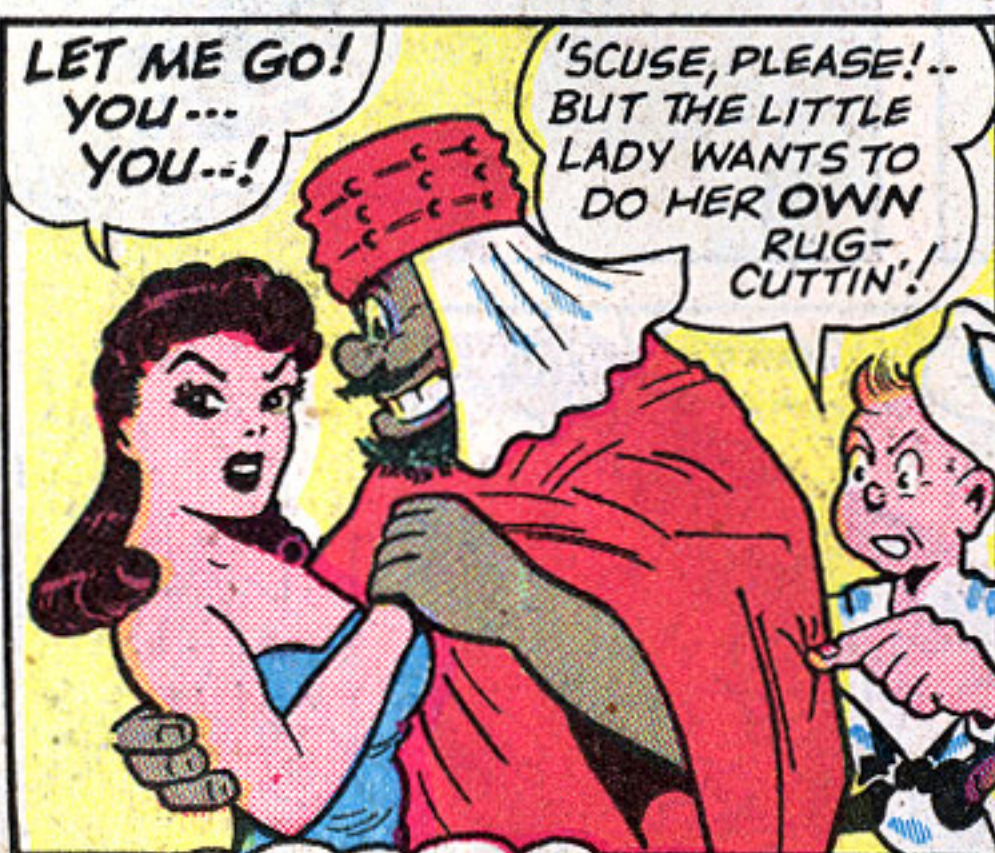
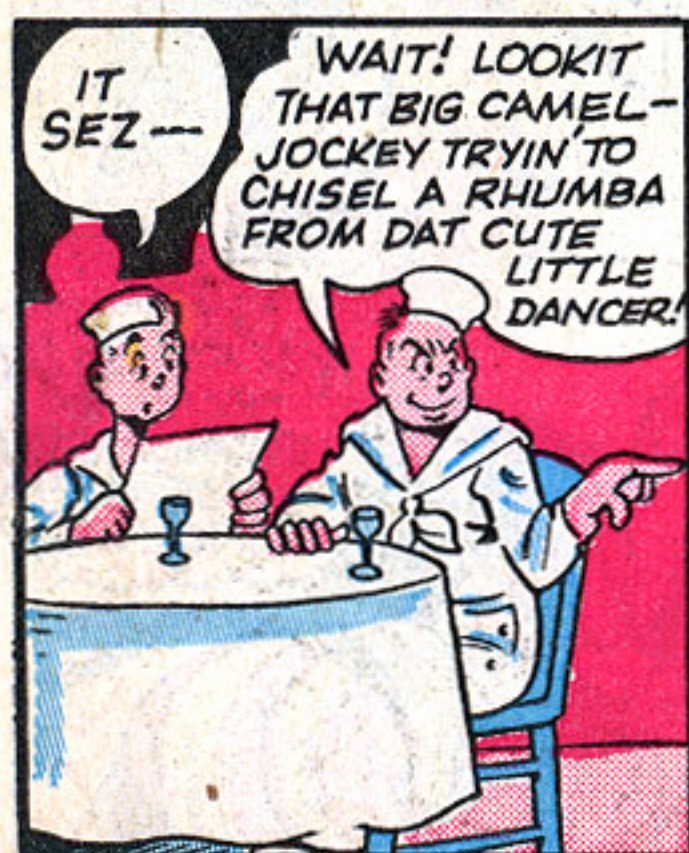


NEED I SAY WHAT I DID TO THOSE CROOKS?

PUT ME DOWN!



HEY KIDS! GET THE LATEST UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY *** ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSTANDS! *



POLICEWOMAN

SALLY O'NEIL

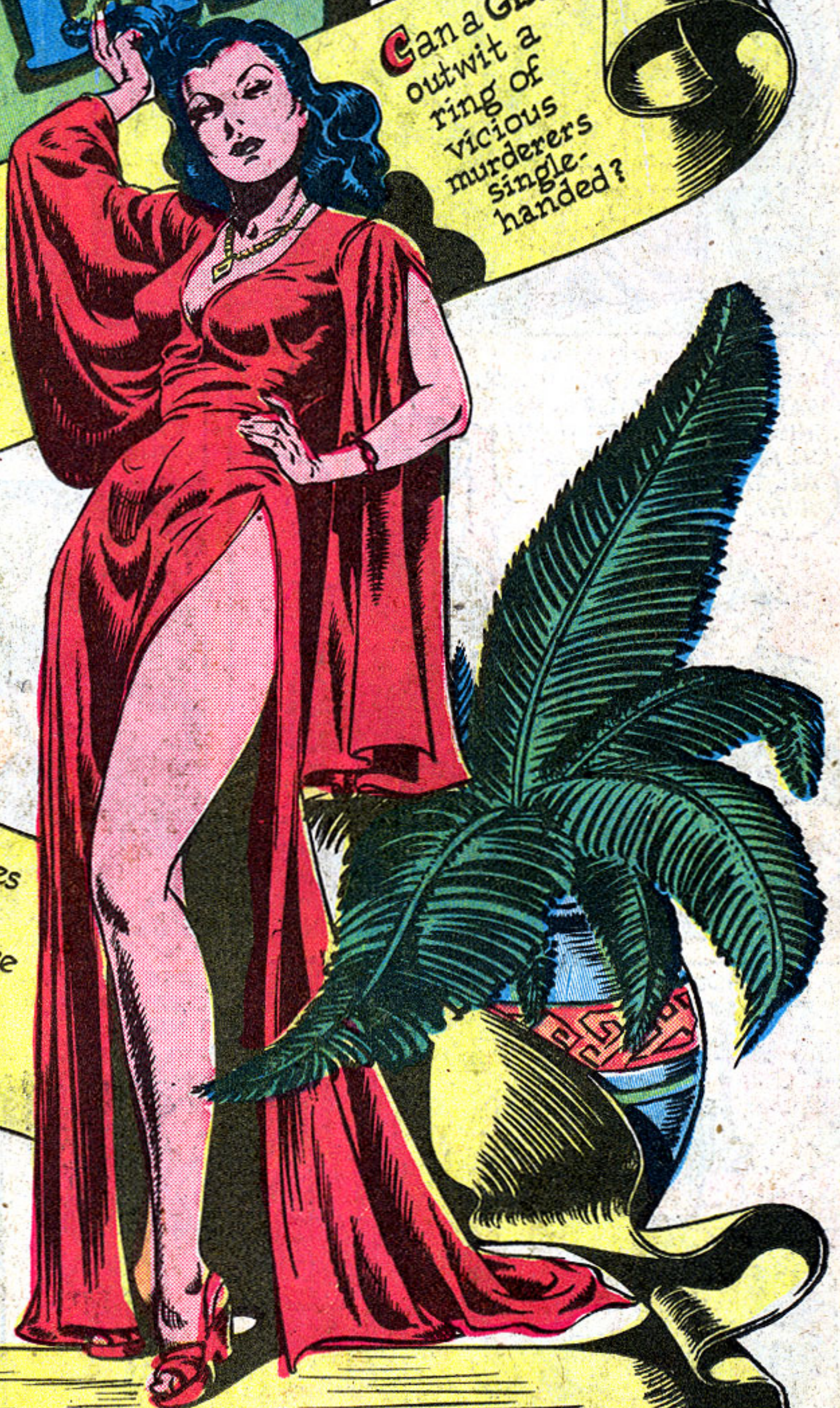
Can a Girl
outwit a
ring of
vicious
murderers
single-
handed?

There is a mysterious
MASS MURDER!
...A WATERFRONT HIDE-
OUT!
CRIMES UNSOLVED!

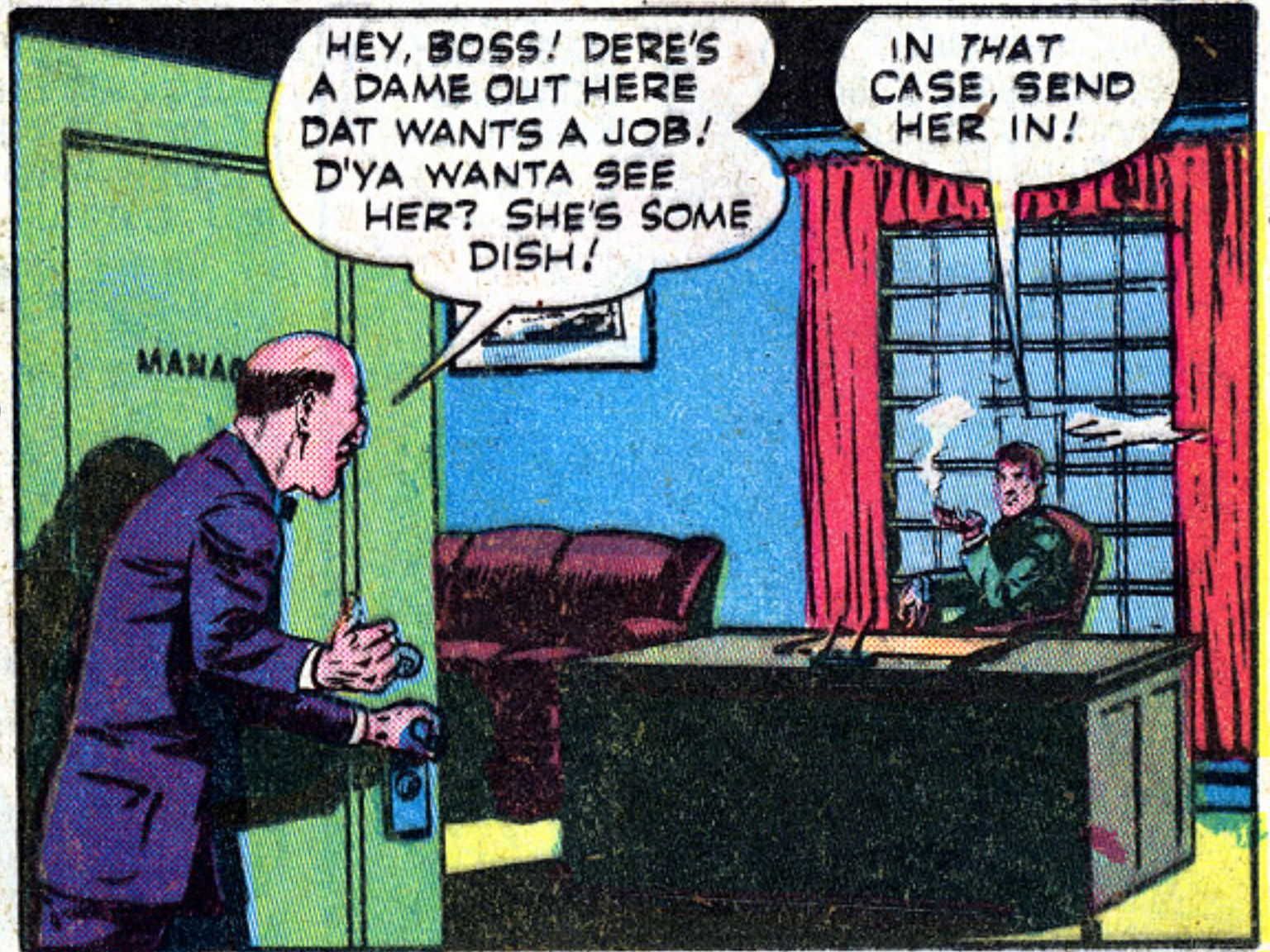
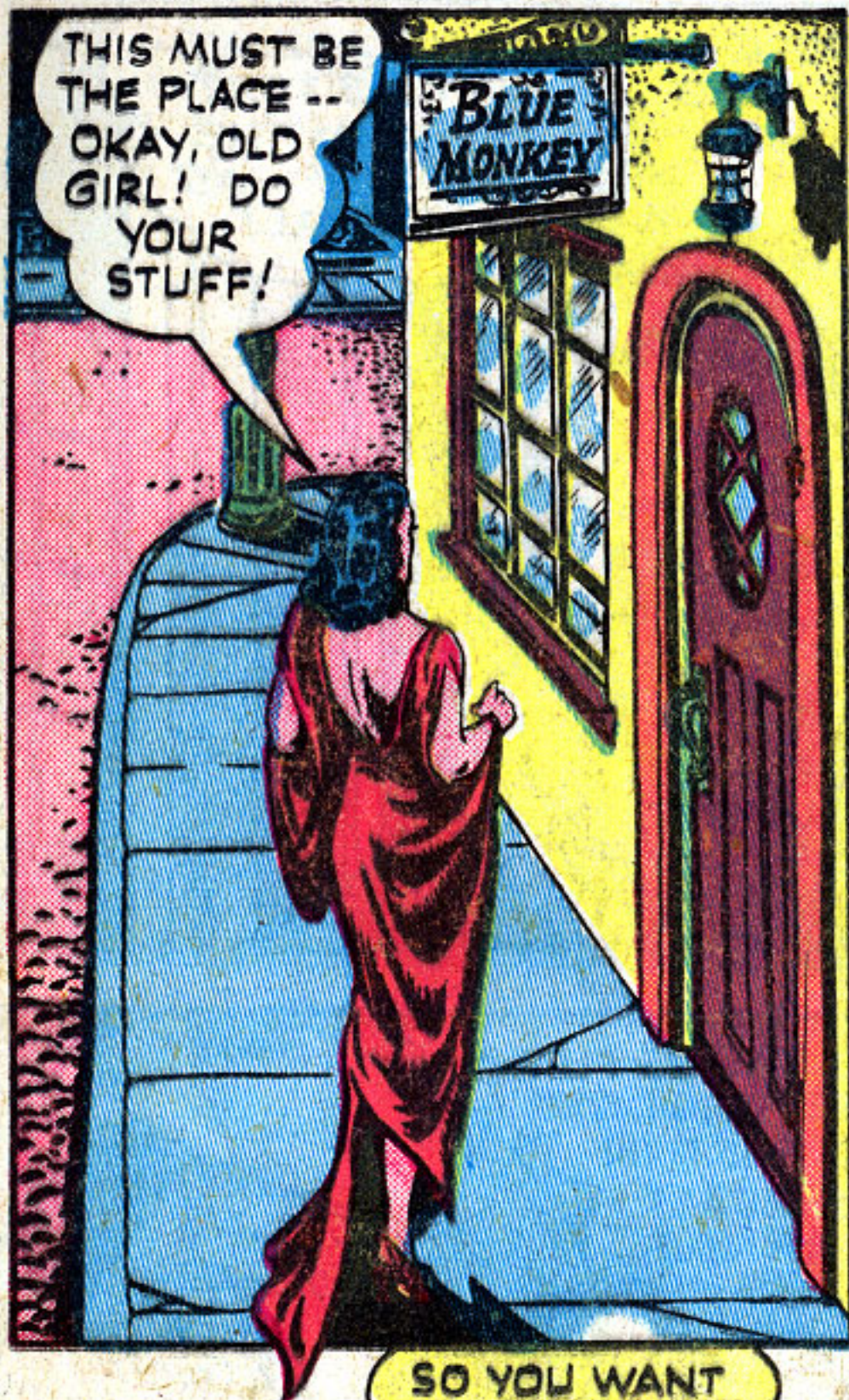
But
Read
for
Yourself
how...

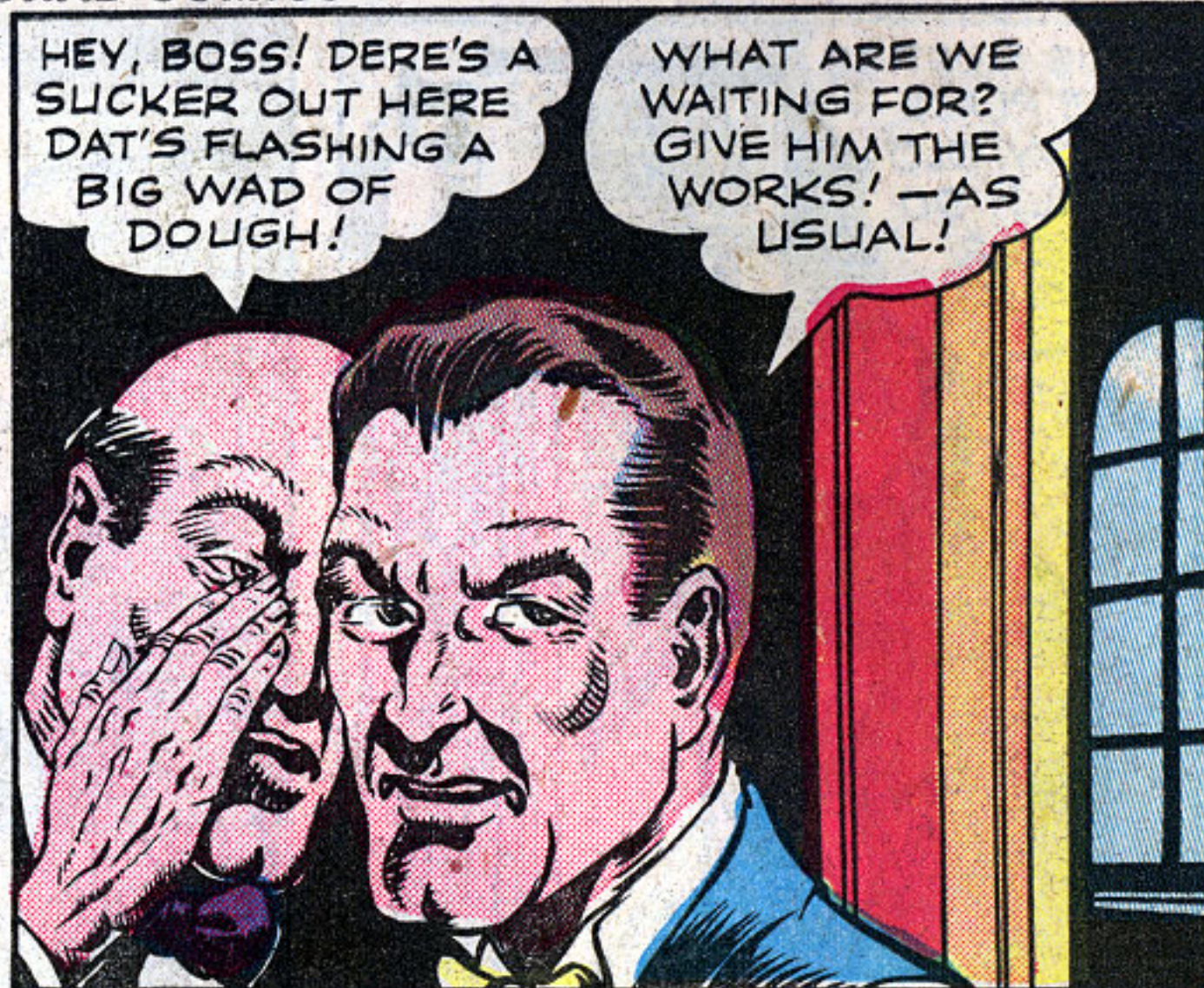
Sally O'neil becomes
Cigarette Girl for
a Night... to capture
one of the most
ruthless gangs of
the Century!...

AL. BRYANT

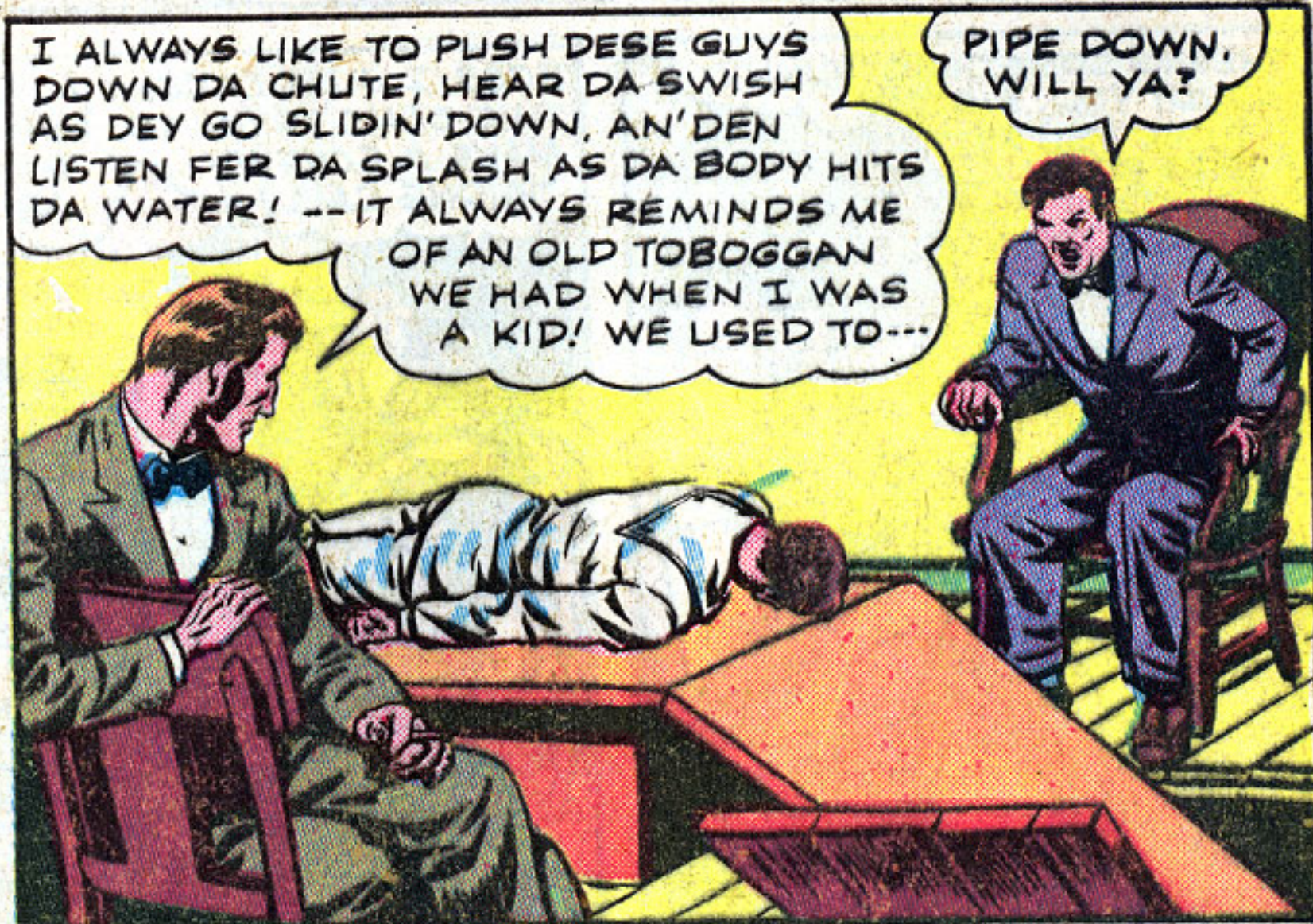
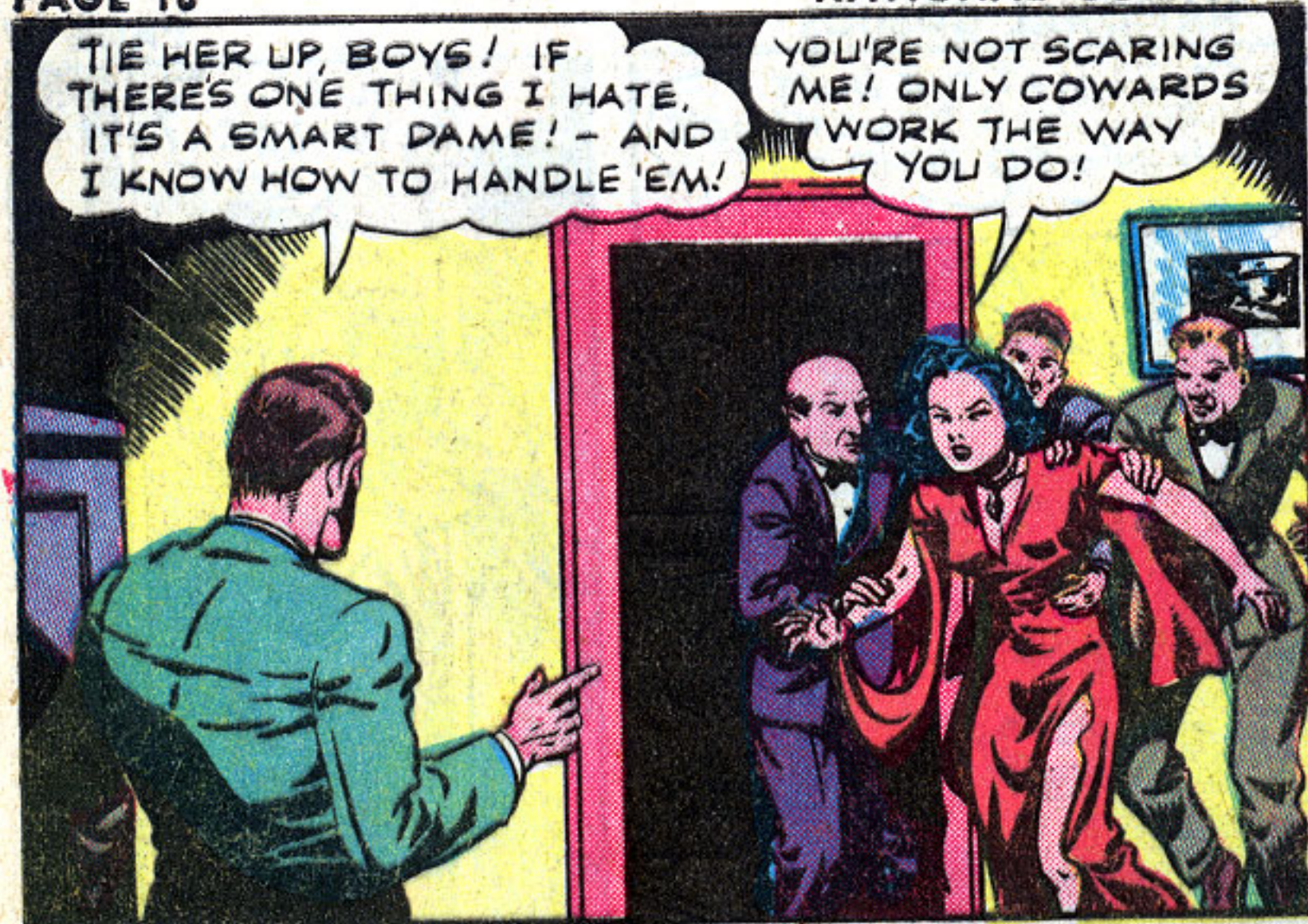


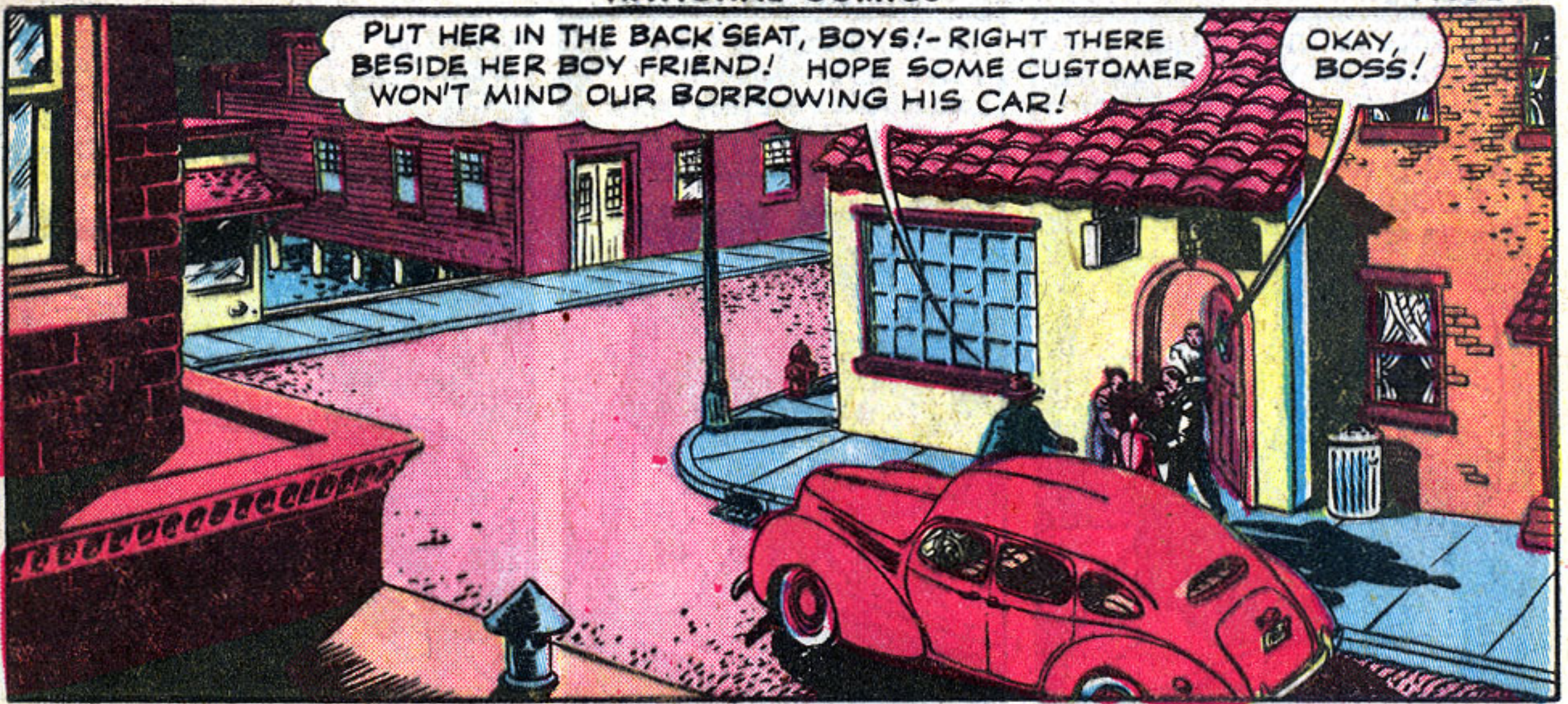












PUT HER IN THE BACK SEAT, BOYS!- RIGHT THERE BESIDE HER BOY FRIEND! HOPE SOME CUSTOMER WON'T MIND OUR BORROWING HIS CAR!

OKAY, BOSS!

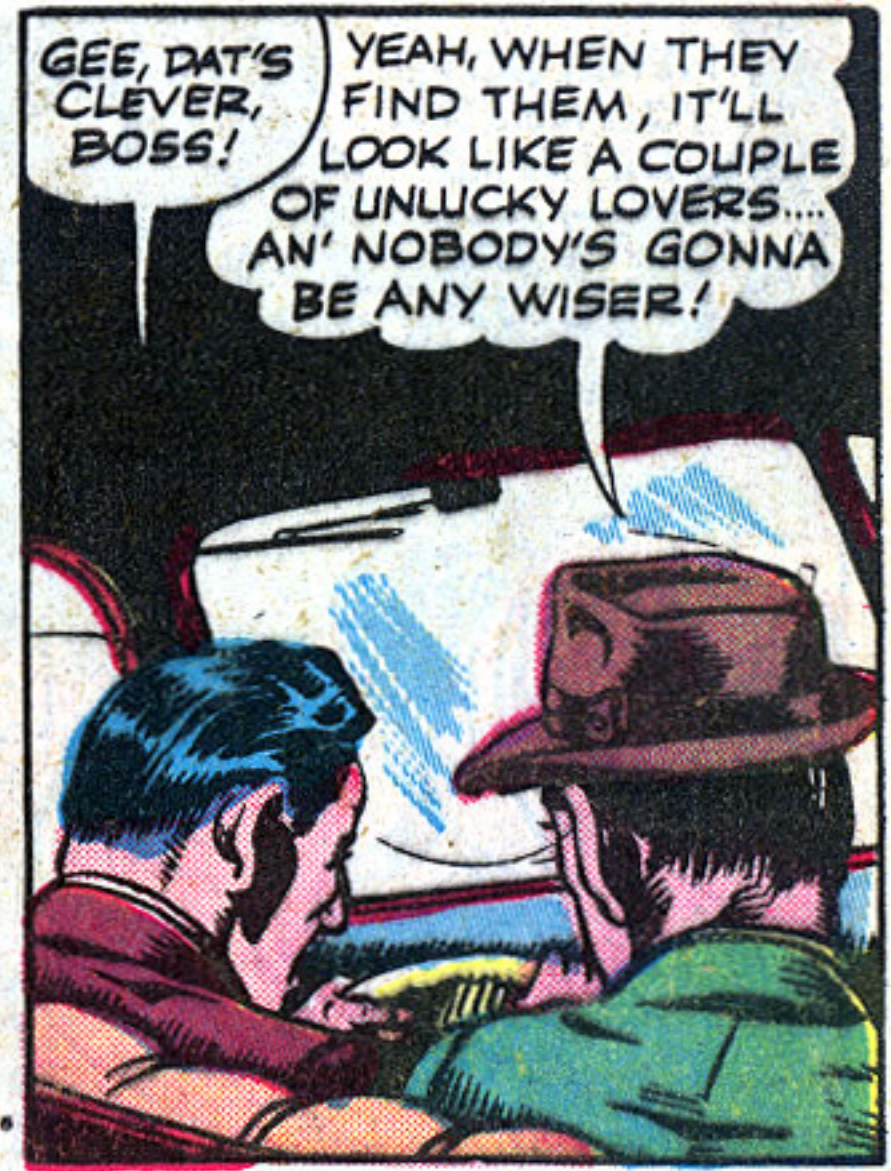


I HOPE THE CHIEF GOT THE BOYS ON THE TRAIL! THIS FELLOW'S NOT GOING TO BE OF MUCH USE FOR QUITE A WHILE!



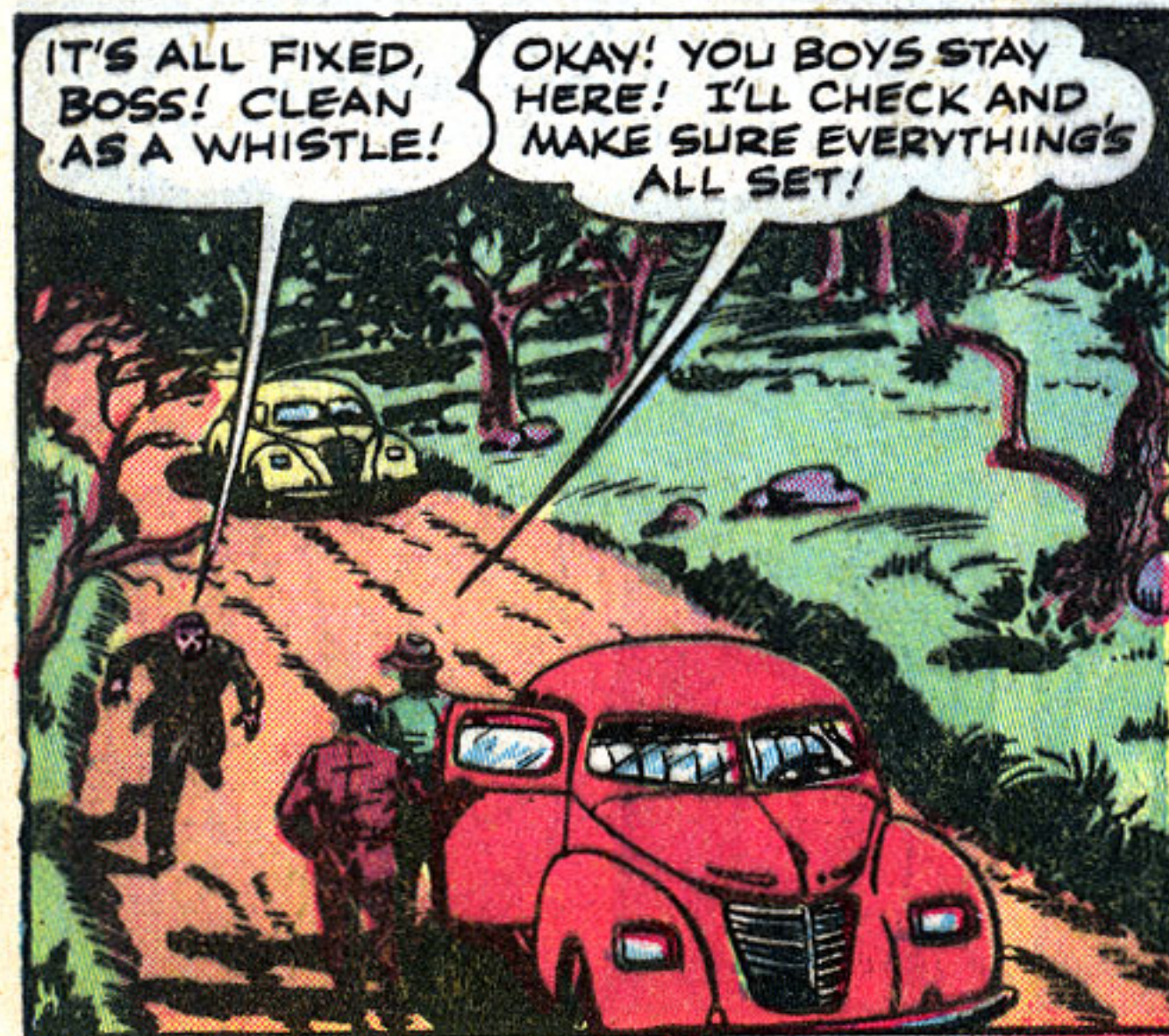
NOW WHERE DO WE GO, BOSS, AND WHAT'S THE DEAL?

YOU DRIVE MY CAR AND FOLLOW US! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY!



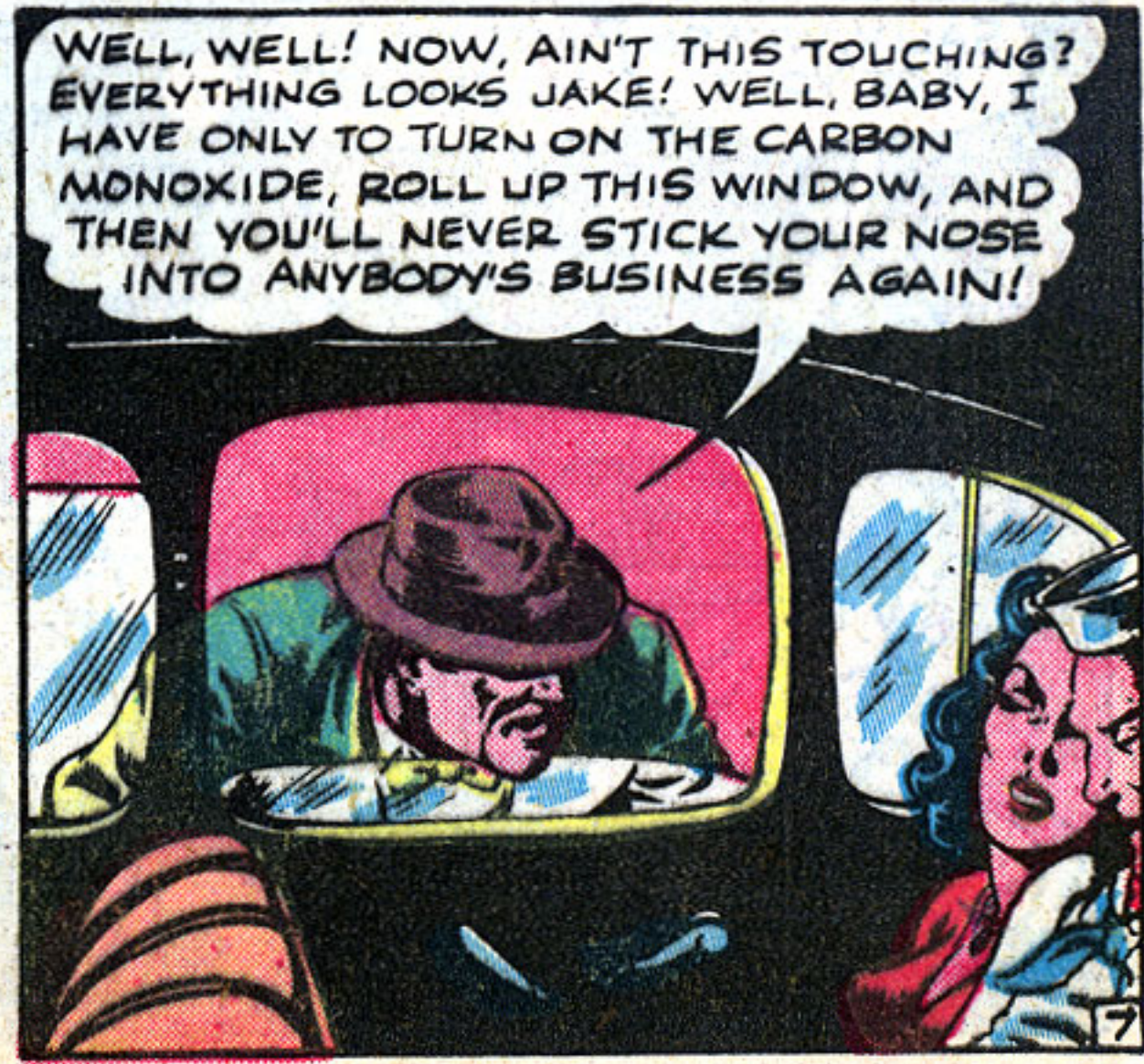
GEE, DAT'S CLEVER, BOSS!

YEAH, WHEN THEY FIND THEM, IT'LL LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF UNLUCKY LOVERS... AN' NOBODY'S GONNA BE ANY WISER!

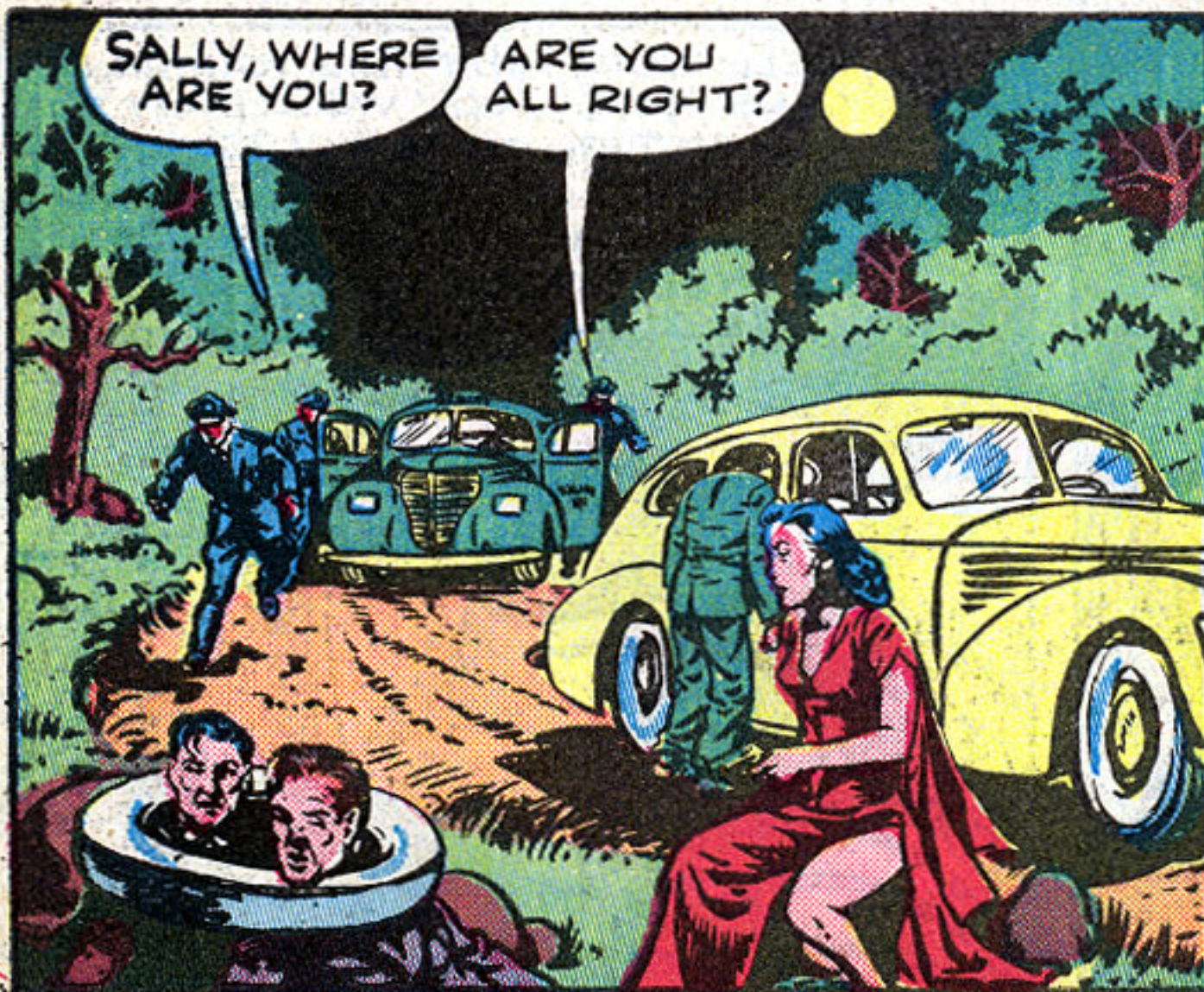
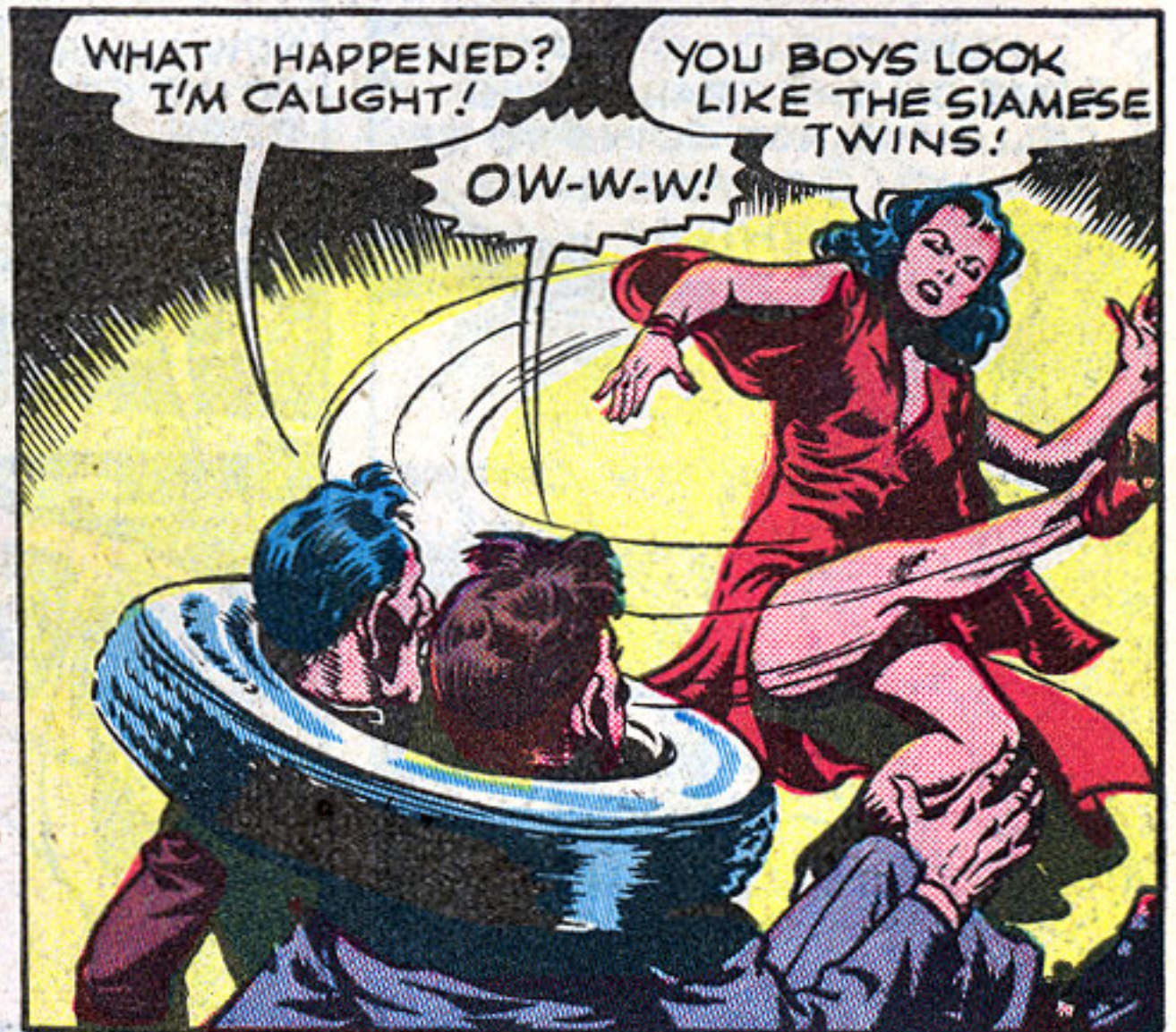


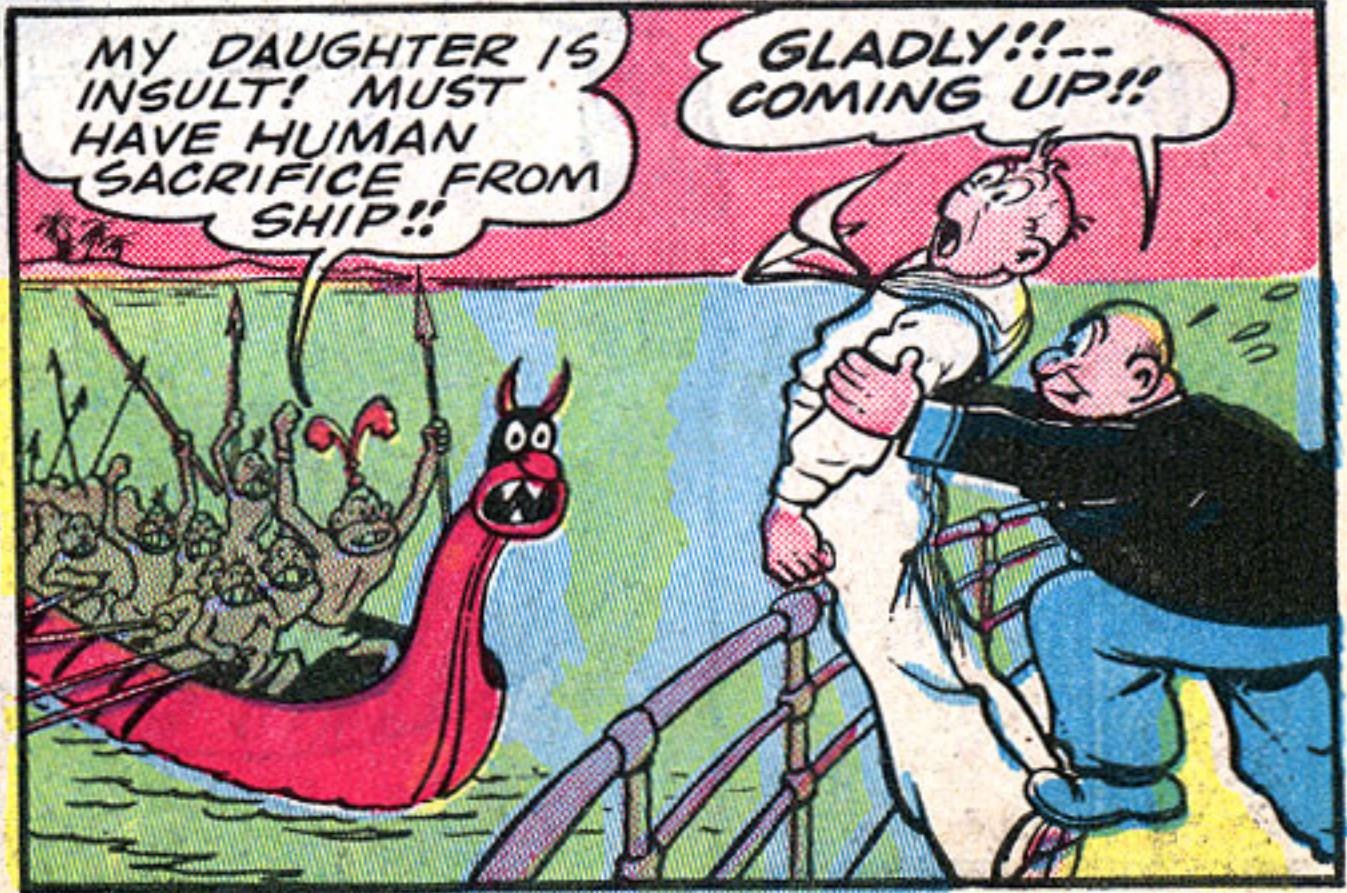
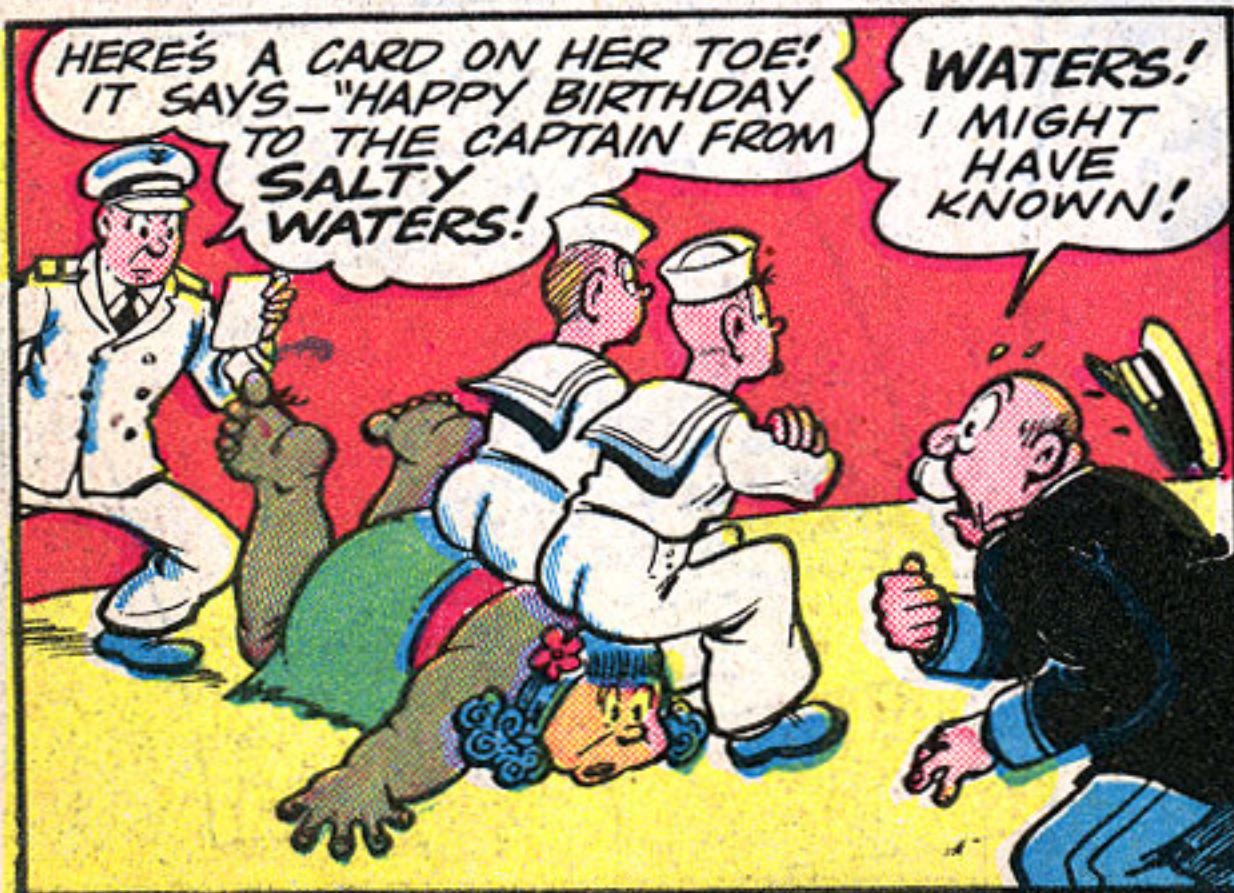
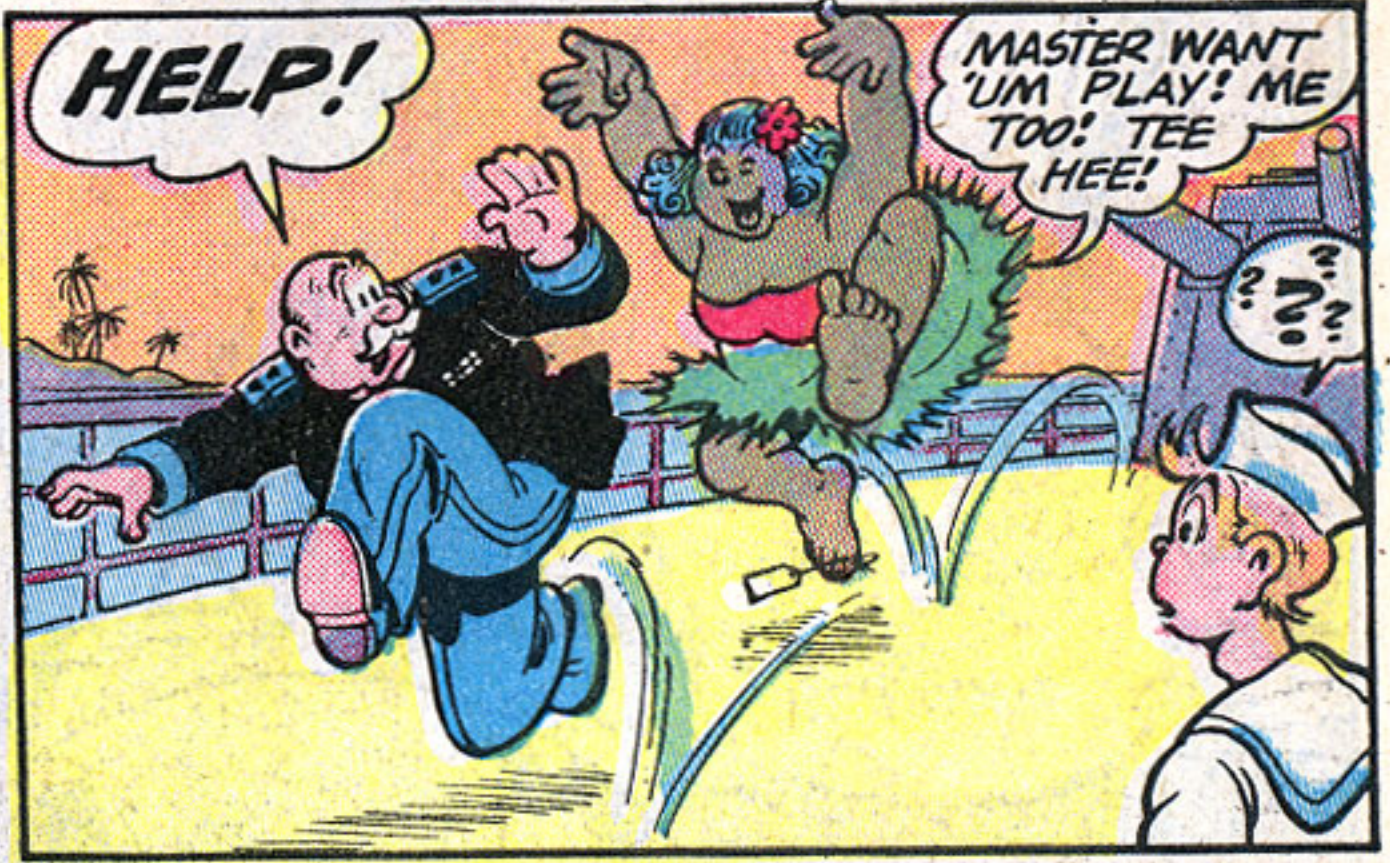
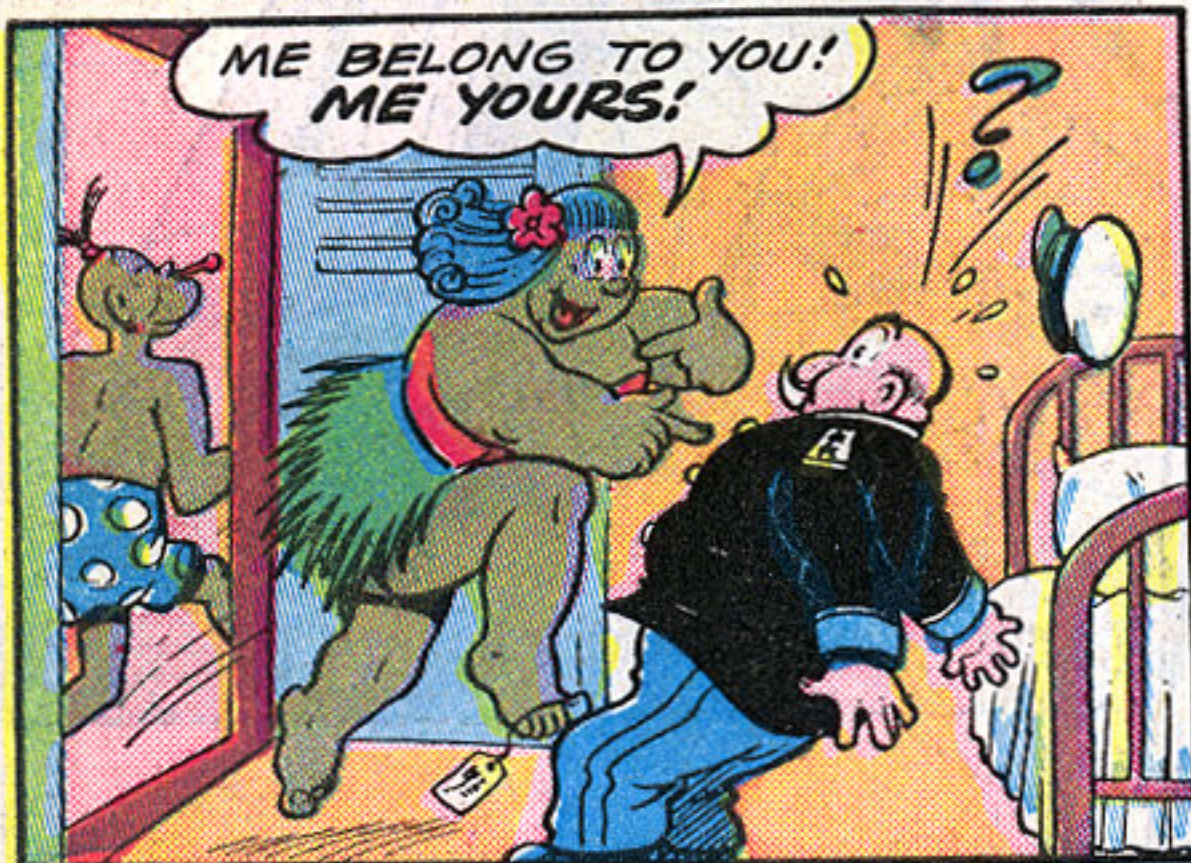
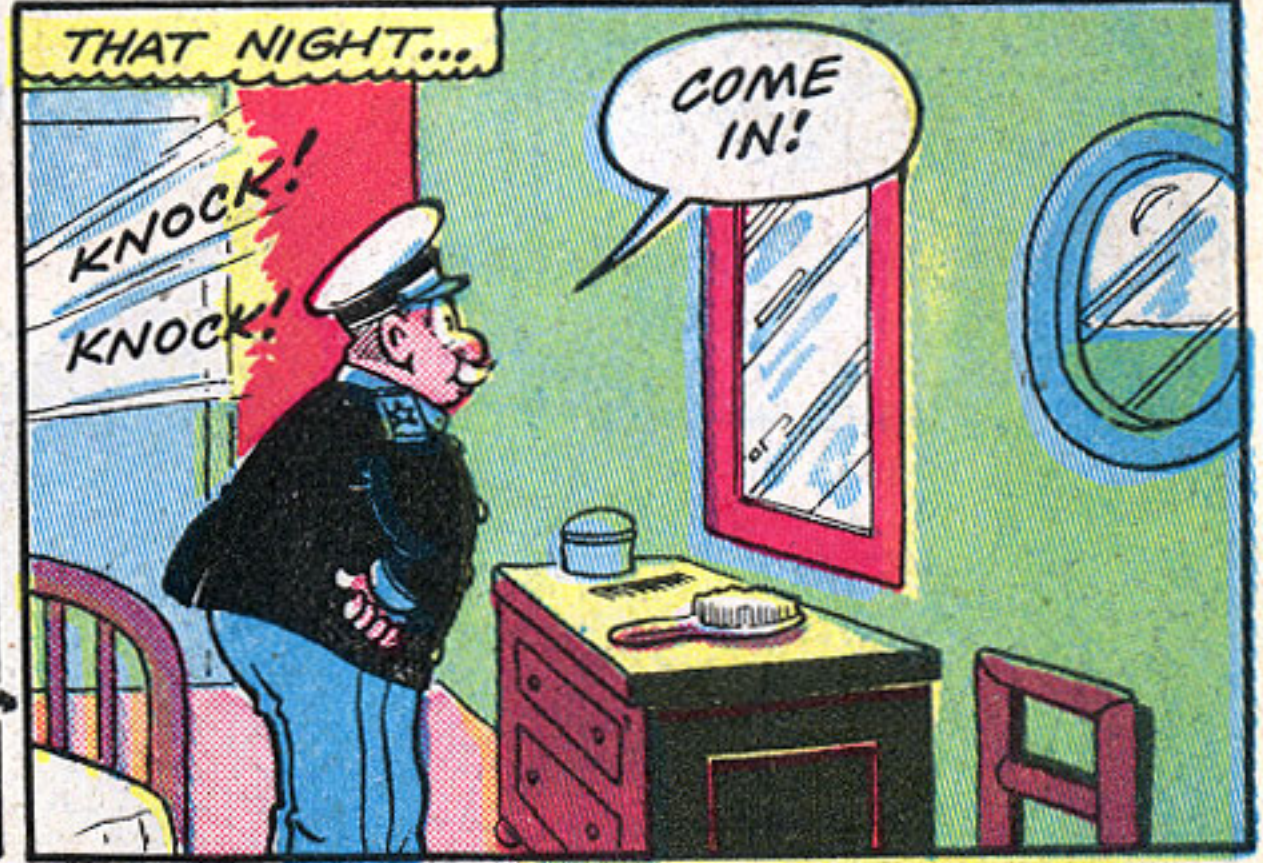
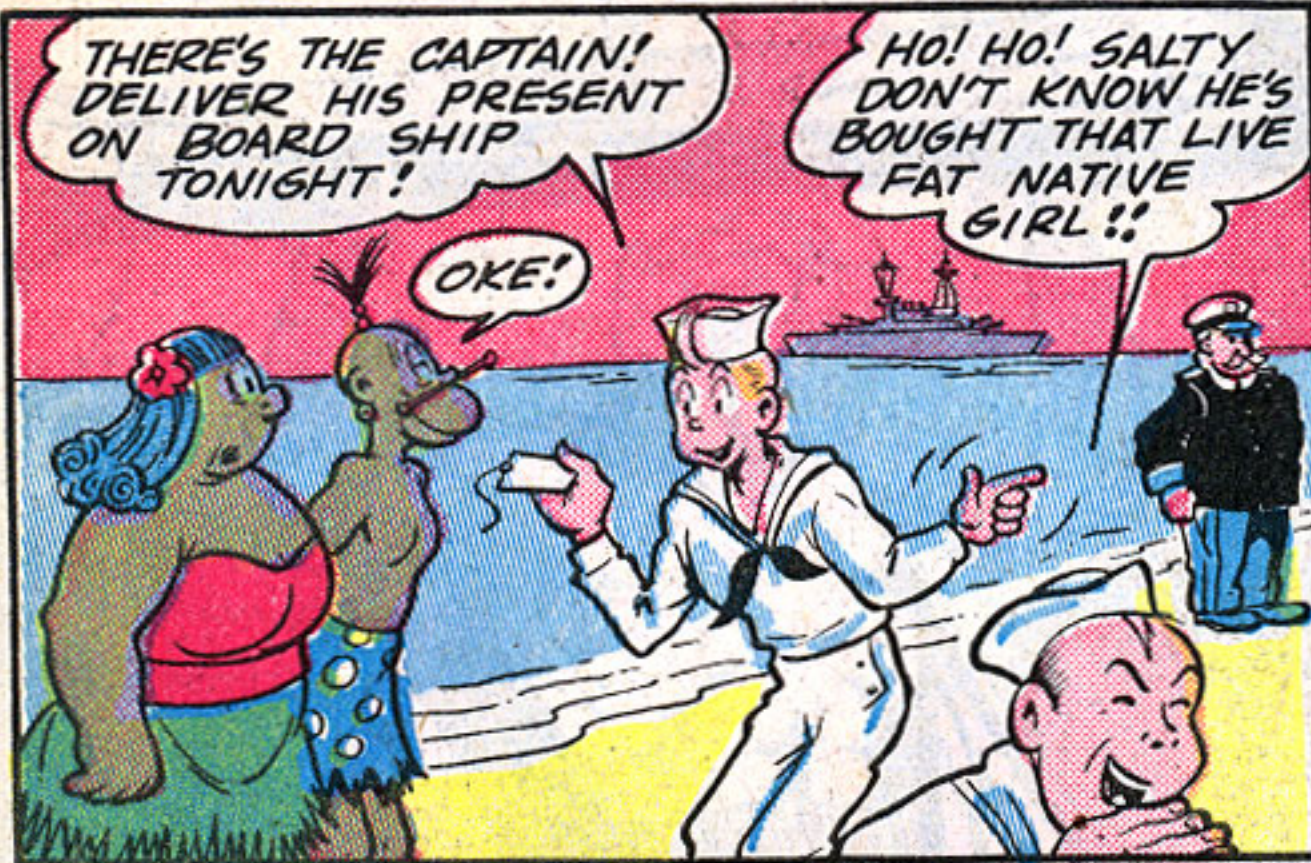
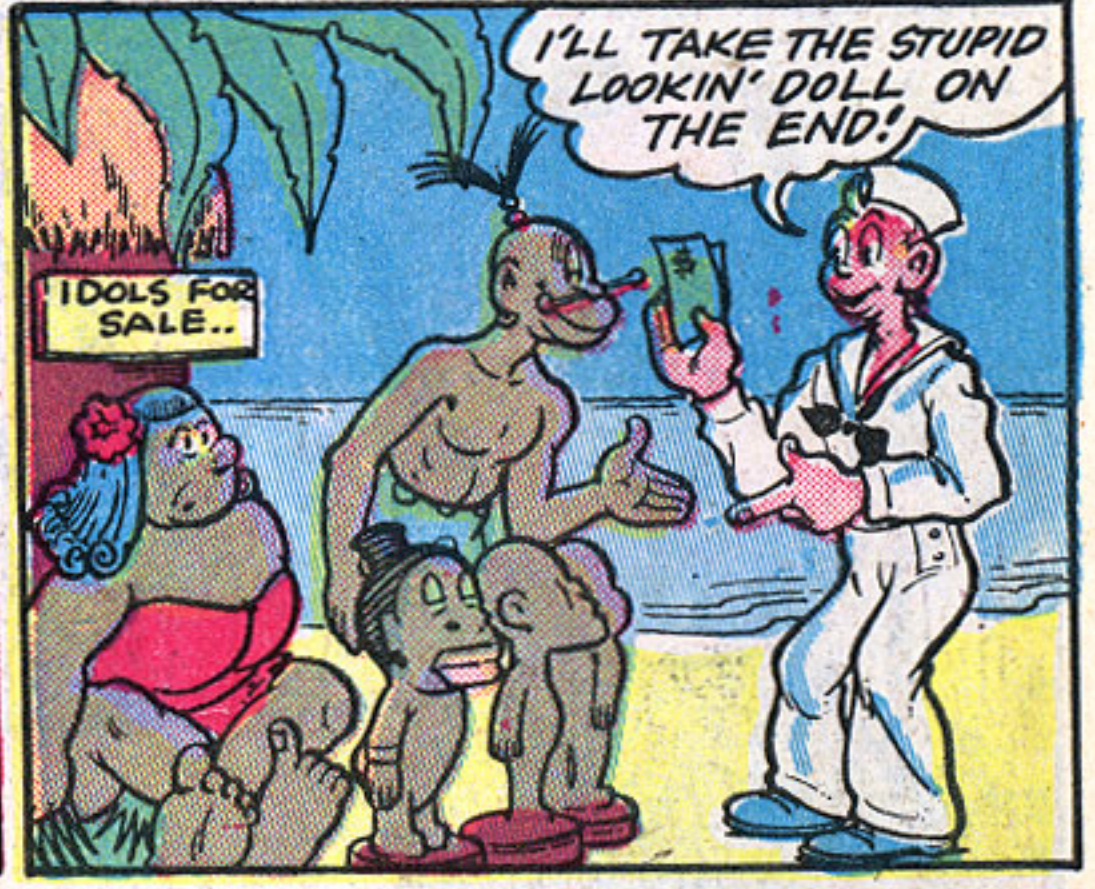
IT'S ALL FIXED, BOSS! CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

OKAY! YOU BOYS STAY HERE! I'LL CHECK AND MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL SET!



WELL, WELL! NOW, AIN'T THIS TOUCHING? EVERYTHING LOOKS JAKE! WELL, BABY, I HAVE ONLY TO TURN ON THE CARBON MONOXIDE, ROLL UP THIS WINDOW, AND THEN YOU'LL NEVER STICK YOUR NOSE INTO ANYBODY'S BUSINESS AGAIN!

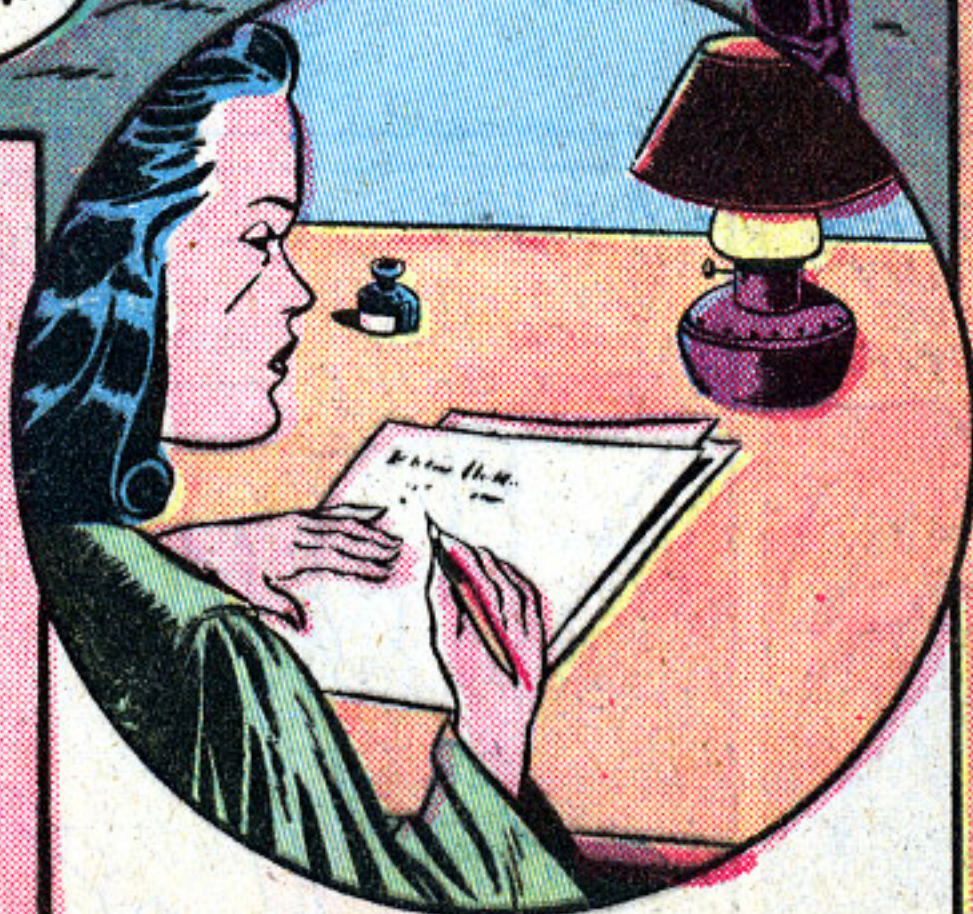




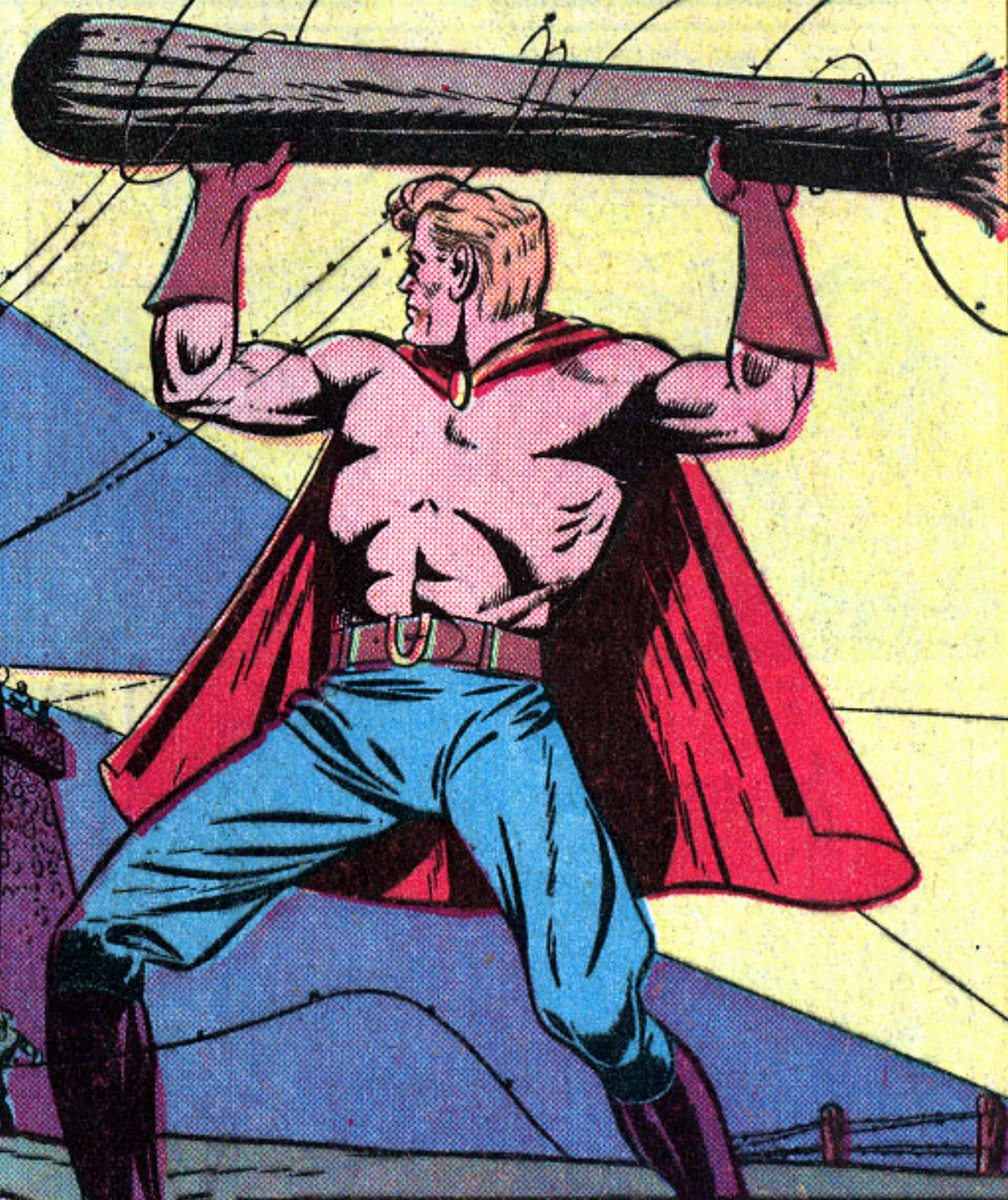
The UNKNOWN

The NOTORIOUS NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DACHAU, IS VISITED BY THE UNKNOWN!

FROM THE WORLD OF THE LIVING DEAD... OCCUPIED FRANCE, A COURAGEOUS GIRL RISKS HER LIFE TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THE OUTSIDE!

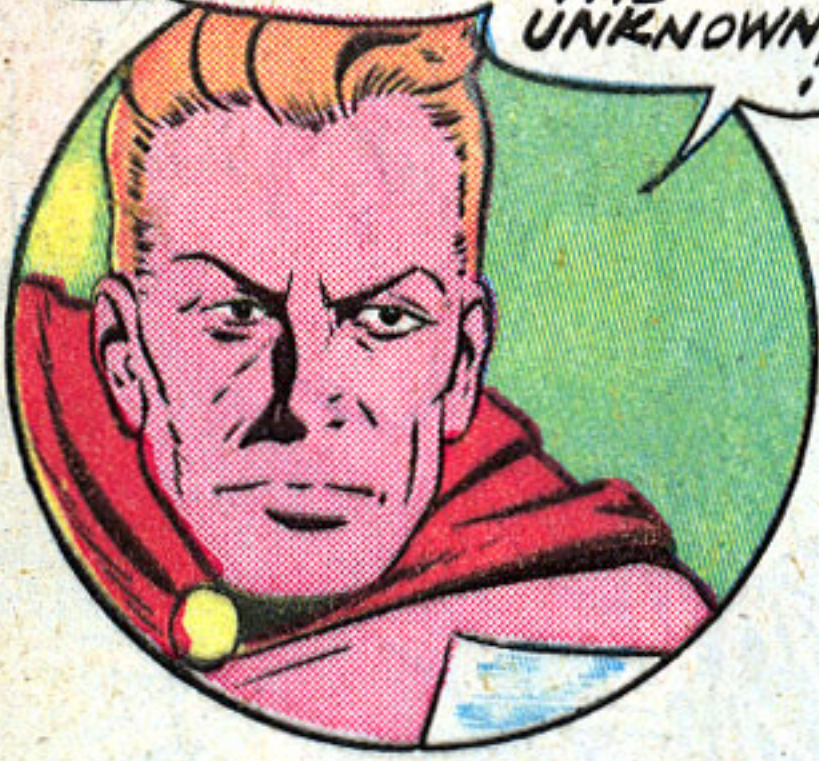


Dear Unknown,
I have heard much of your great deeds in helping us poor betrayed people of France. Perhaps you will help me. My father has been confined to the tortures of the Dachau concentration camp...

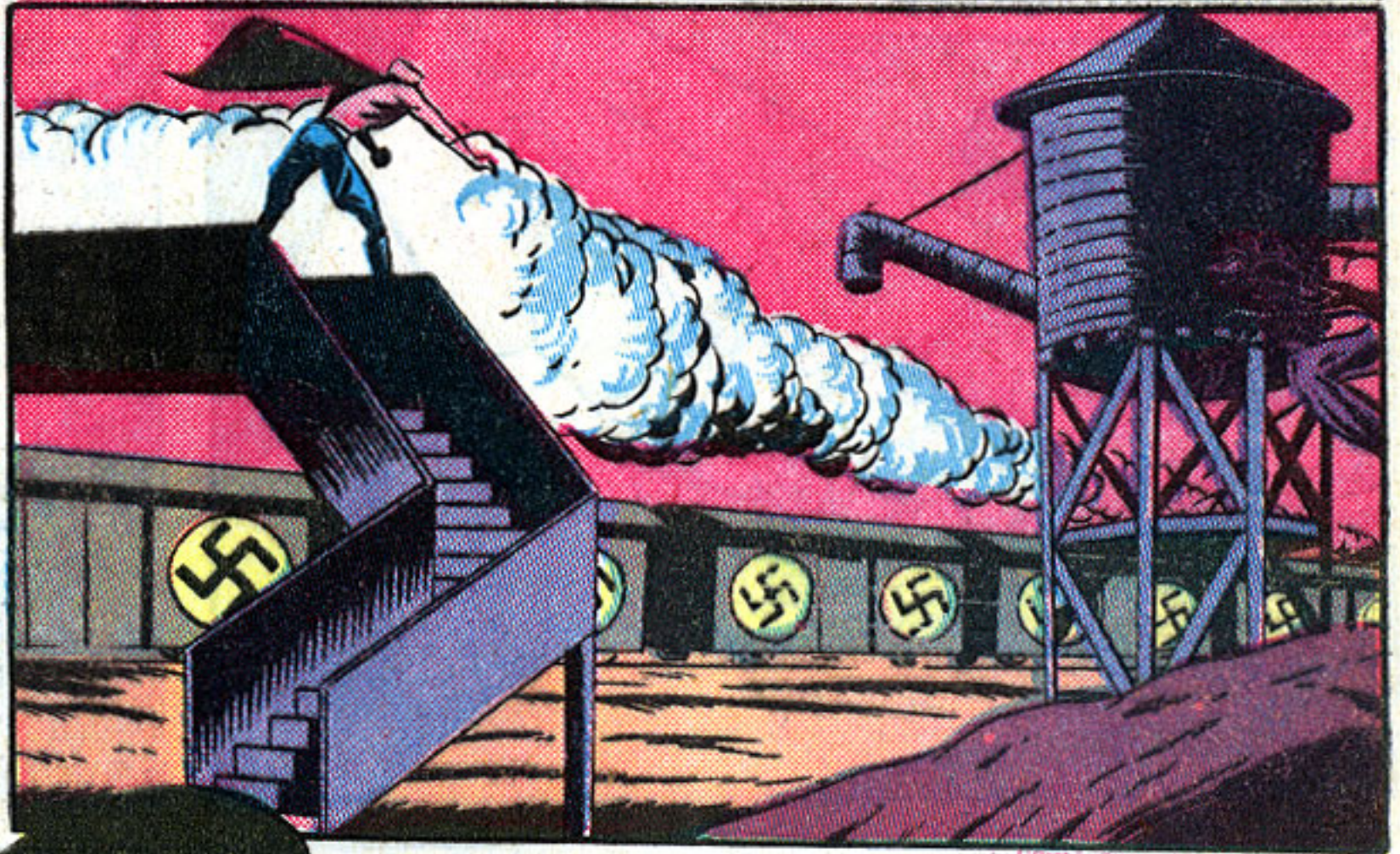


BANG

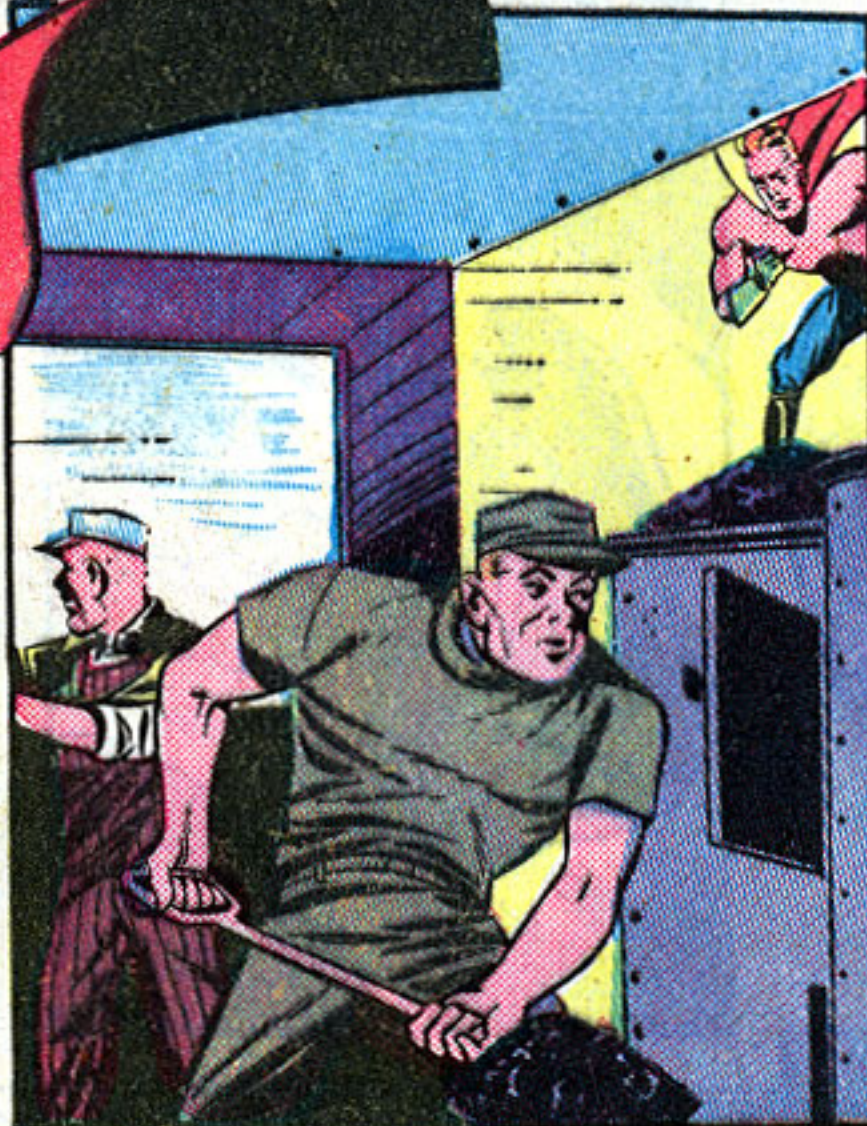
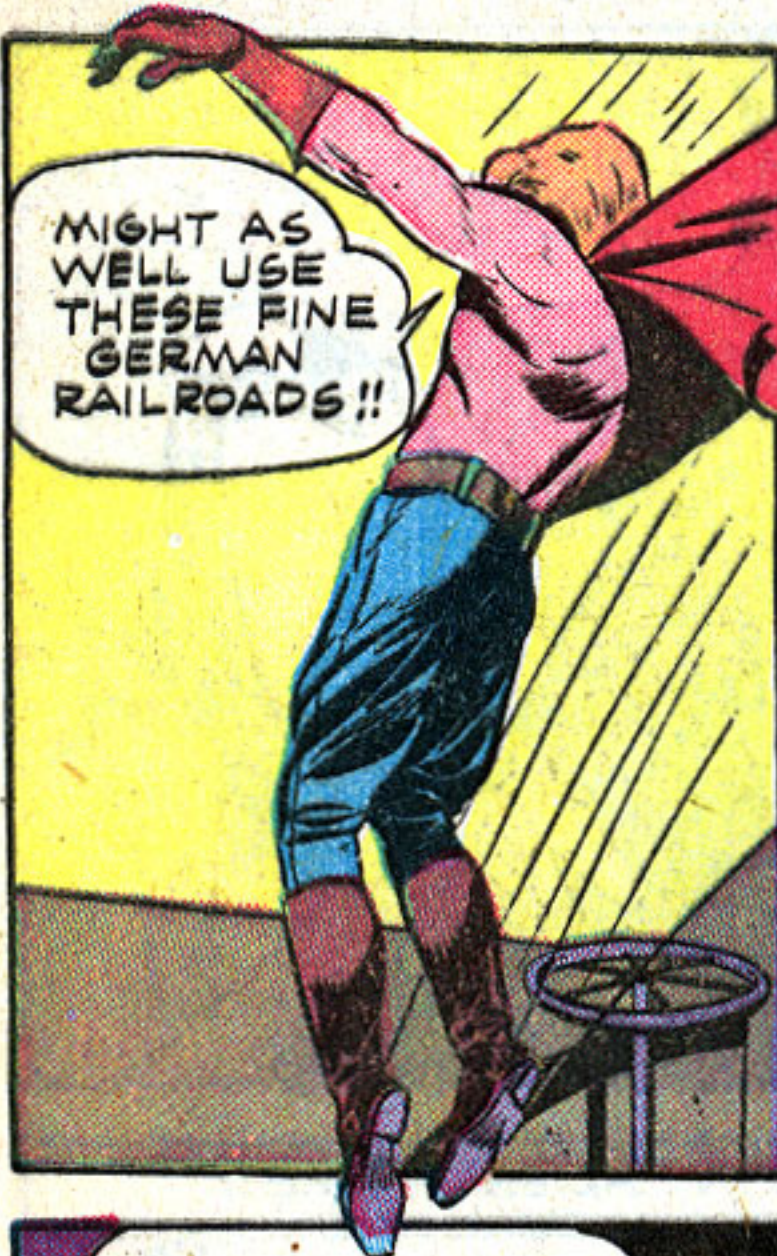
ANOTHER LIFE RUINED
BY THE NAZI DOGS.
BUT THIS TIME THEY
WERENT COUNTING ON
THE UNKNOWN!



**A NAZI PRISON TRAIN IS ON ITS WAY TO THE
DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP!!**



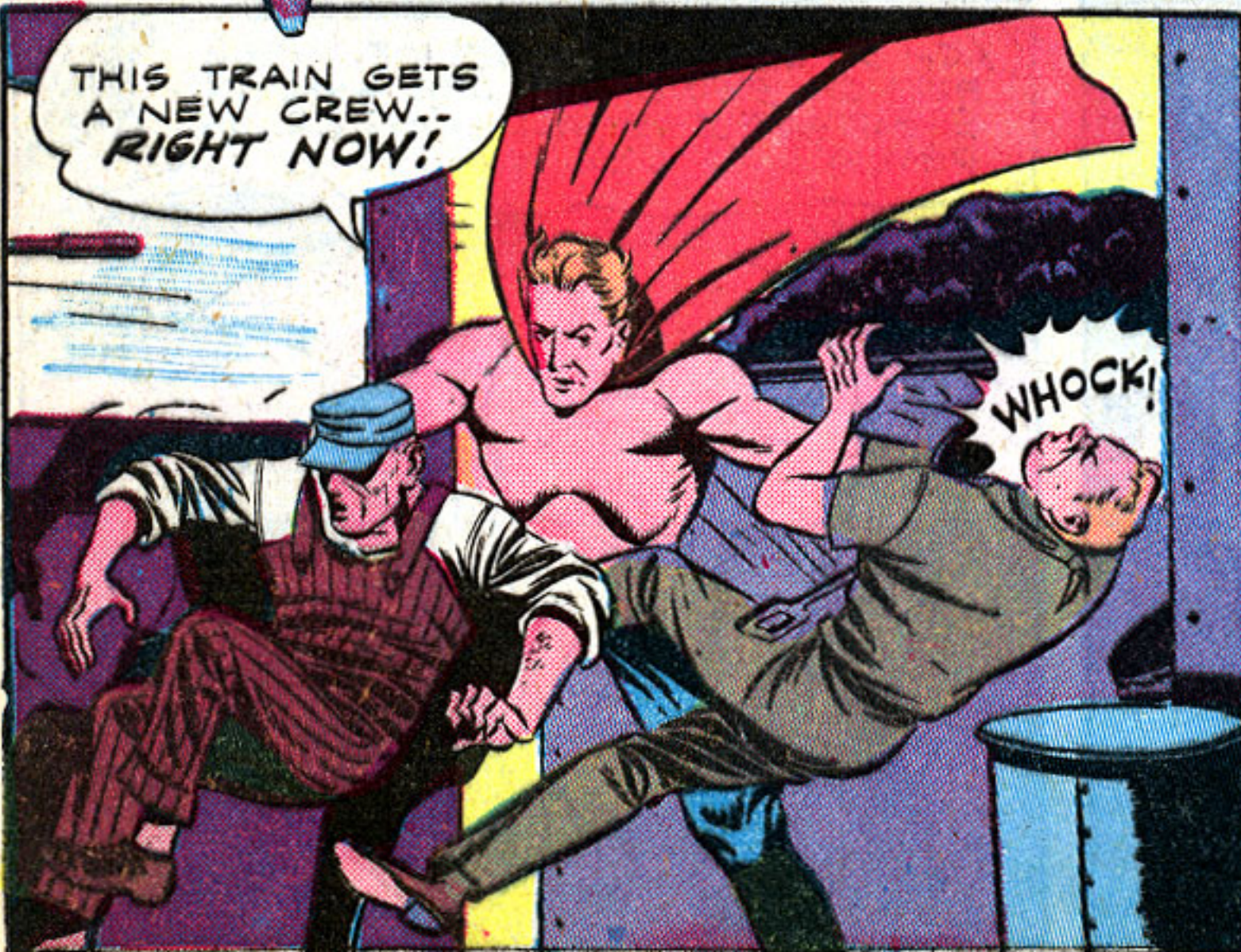
MIGHT AS
WELL USE
THESE FINE
GERMAN
RAILROADS!!



**CARL! CARL!
QUICK! STOP
DE TRAIN!!
IT ISS DE
UNKNOWN!**

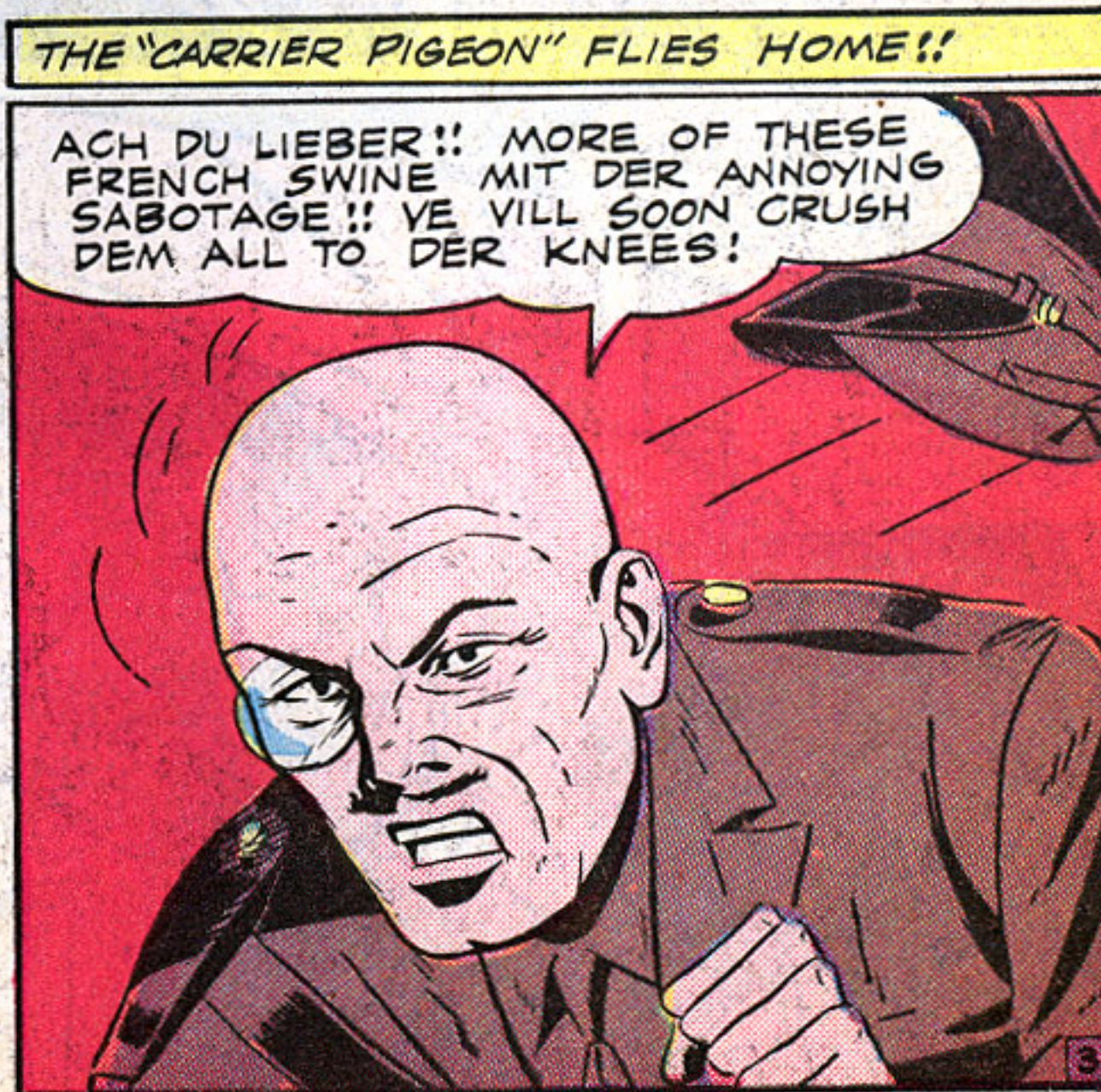
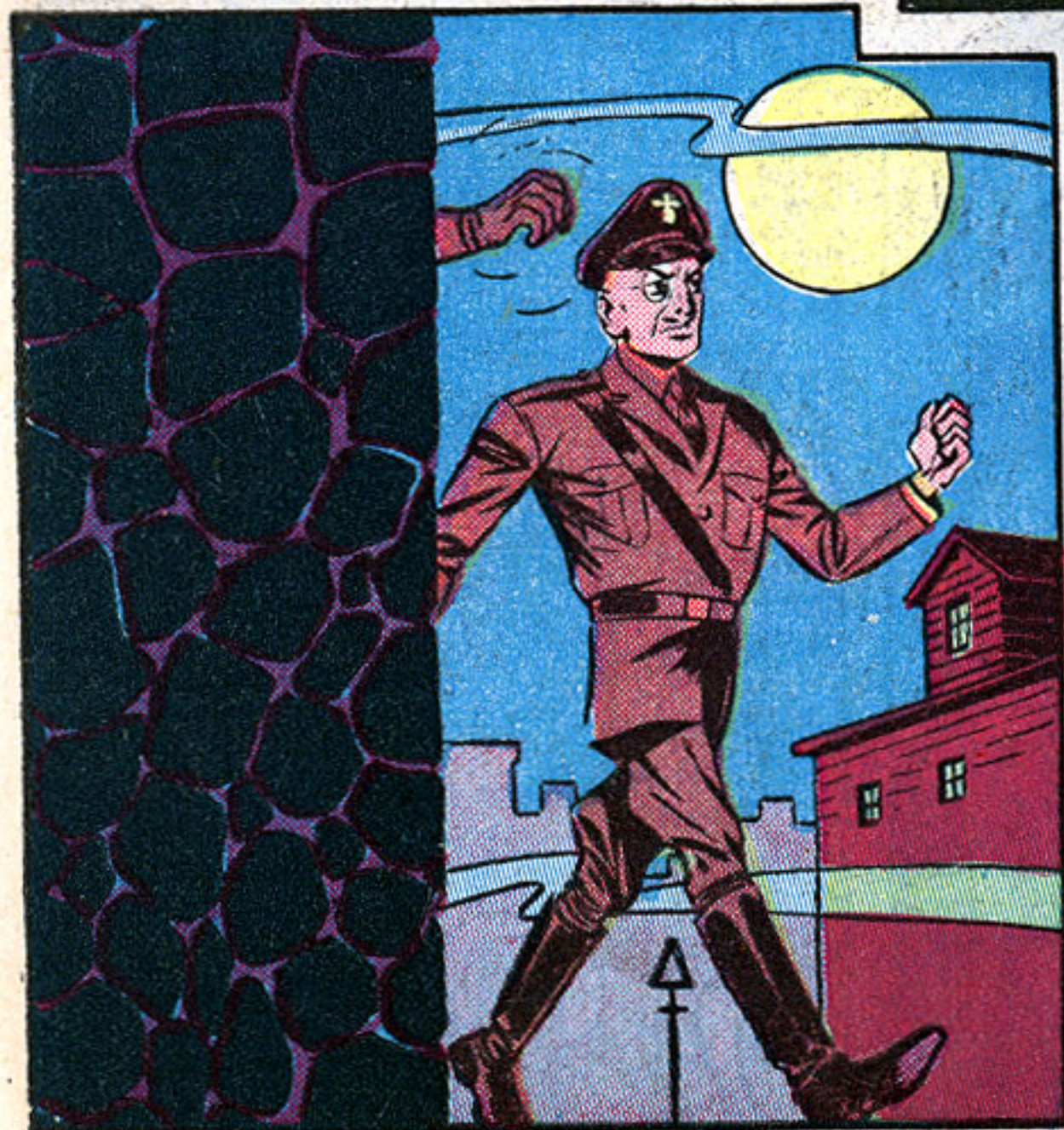
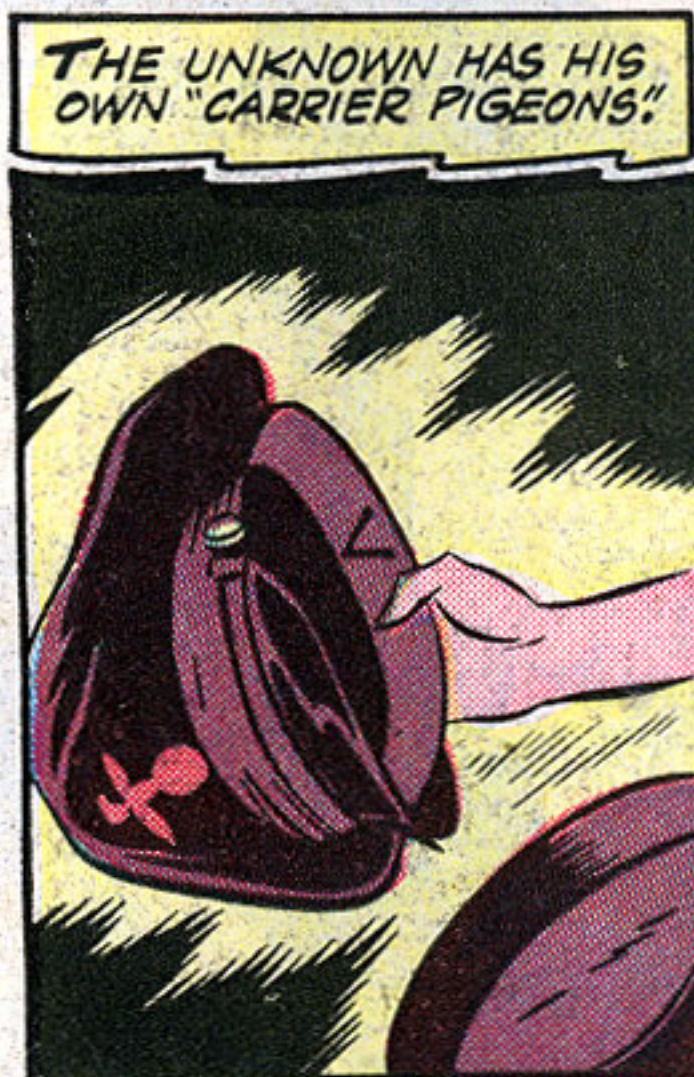
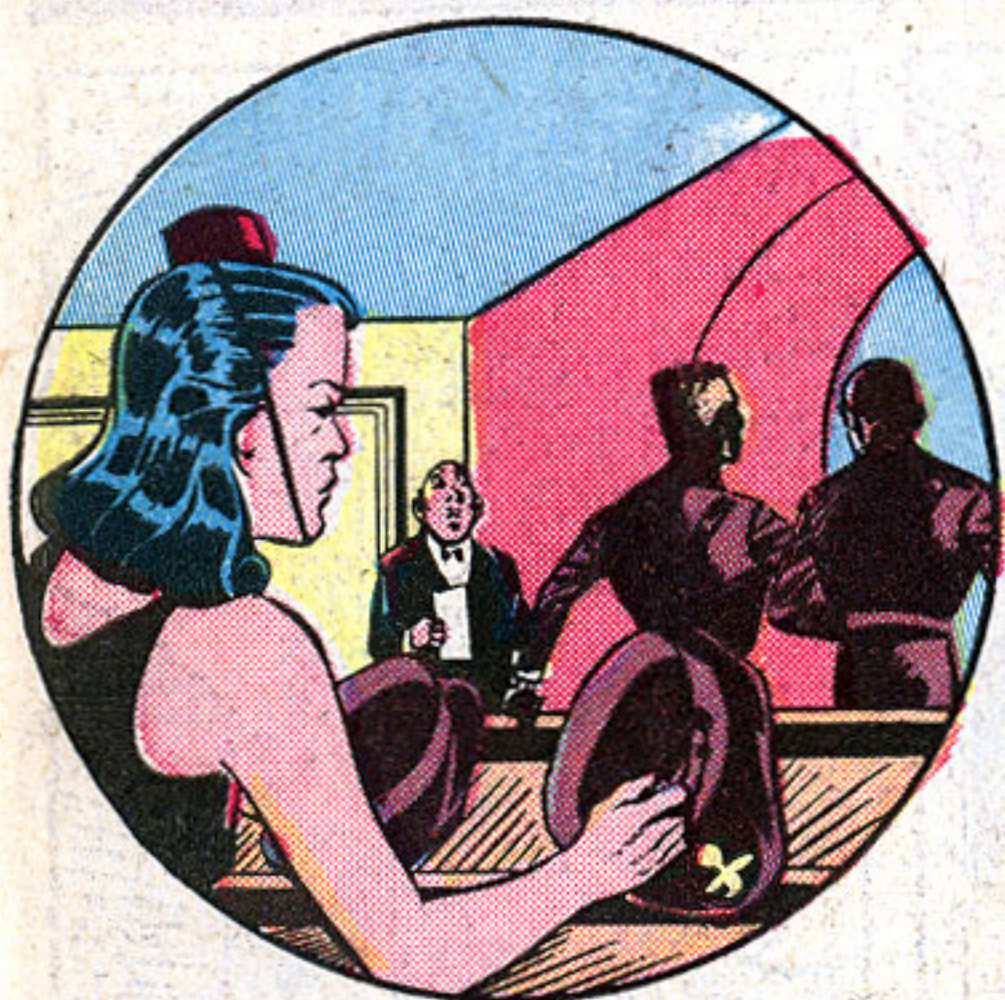
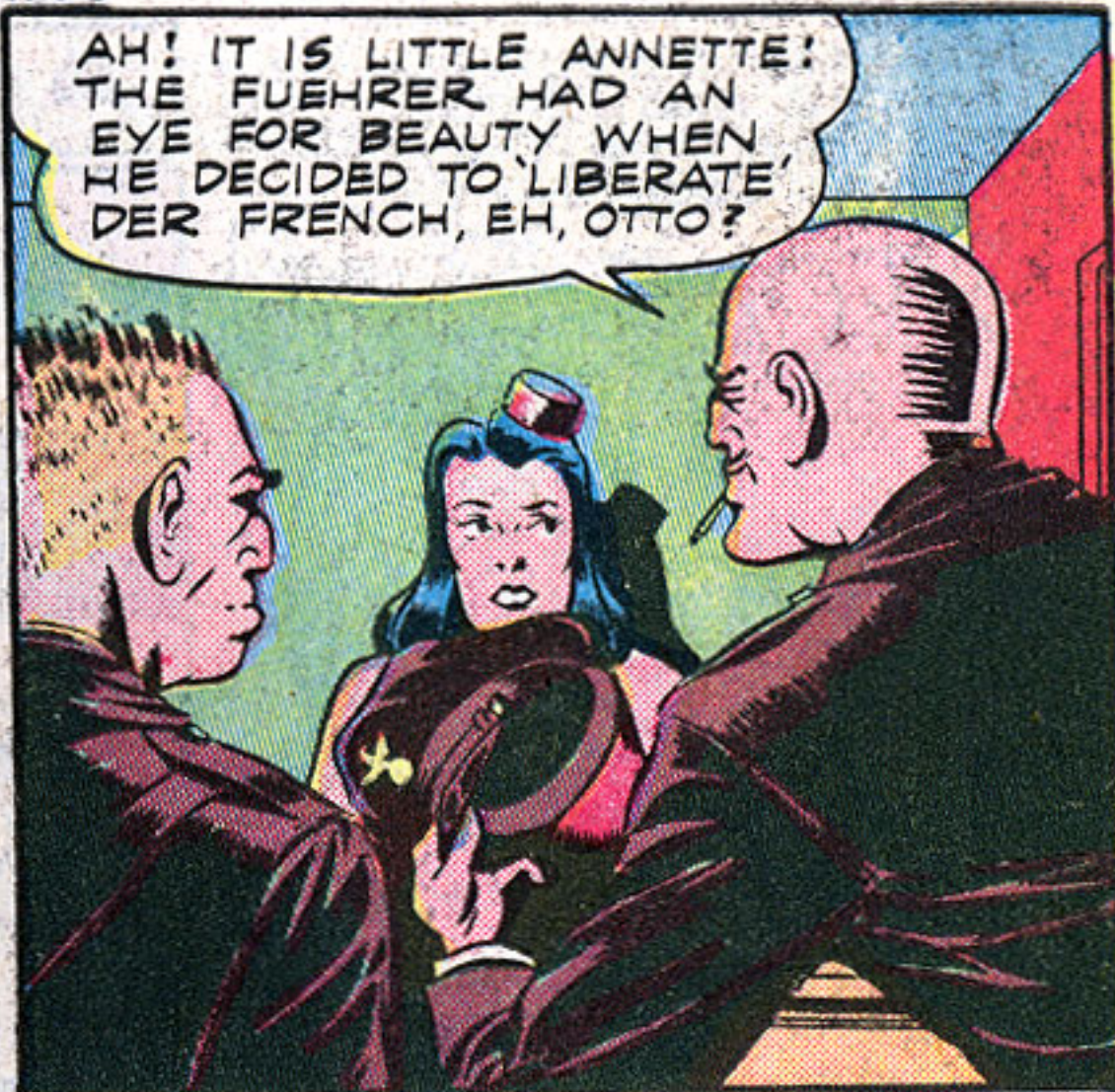
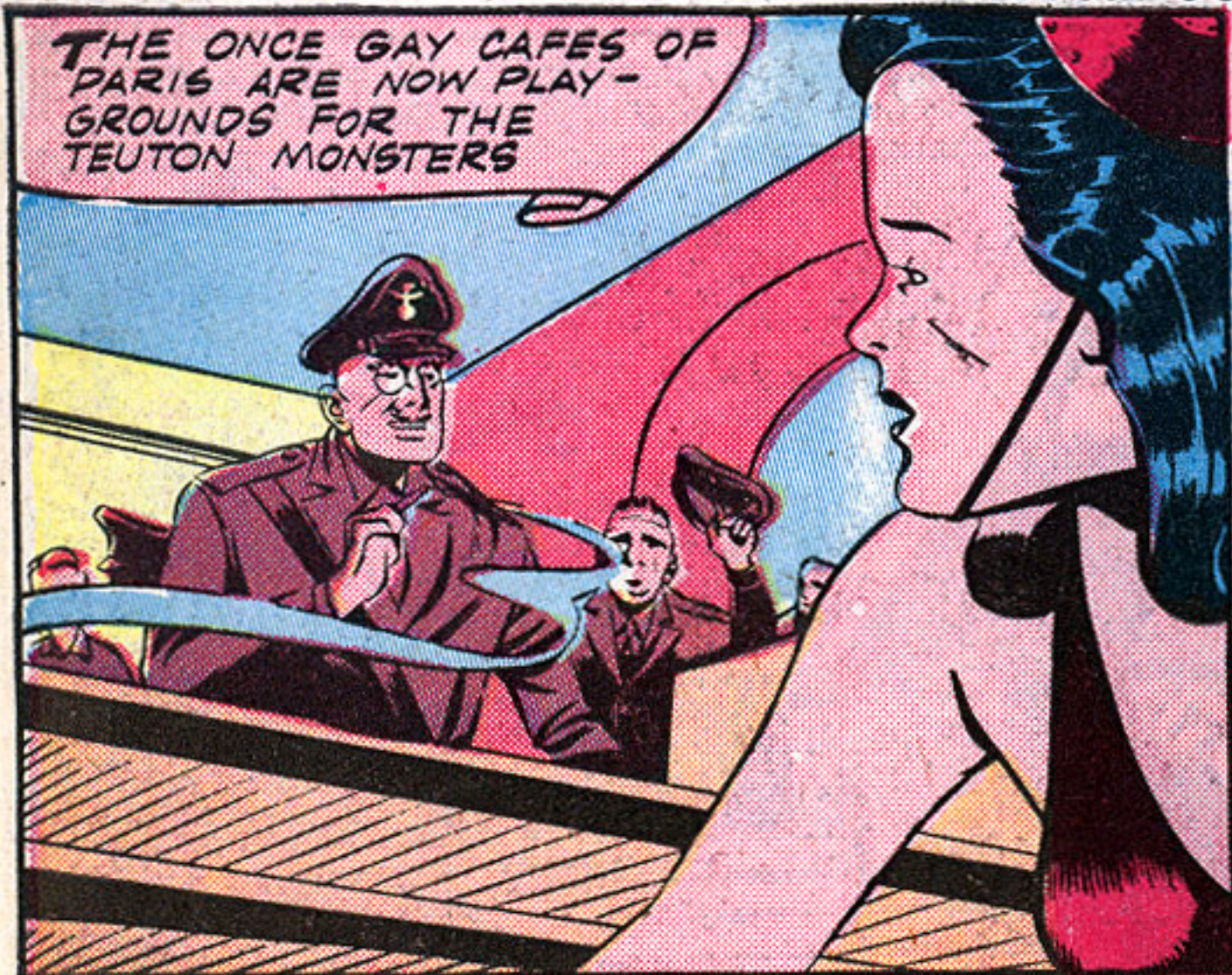


THIS TRAIN GETS
A NEW CREW..
RIGHT NOW!

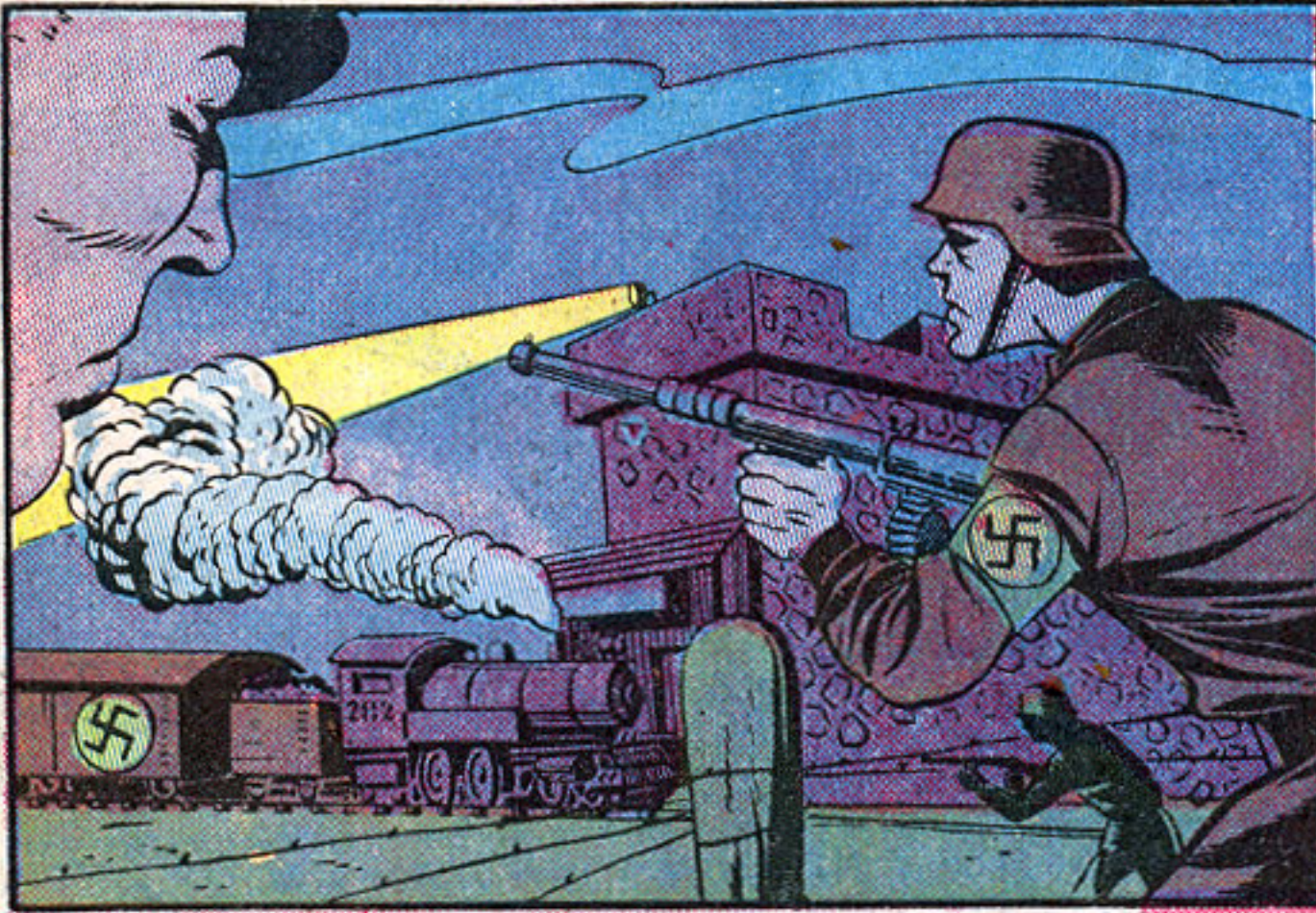


I ALWAYS
WANTED TO
PLAY CASEY
JONES!!

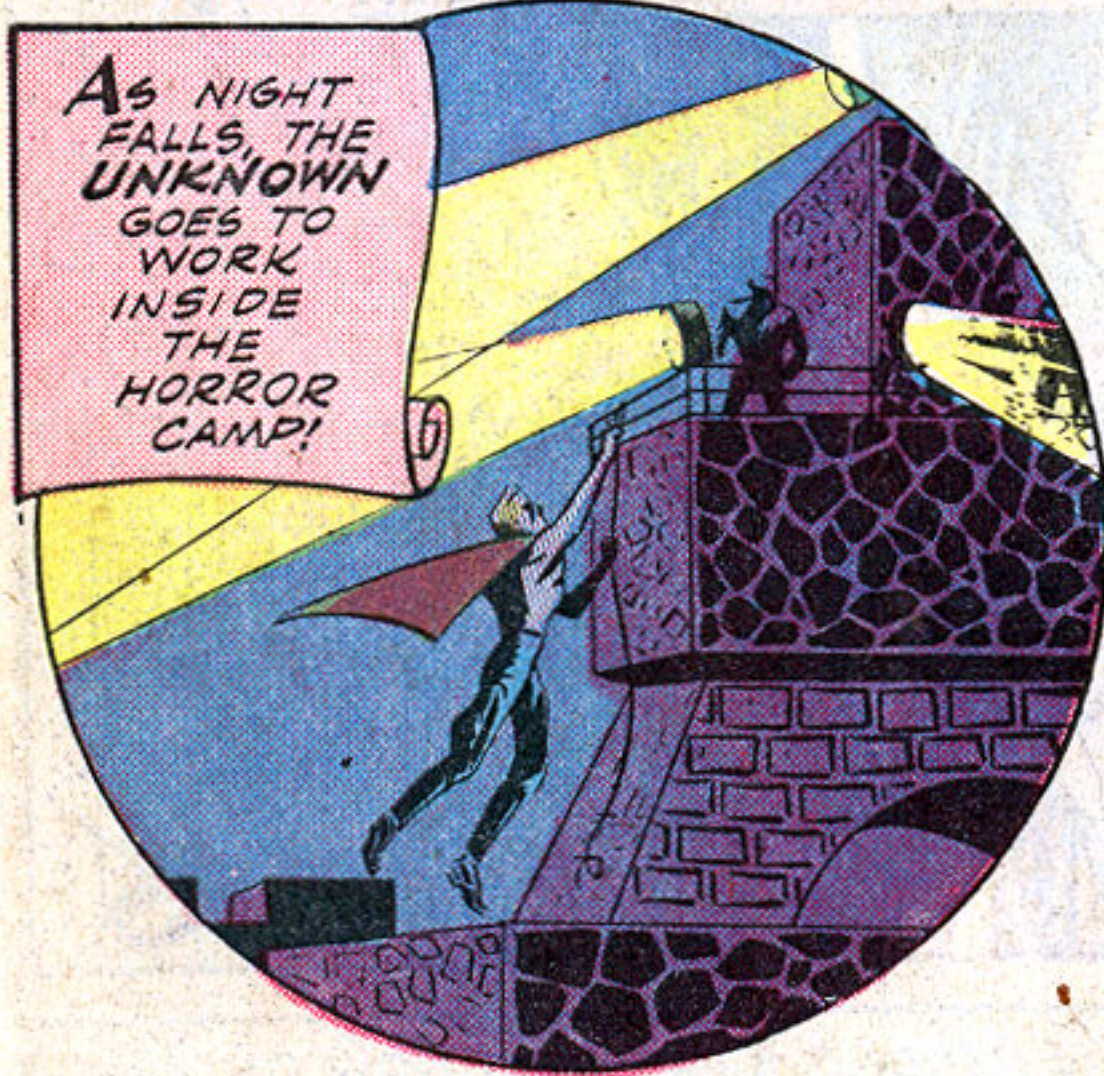




THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DACHAU! BEHIND THIS GRIM BARBED WIRE ENCLOSURE, ARE THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT NAZI VICTIMS, WAITING WITH GRIM DETERMINATION FOR THEIR HOUR OF LIBERATION!!



AS NIGHT FALLS, THE UNKNOWN GOES TO WORK INSIDE THE HORROR CAMP!



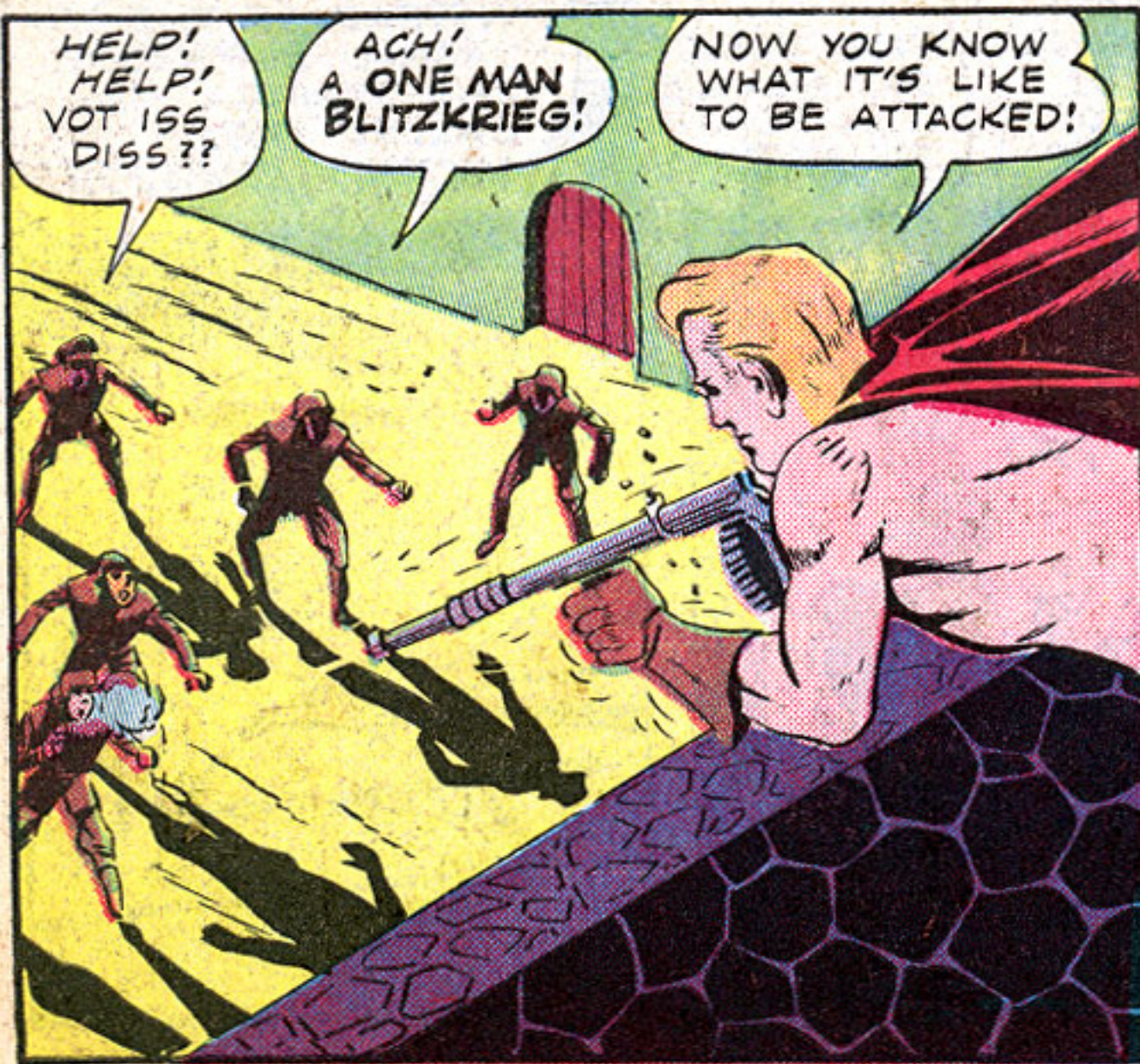
DROP THOSE GUNS!! YOUR DAYS OF TORTURING INNOCENT VICTIMS ARE OVER!



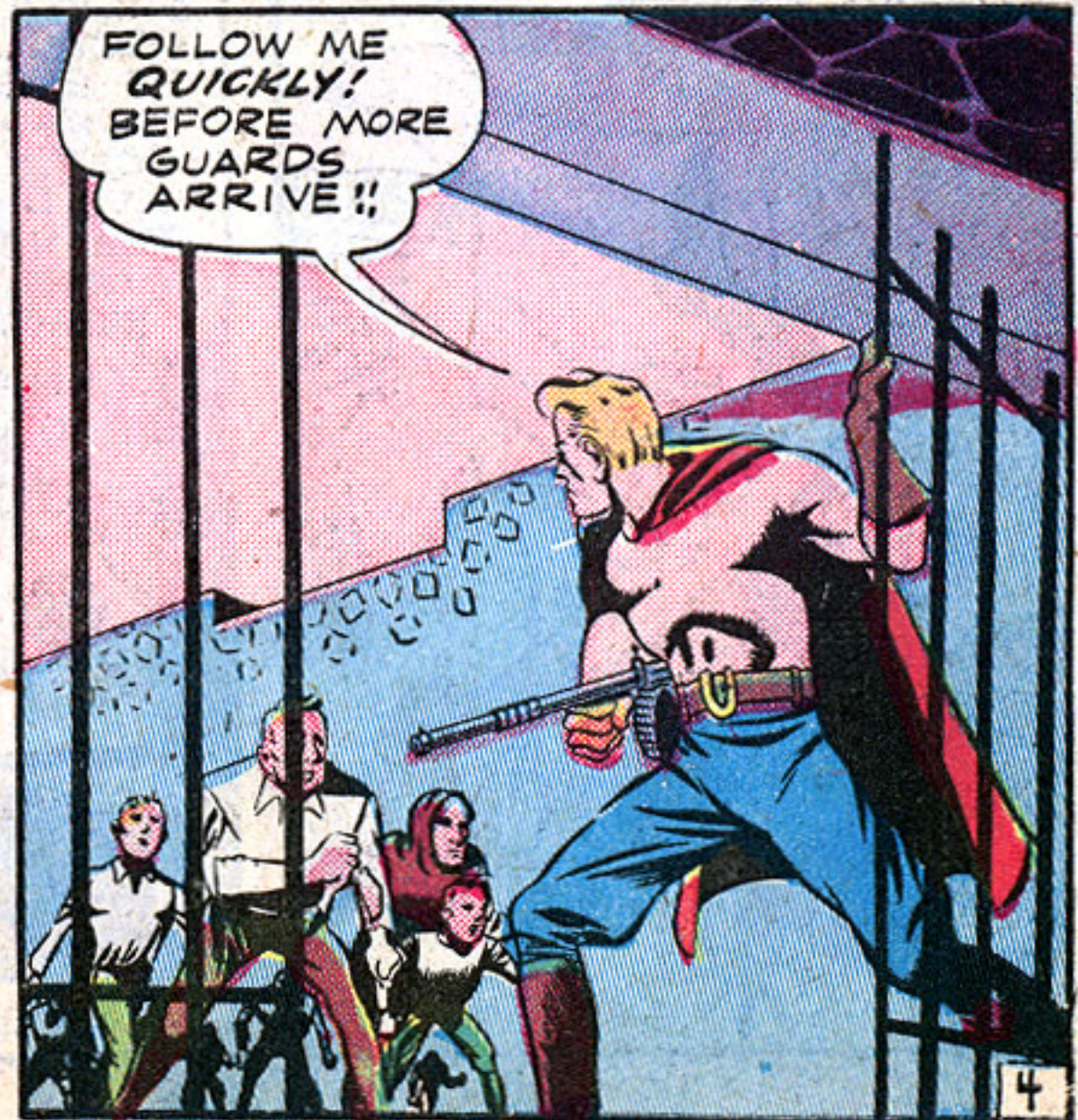
HELP! HELP! VOT ISS DISS??

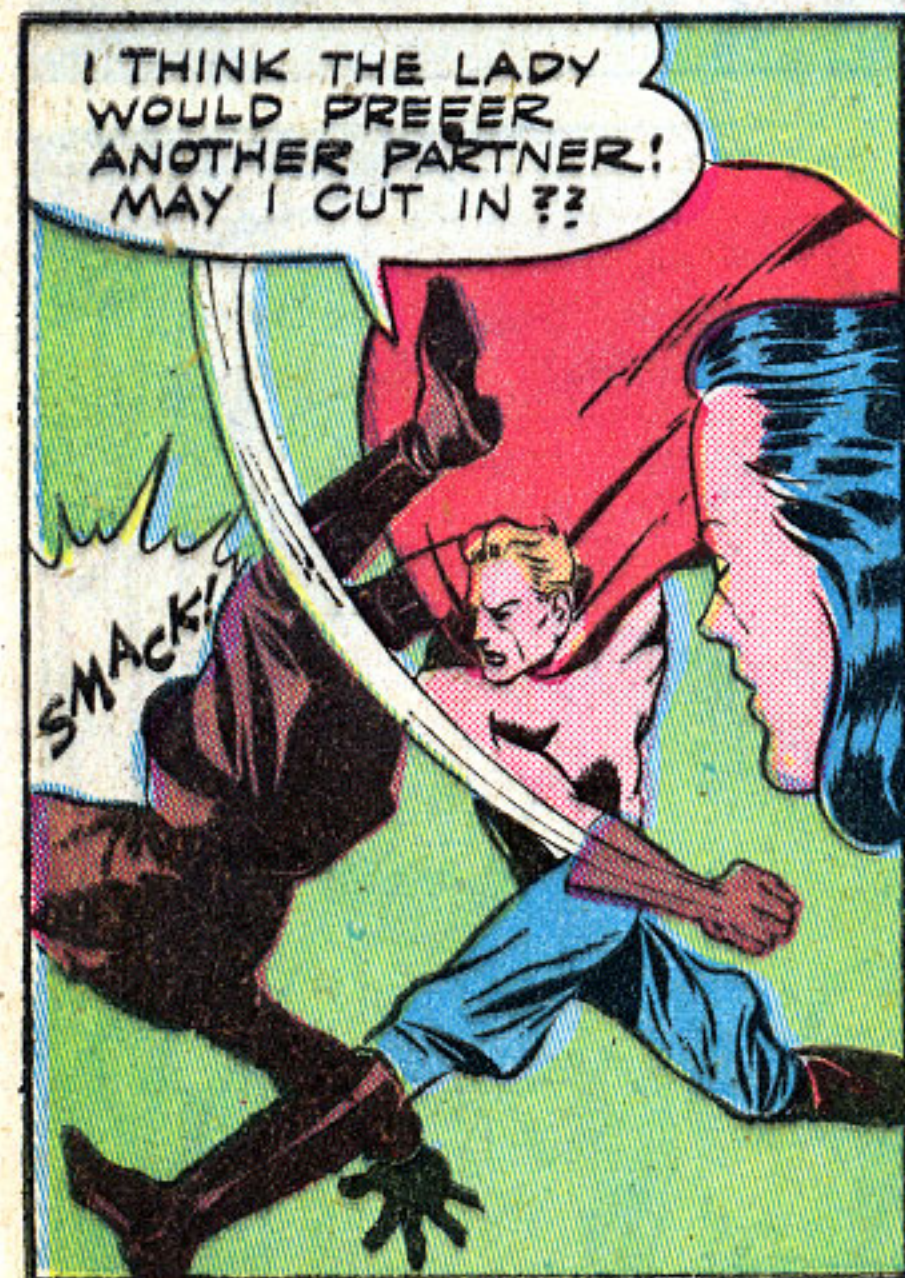
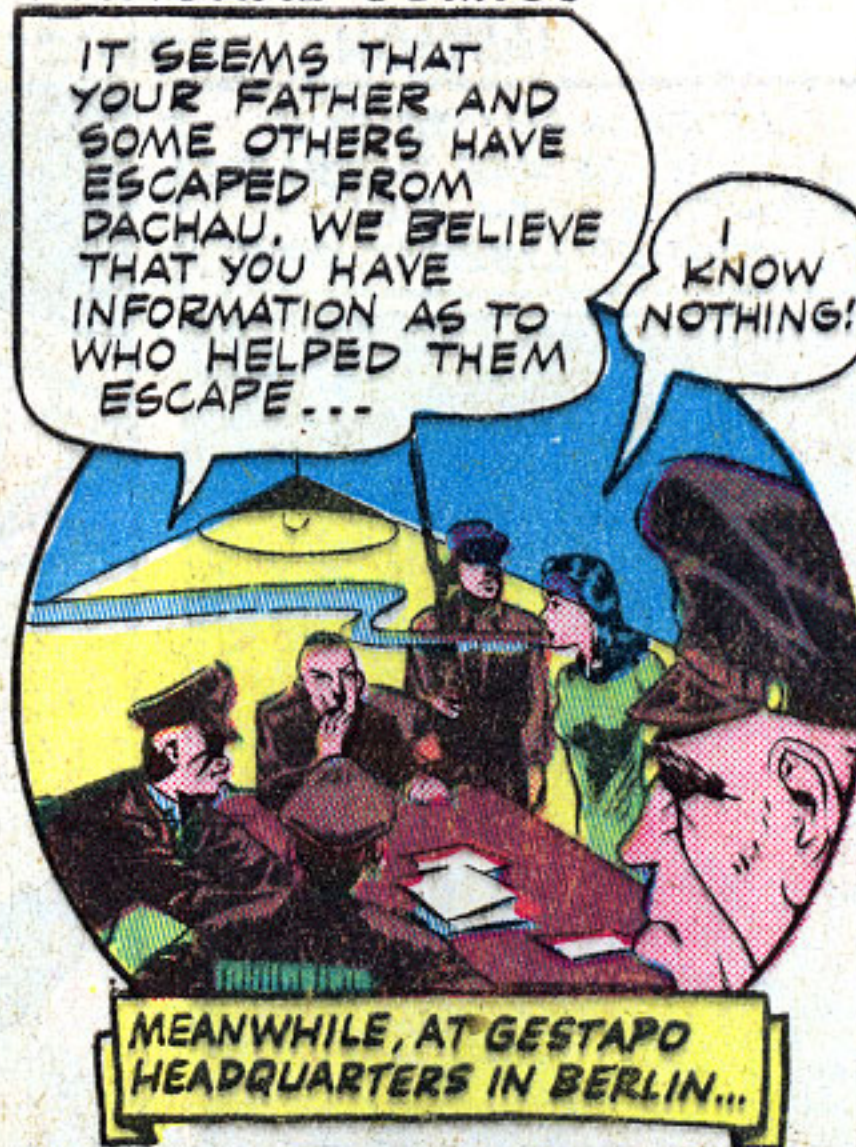
ACH! A ONE MAN BLITZKRIEG!

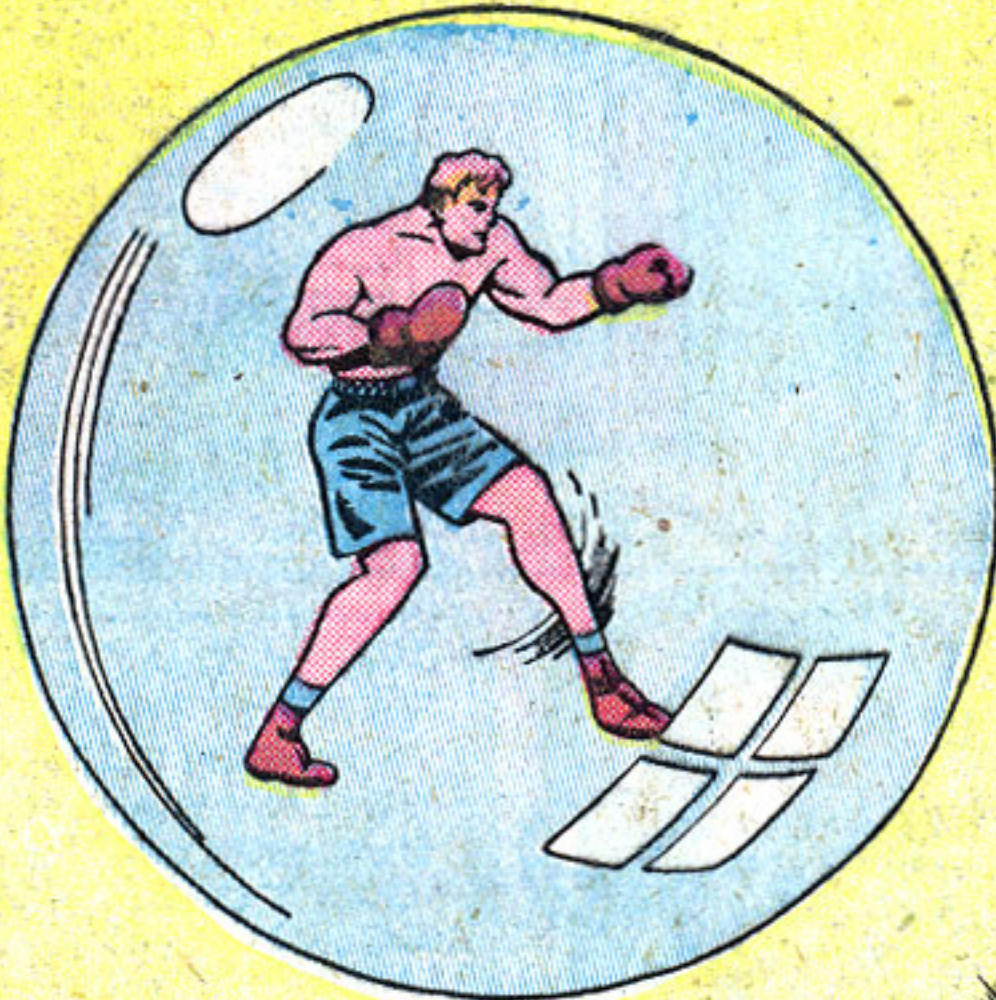
NOW YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ATTACKED!



FOLLOW ME QUICKLY! BEFORE MORE GUARDS ARRIVE!!







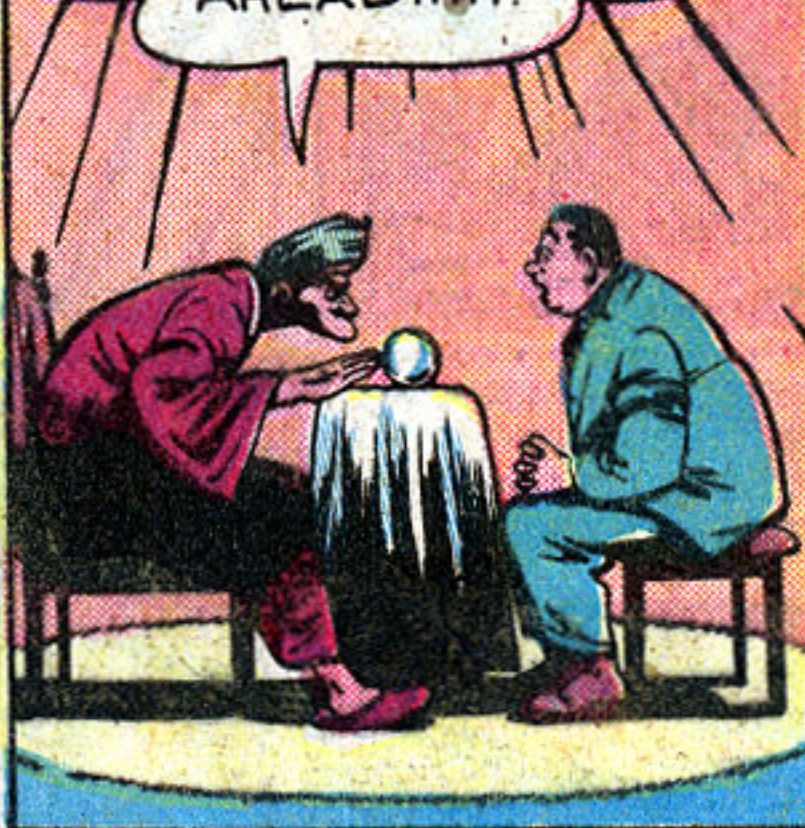
Kid Dixon

By Bob Reynolds

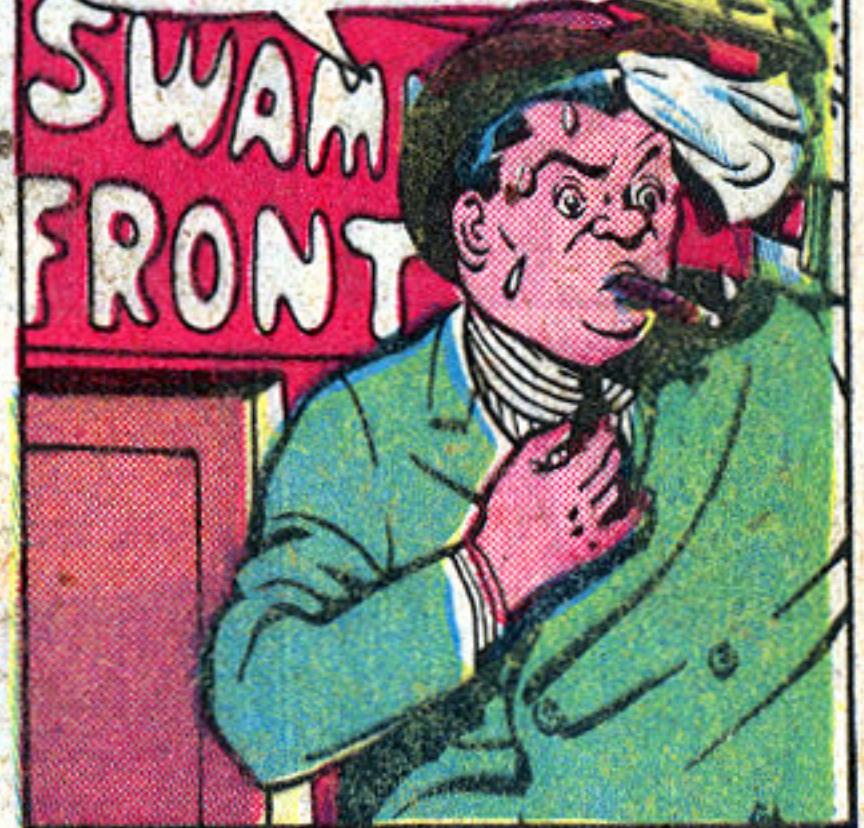
AHH... THE CRYSTAL CLEARLY SHOWS A FAIR YOUNG MAN.. IN SCANTY ATTIRE... HE **FALTERS**, MMM.... WITH EACH DAY, HE **GROWS WEAKER...**



HE SUFFERS FROM **MALNUTRITION...** AND, **MR. TOPPS**, YOU ARE **DRIVING HIM TOO HARD!** ... I SEE **TRAGEDY**, **STARK AND DISMAL**, **AHEAD...**



WHEW... POOR KID... I BEEN WORKIN' HIM DOWN TO A FRAZZLE... AN' I'M STARVIN' HIM.. AN' HE'LL LOSE HIS TITLE.. AN' I AM A **BRUTE!!**



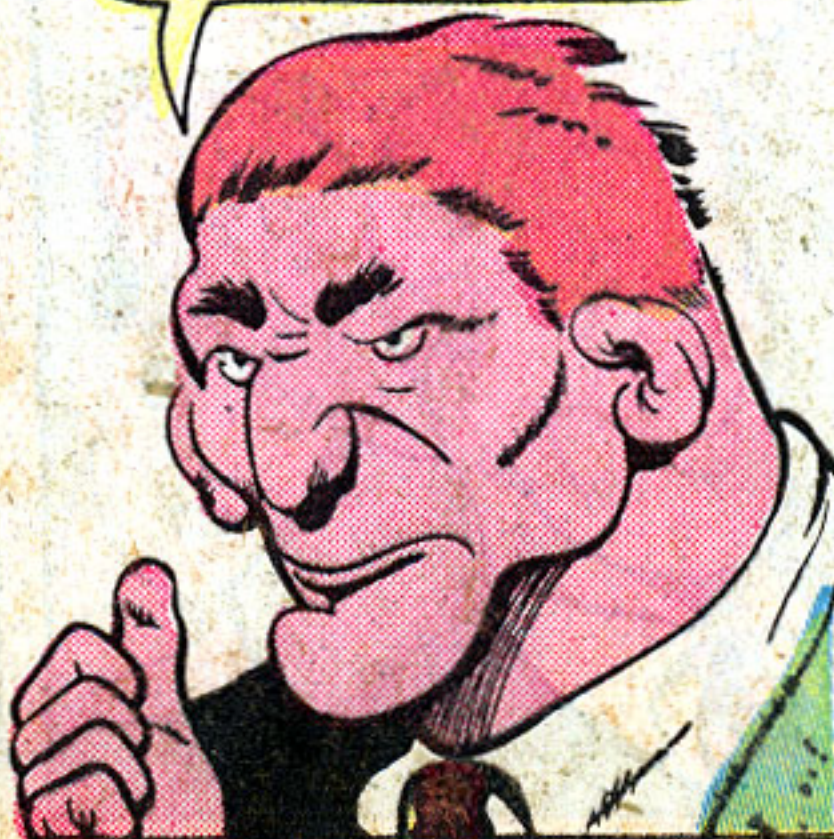
HAHAHA! ATTABOY, "**SWAMI**"!! DID YOU TAKE THAT **DOPE** OVER!

HOHOHOHO! NOW HE'LL EASE UP ON DE CHAMP'S TRAININ'.. AN' DE KID'LL GET **FAT** AN' **LAZY!**

AND IT'S "**GOOMBYE**" TO **DIXON'S** HEAVY CROWN AFTER THAT!

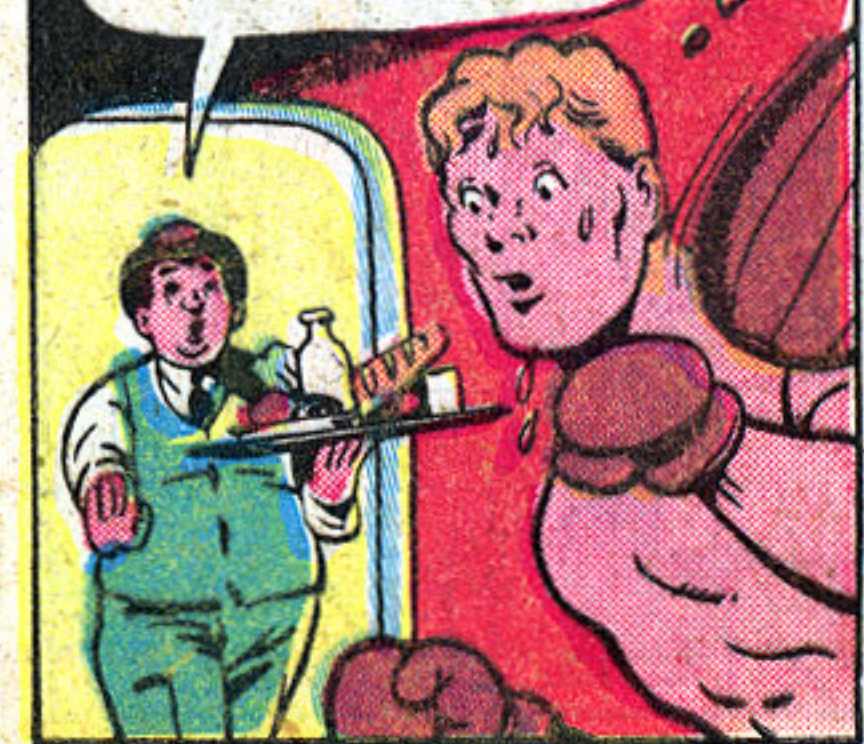


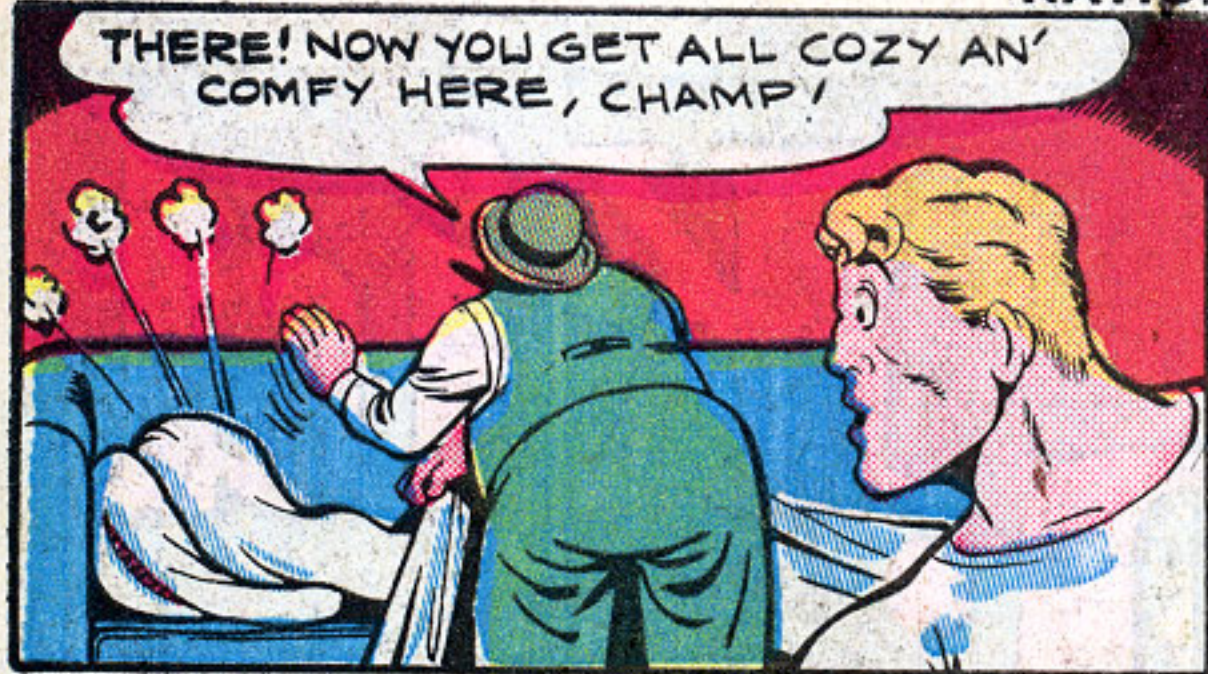
I **TOLE** DAT **CHUBBY** **DOPE**, I'D GET EVEN WIT' HIM FER FIRIN' ME FROM DAT **SPARRIN'** PARTNER **HITCH!**...



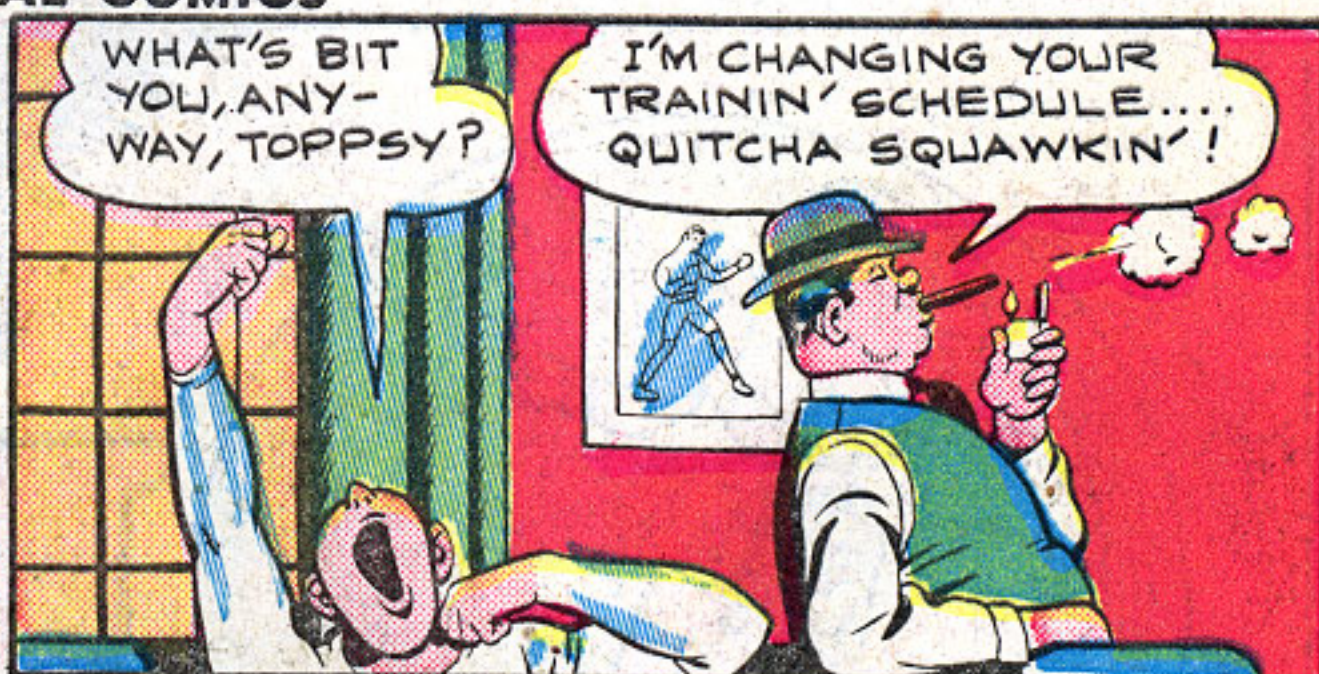
NOW, NOW.. **CAREFUL**, **CHAMP!** DON'T **OVEREXERT** YASELF!

HERE.. I BROUGHT YA SOME **SWELL GRUB...** AN' TAKE A **SECOND** **HELPING**, KID.....





THERE! NOW YOU GET ALL COZY AN' COMFY HERE, CHAMP!

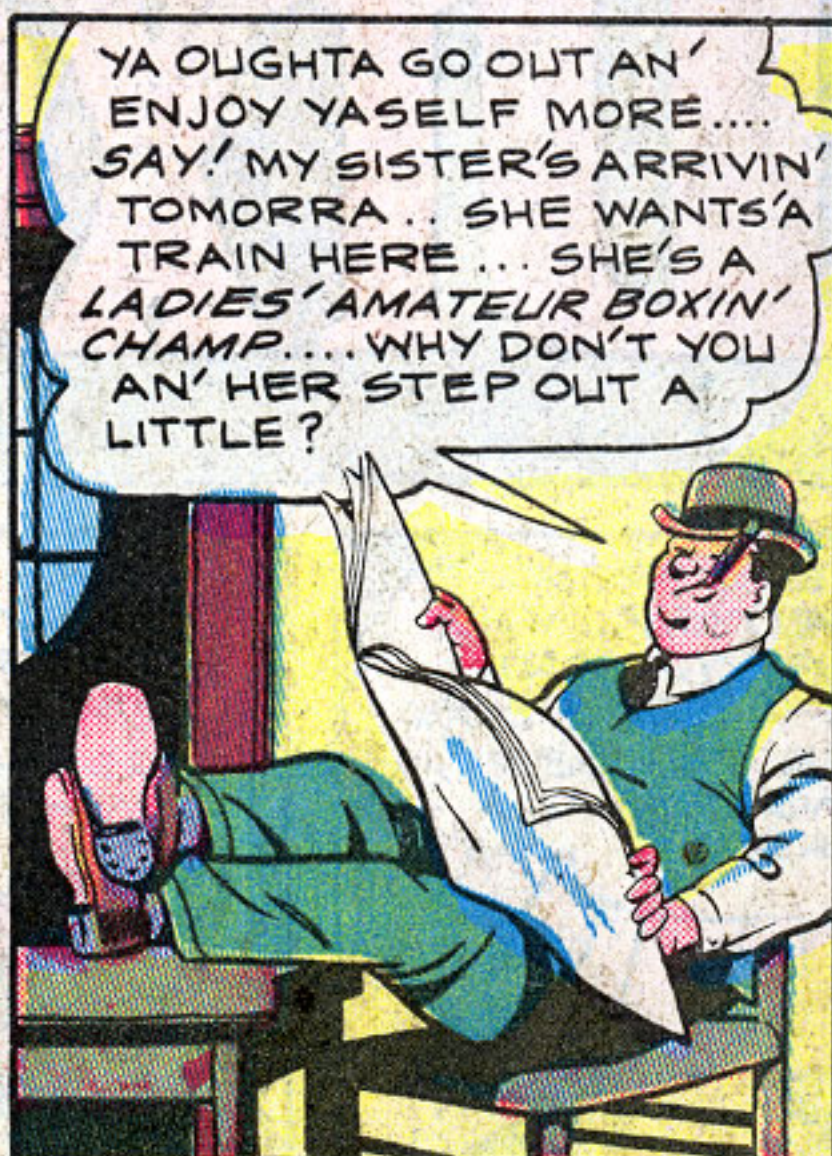


WHAT'S BIT YOU, ANY-
WAY, TOPPSY?

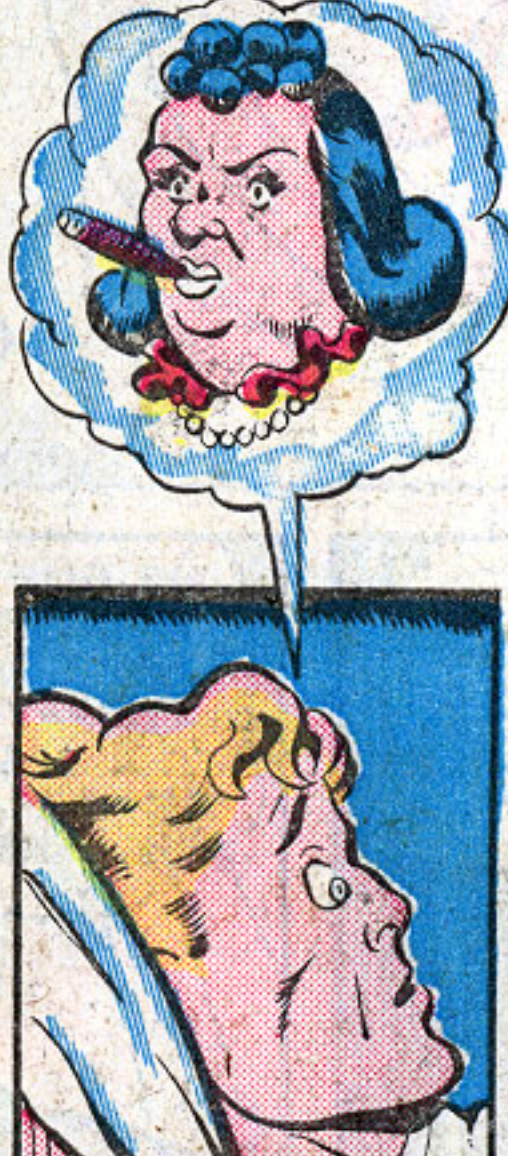
I'M CHANGING YOUR
TRAININ' SCHEDULE....
QUITCHA SQUAWKIN'!



WHO'S
SQUAWKIN'?



YA OUGHTA GO OUT AN'
ENJOY YASELF MORE....
SAY! MY SISTER'S ARRIVIN'
TOMORRA... SHE WANTS'A
TRAIN HERE... SHE'S A
LADIES' AMATEUR BOXIN'
CHAMP.... WHY DON'T YOU
AN' HER STEP OUT A
LITTLE?



OW! SO THAT'S IT! I
THOUGHT THERE WAS
A CATCH TO THIS!
YER MY MANAGER
BUT MY CONTRACT
DON'T CALL FER
SQUIRIN' NO GAL
AROUND WITH A
FACE LIKE AN
UNMADE BED!!
OHHHH NO!!

TCH'TCH!
NERVES
SHOT!



HERE COMES THE TRAIN!
I'LL GO TO THE END OF
THE STATION... JUST SO
WE DON'T MISS HER....

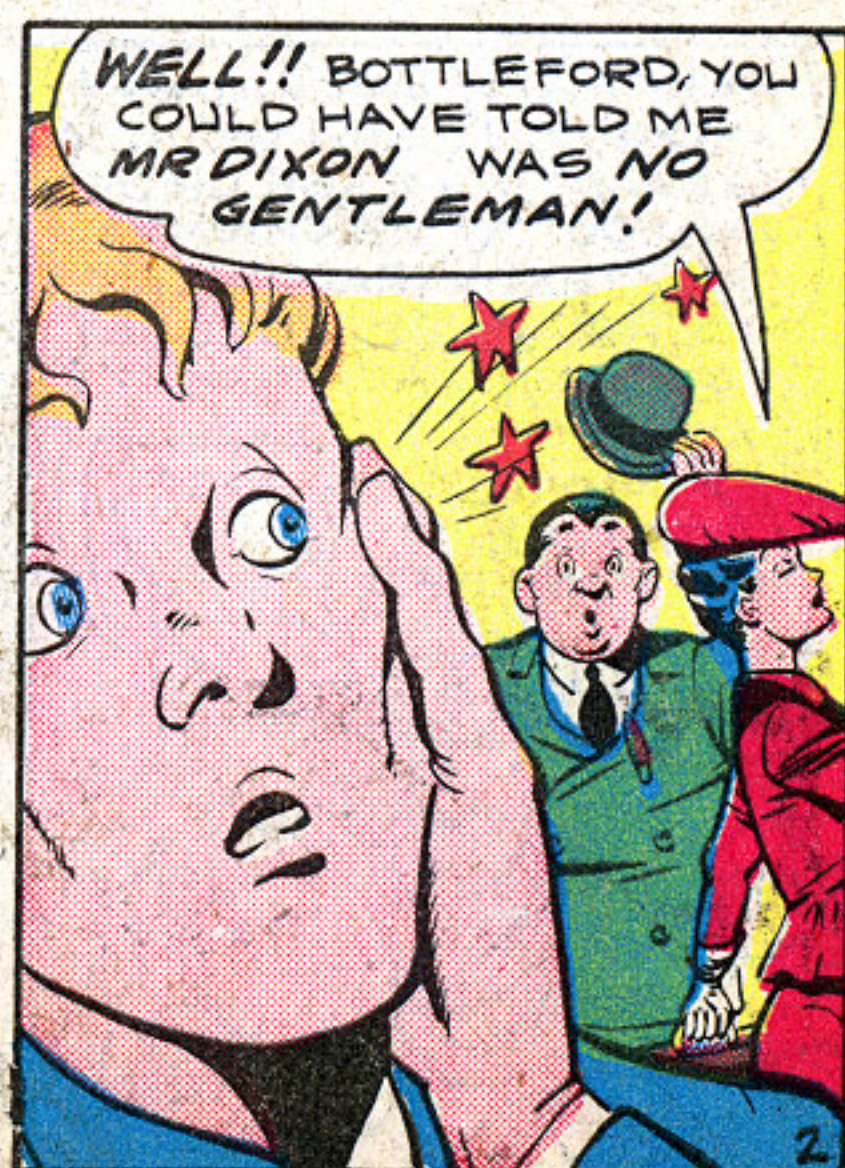


WOO WOO!
CAN I
HELP YOU,
MISS?

OH ♪ YOU'RE
KID DIXON,
AREN'T YOU?
I'VE SEEN YOUR
PICTURE IN
THE PAPERS

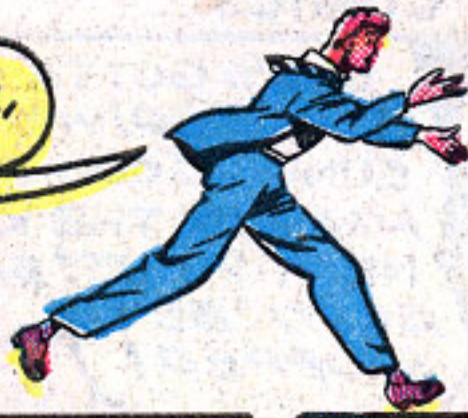


MM... AM I GLAD I RAN
ACROSS YOU! NOW I DON'T
HAVE TO MEET THAT
MATTRESS-FACED SISTER
OF MY MANAGER'S!
WILL YOU BE STAYIN'
AROUND HERE LONG,
MISS... ER...?

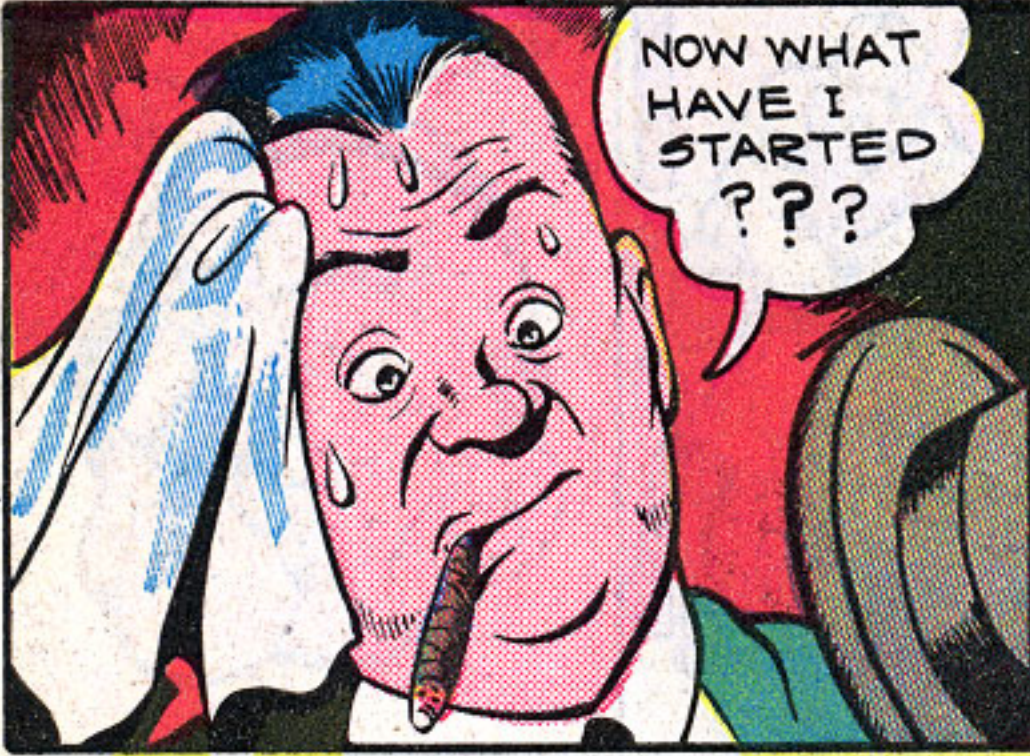


WELL!! BOTTLEFORD, YOU
COULD HAVE TOLD ME
MR DIXON WAS NO
GENTLEMAN!

HOLY SMOKE! GEE WHIZ,
MISS TOPPS! HOW
WAS I TO KNOW --- ?
OH, GOLLY!!



NOW WHAT
HAVE I
STARTED
???



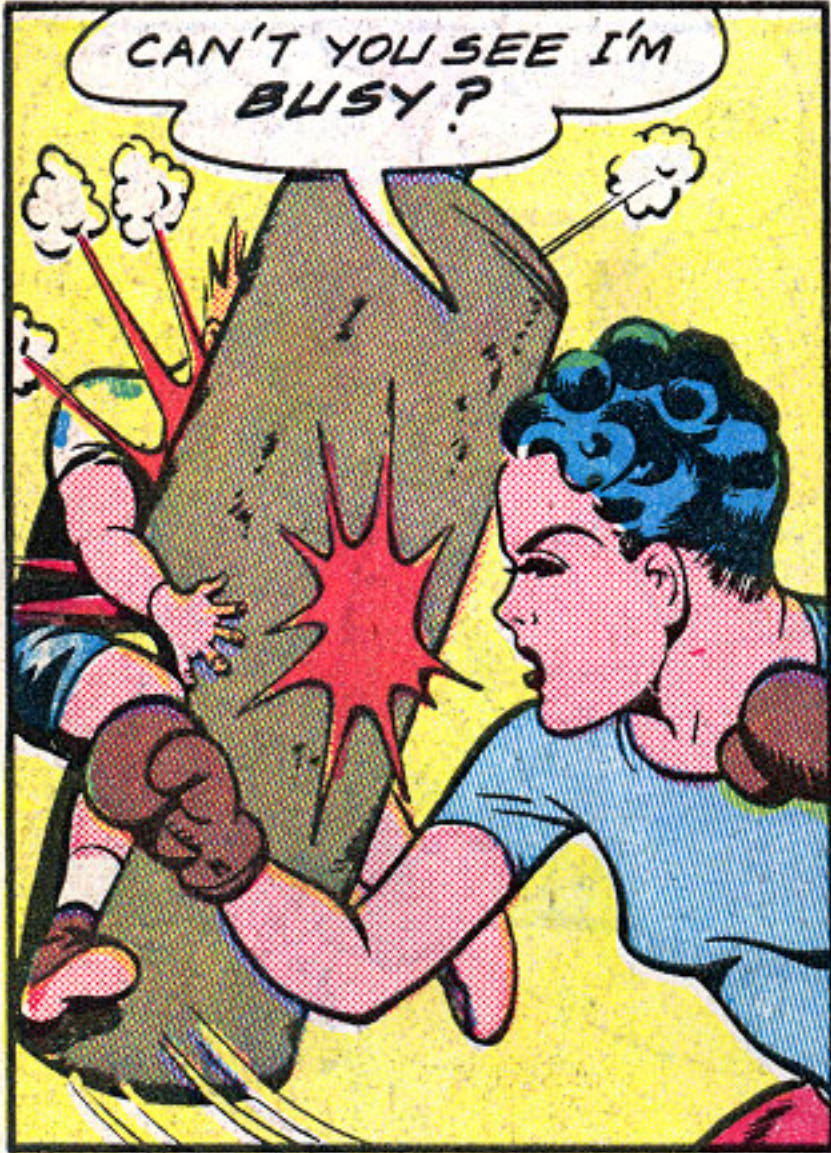
GEE WHIZ, MISS TOPPS,
WHY NOT LET
BYGONES BE ---



PLEASE, MR DIXON!
I CAME HERE
TO WORK!

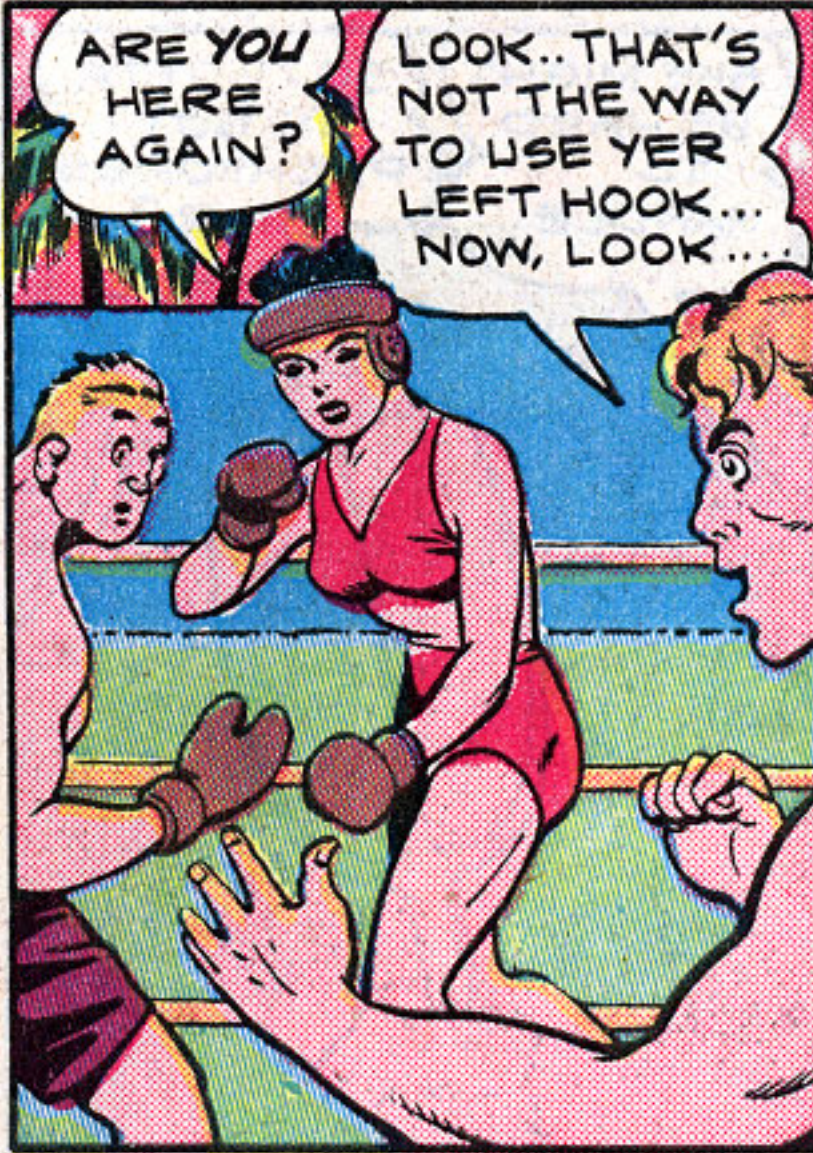


CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
BUSY?

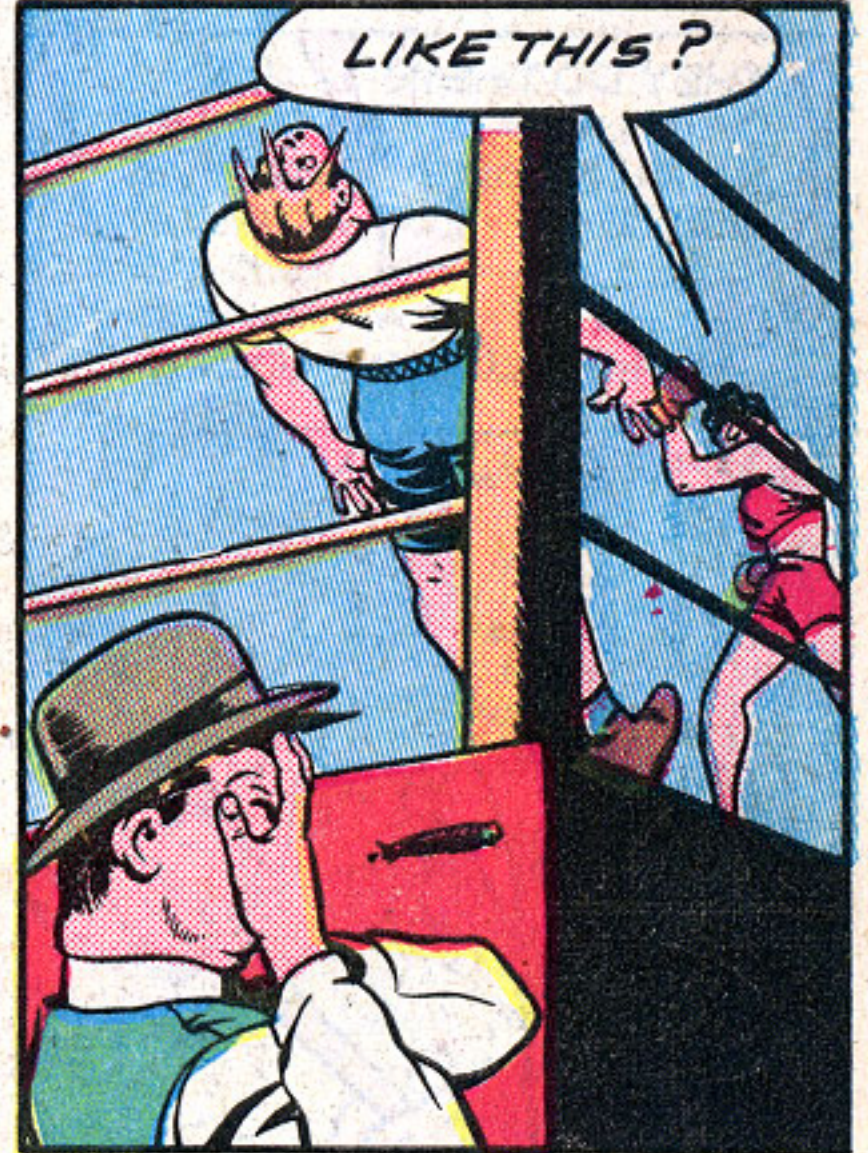


ARE YOU
HERE
AGAIN?

LOOK.. THAT'S
NOT THE WAY
TO USE YER
LEFT HOOK...
NOW, LOOK....

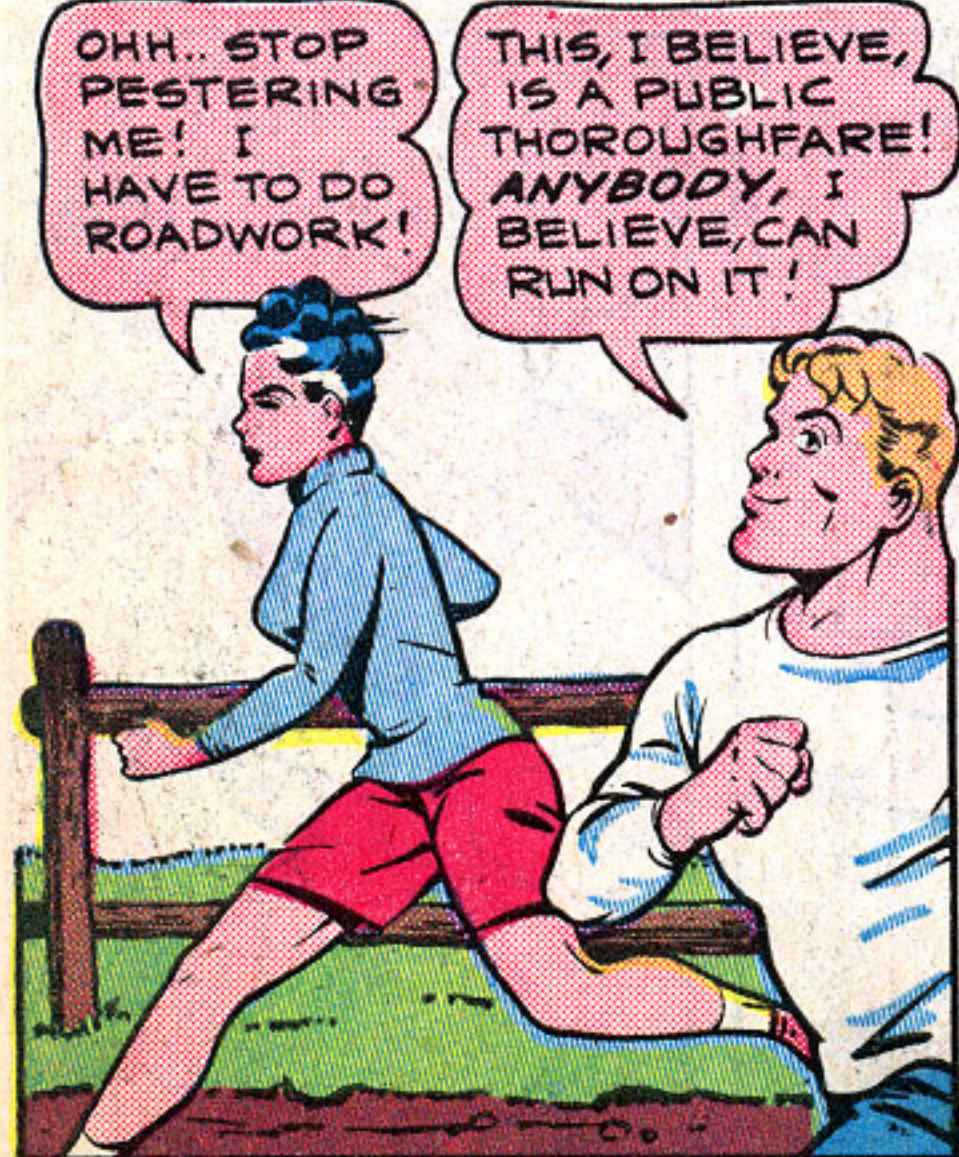


LIKE THIS?



OHH... STOP
PESTERING
ME! I
HAVE TO DO
ROADWORK!

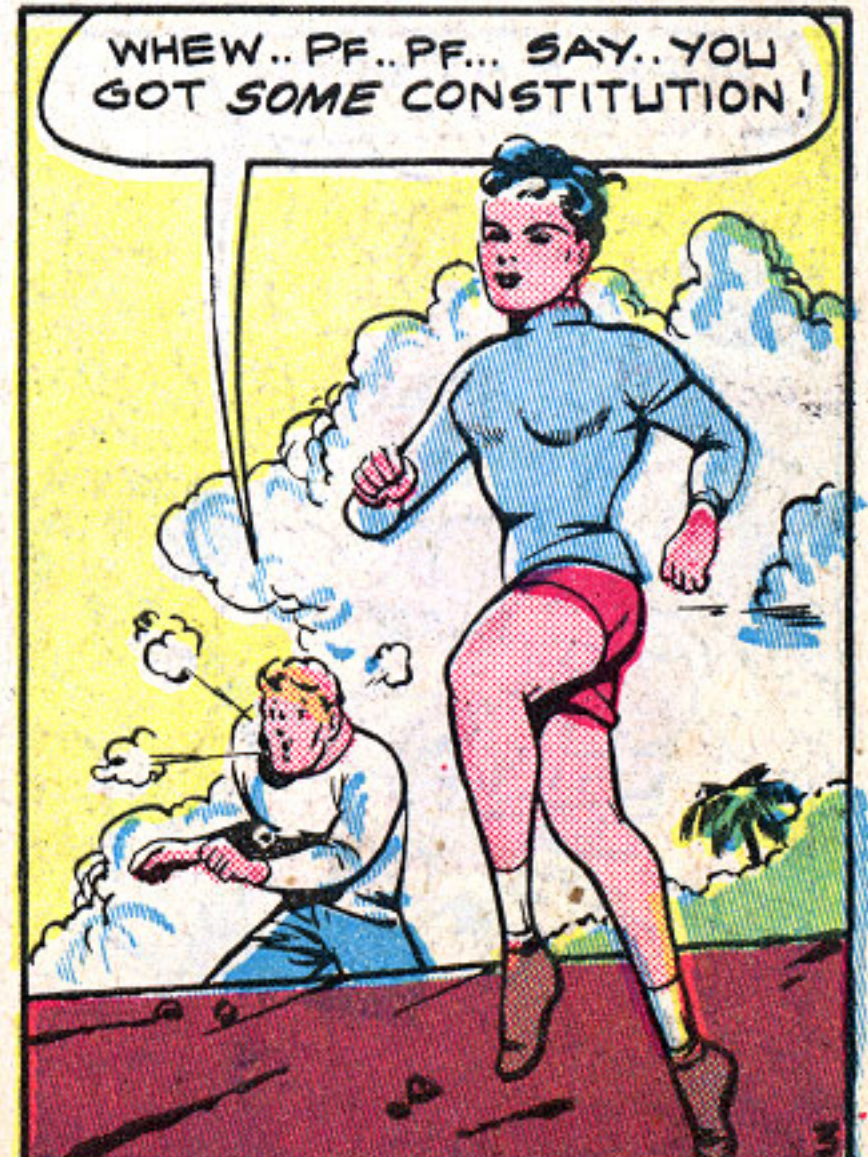
THIS, I BELIEVE,
IS A PUBLIC
THOROUGHFARE!
ANYBODY, I
BELIEVE, CAN
RUN ON IT!

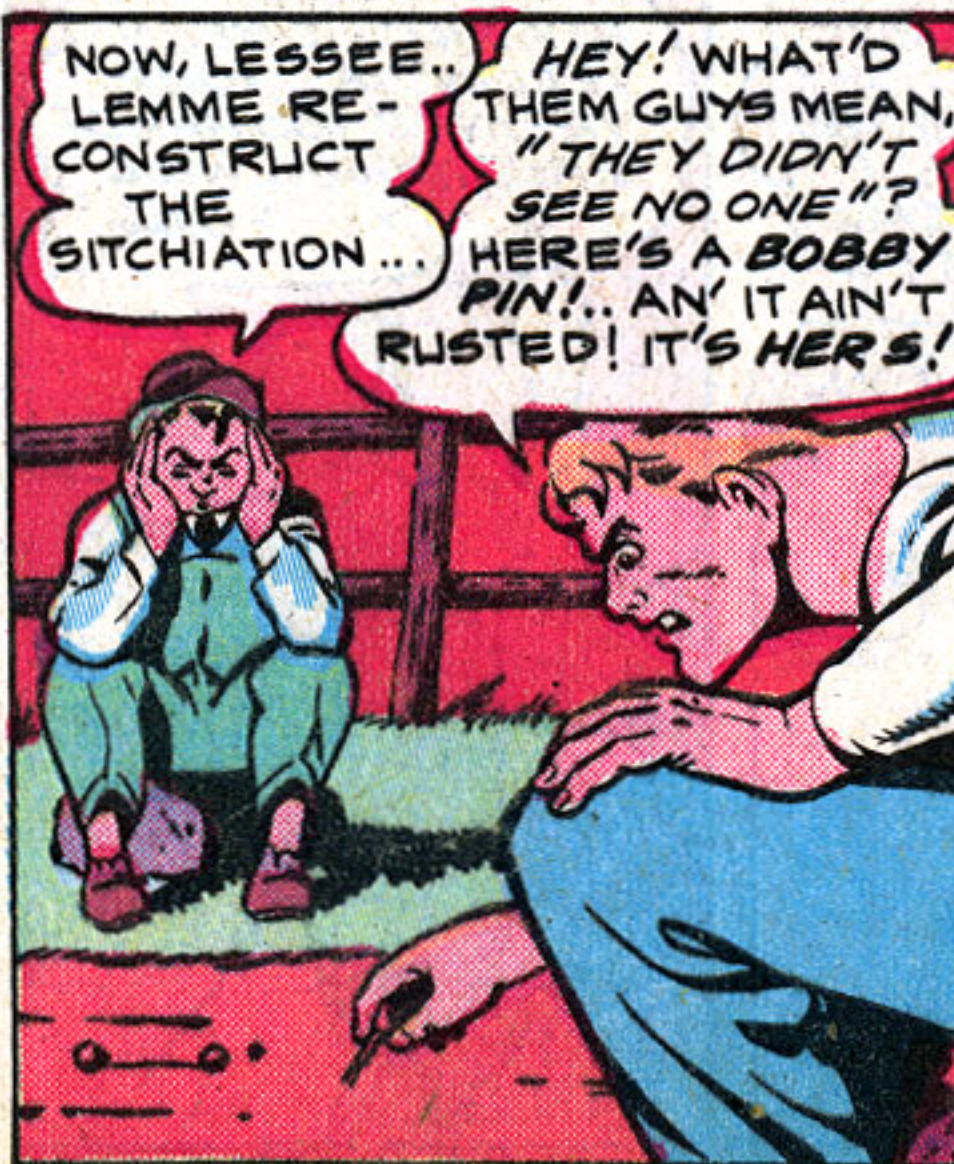


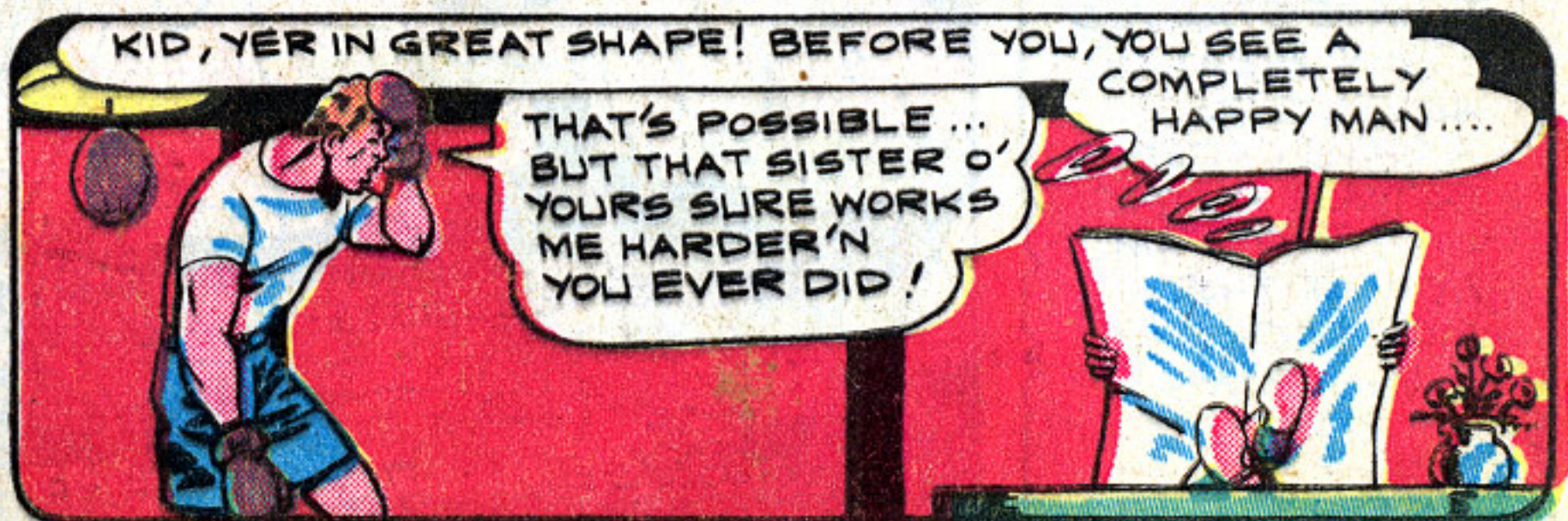
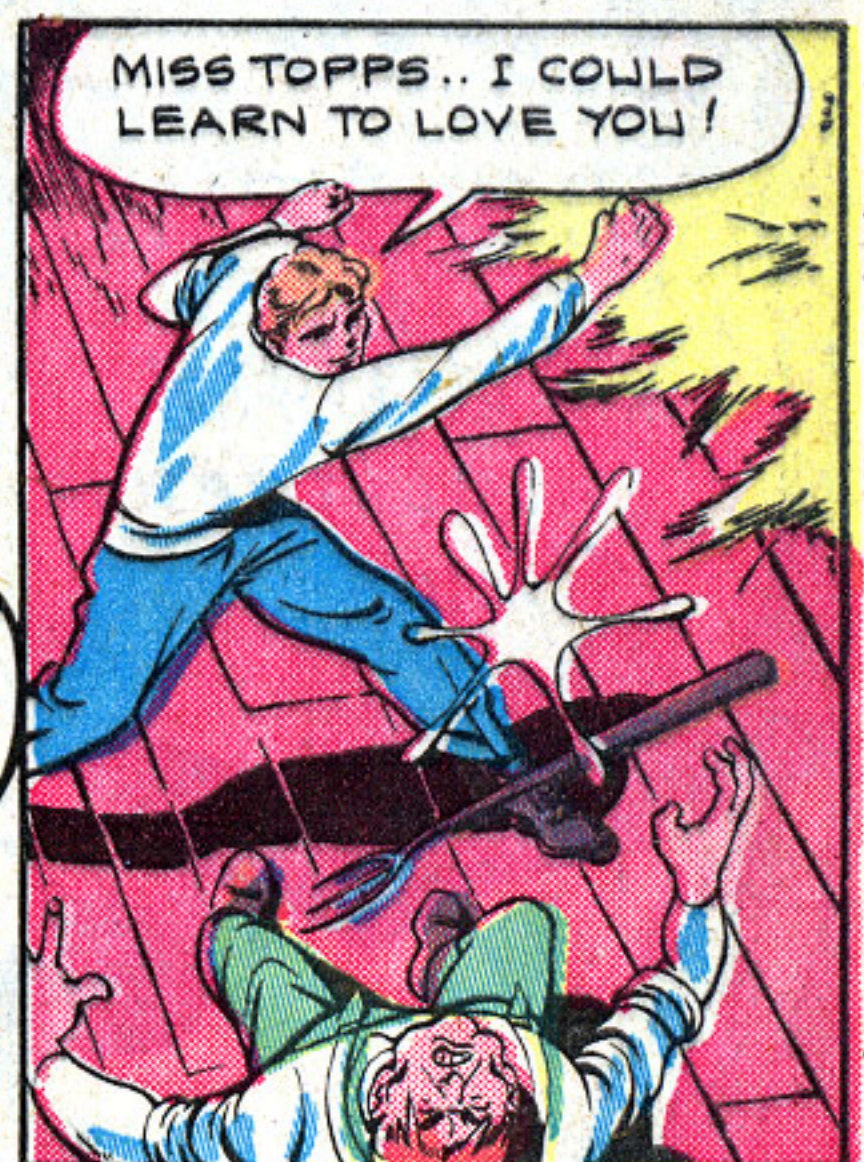
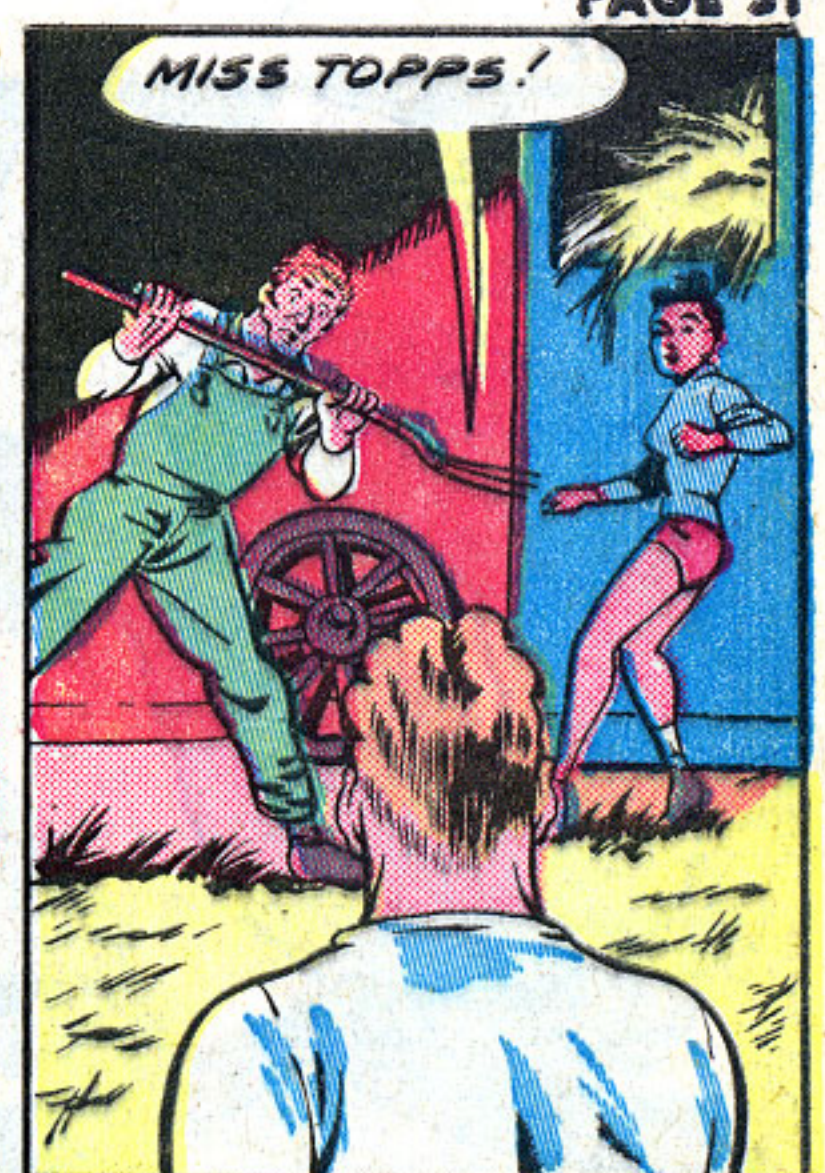
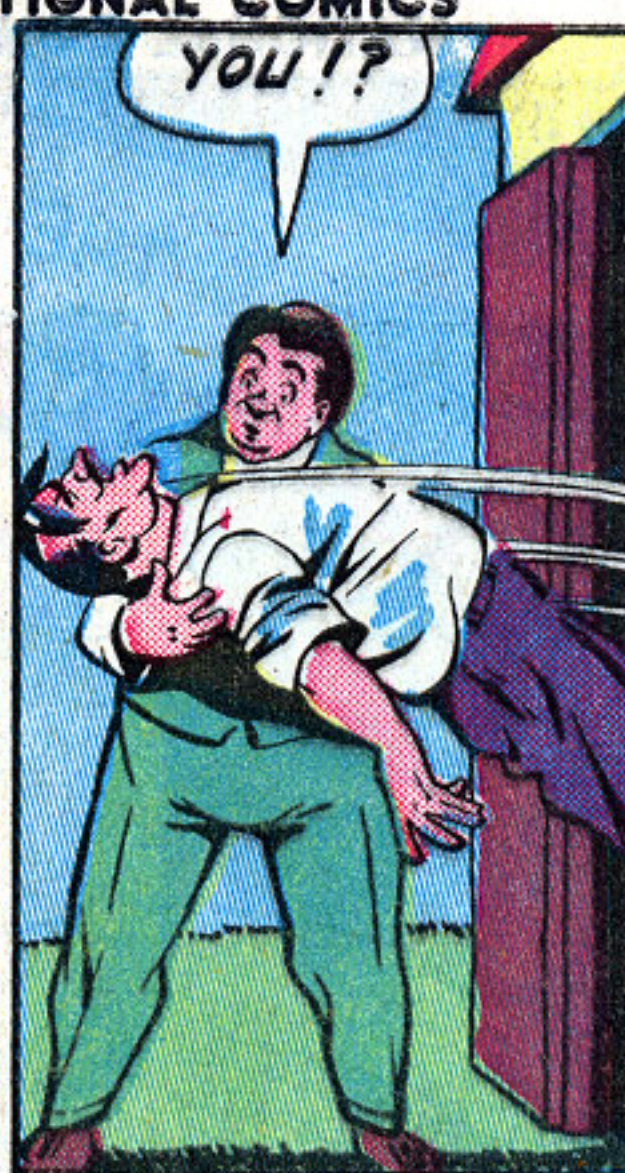
HEY, KID!.. I BEEN
TELLIN' YA.. YOUR
TRAININ' TOO HARD!
EASE DOWN, WILL
Y--- ? OHHH...



WHEW.. PF.. PF... SAY.. YOU
GOT SOME CONSTITUTION!

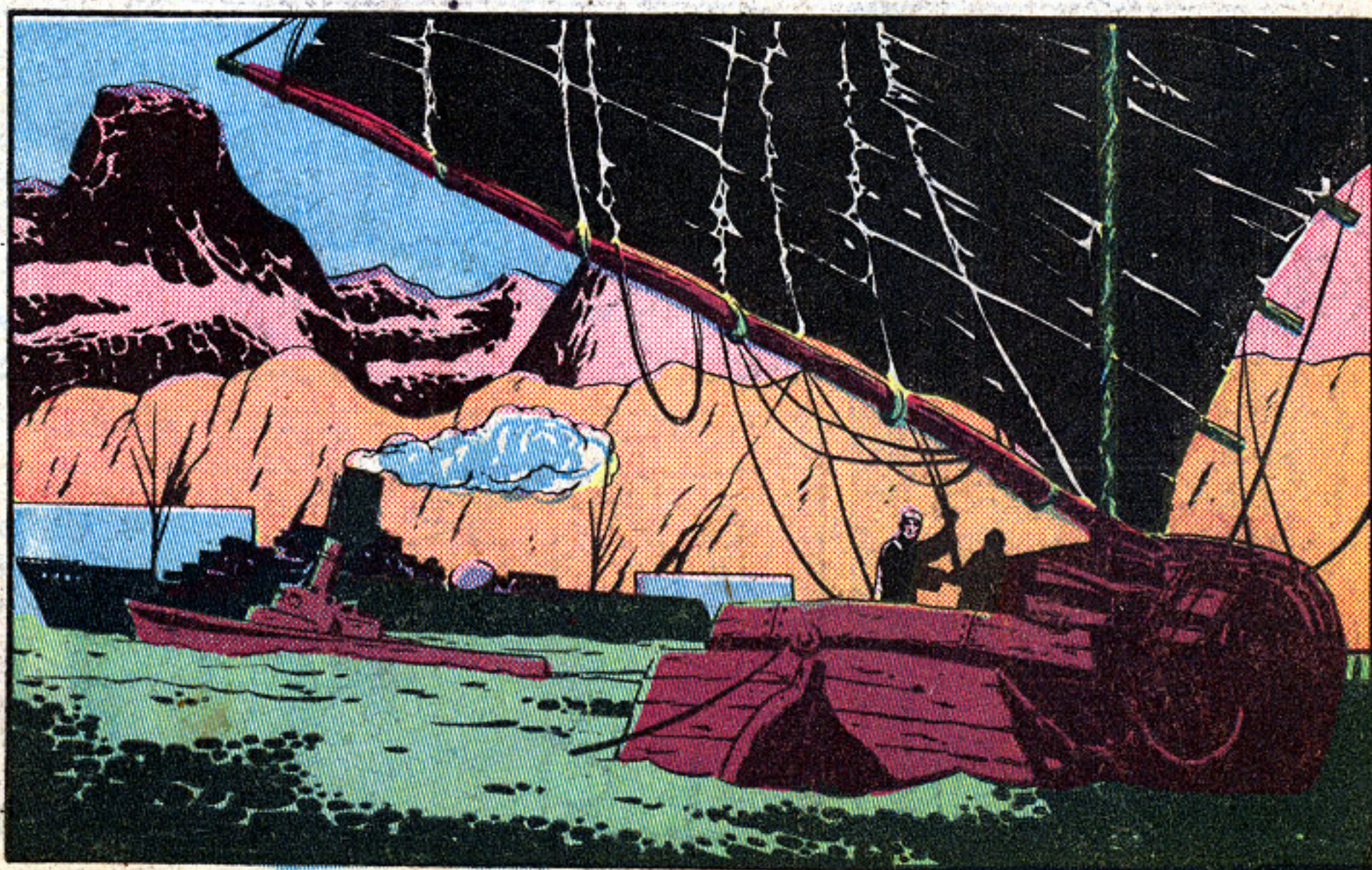




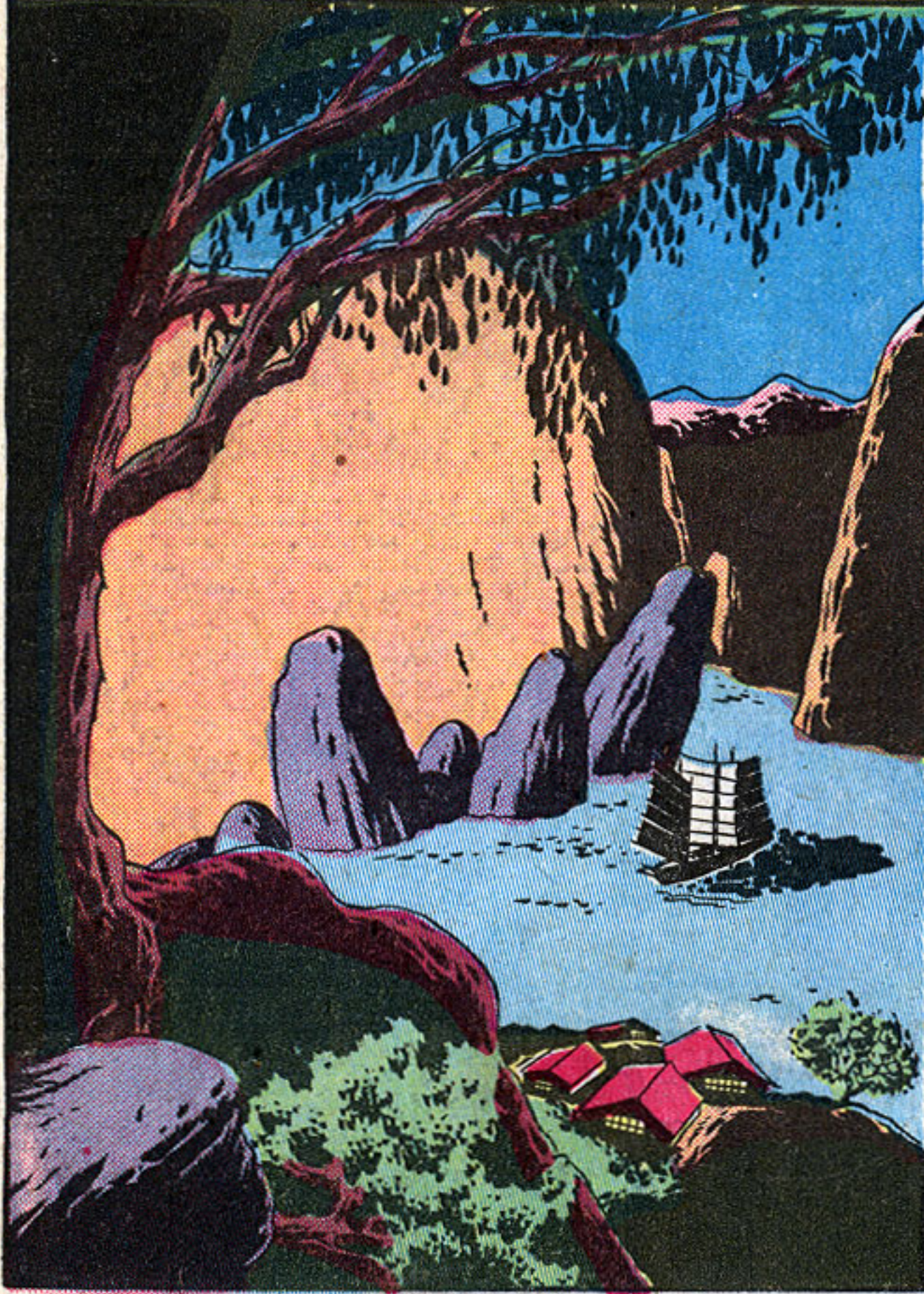




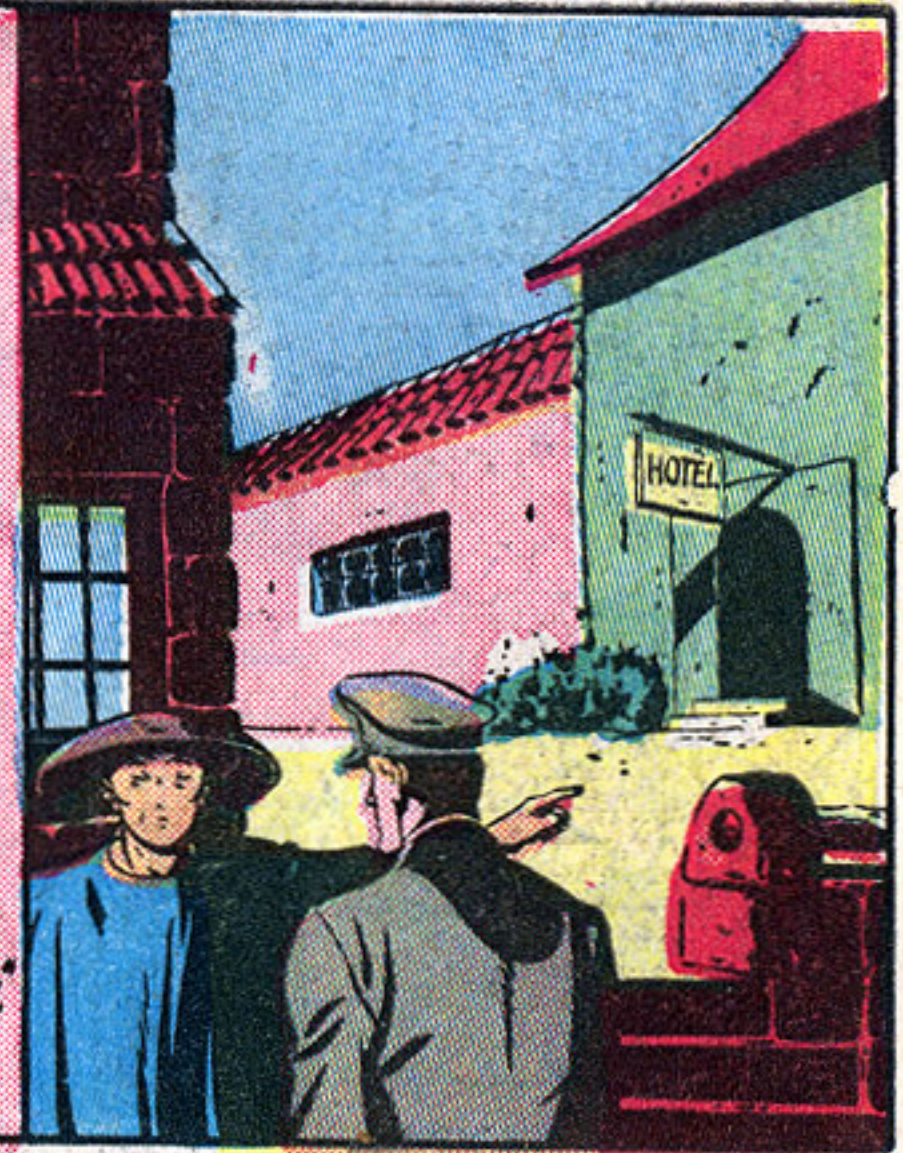
"I, CAPTAIN
DON LEASH, OF
THE U.S. MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE
DIVISION, HAVE
BEEN DETAILED ON
A SECRET MISSION.
I HAVE STARTED
MY GREAT
ADVENTURE,.....
HAVING CROSSED
THE VAST PACIFIC
..... AND I AM
NOW AT THE
MOUTH OF THE
YEN PANG
RIVER..."



"CHINA WAS BURNING WITH DETERMINATION TO WIPE OUT THE BESTIAL JAPANESE, WHO THREATENED CHINA'S GOOD EARTH! I FOUND IT EASY, THEREFORE, TO GET A JUNK, WHICH CARRIED ME UP TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF **SHANGRI...**"



"I OBTAINED A ROOM IN A SMALL INN, THE ONLY ONE IN THE TOWN -AND THERE I WAITED FOR WING POO OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S STAFF, TO ACQUAINT ME WITH SPECIAL INFORMATION."

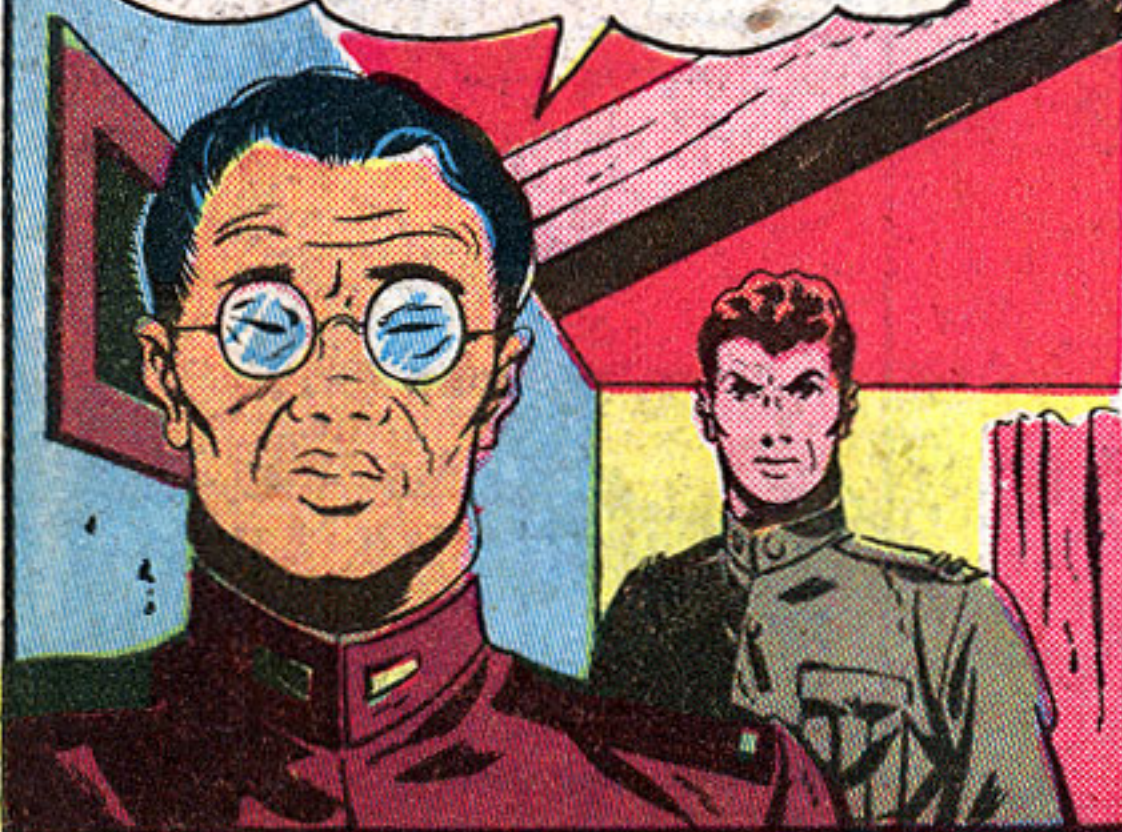


"WITHIN A SHORT TIME I WAS USHERED INTO WING POO'S PRESENCE..."

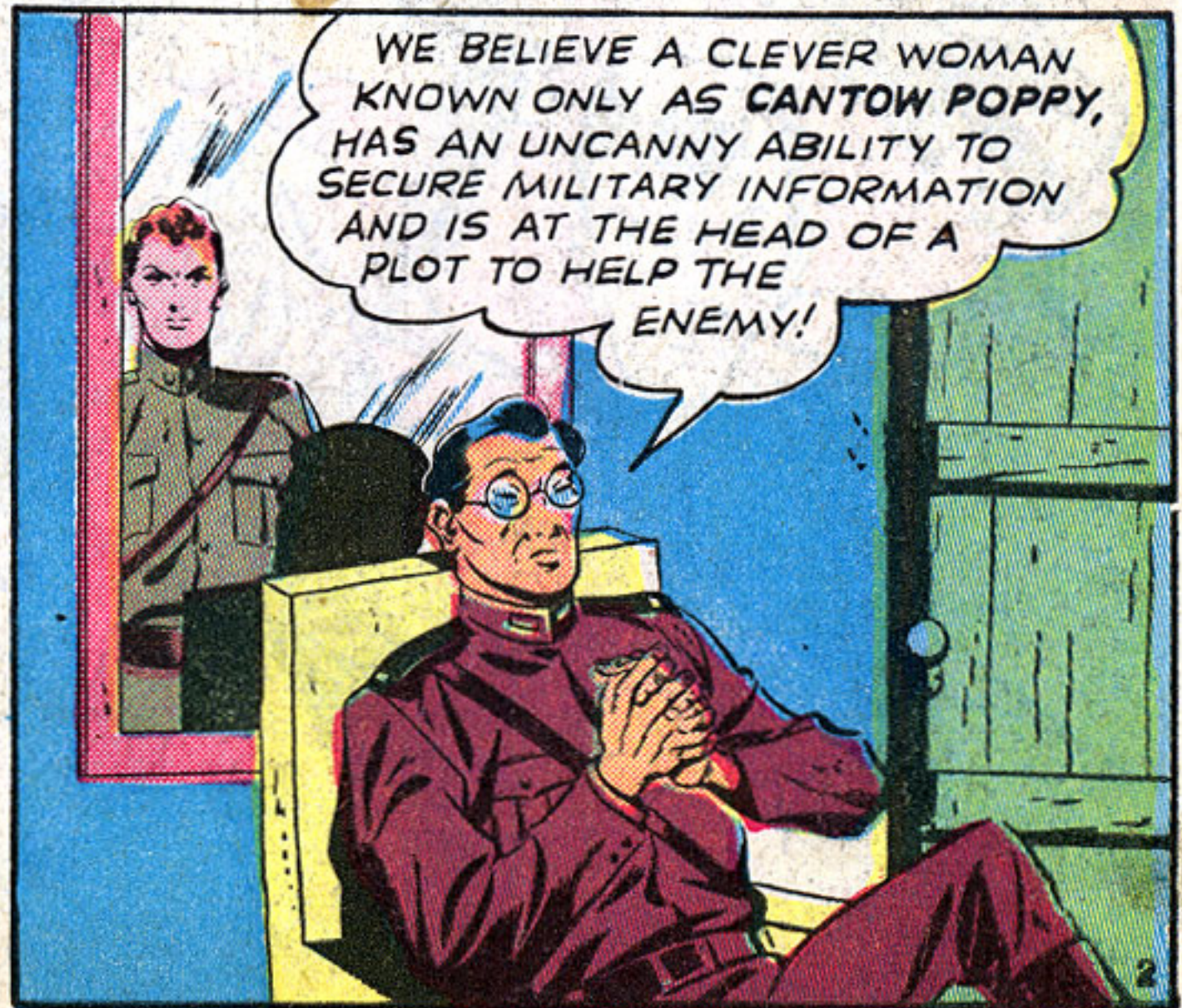
AH, CAPTAIN, I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT! AS YOU KNOW, THE RAILWAY CENTER OF CANTOW IS OF THE GREATEST MILITARY IMPORTANCE TO THE ALLIED CAUSE! THROUGH IT PASS INNUMERABLE WEAPONS AND OTHER SUPPLIES TO HELP CHINA RESIST THE INVADER!



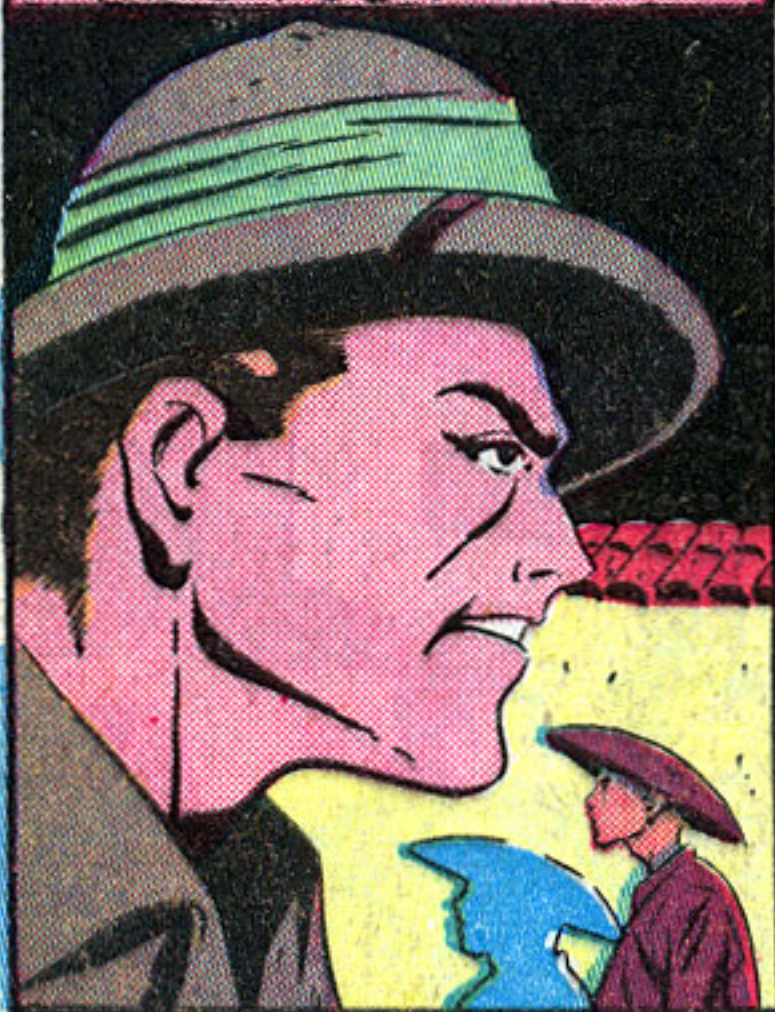
THE JAPANESE ARE INTENT UPON TAKING THIS VITAL POINT. UNLESS THEY SECURE THE CORRECT INFORMATION ABOUT OUR DEFENSES, THEY CANNOT SUCCESSFULLY ATTACK!



WE BELIEVE A CLEVER WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS CANTOW POPPY, HAS AN UNCANNY ABILITY TO SECURE MILITARY INFORMATION AND IS AT THE HEAD OF A PLOT TO HELP THE ENEMY!



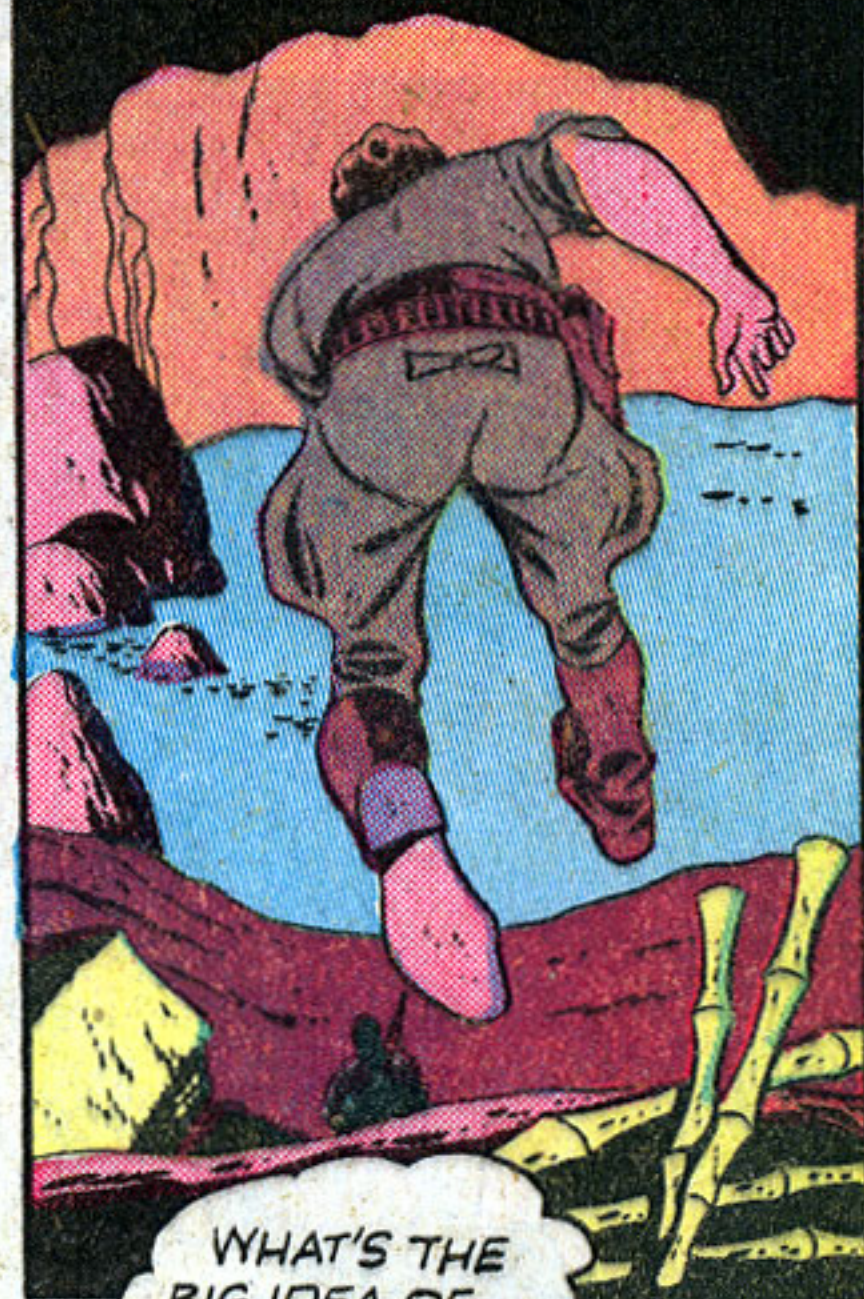
"BUT UPON MY LEAVING,
WING POO ..."



"...WHEN THE MIDDAY
QUIET WAS SHATTERED BY
THE CRACK OF A RIFLE-SHOT!"



THERE'S THE LUG
WHO WAS TAKING POT-
SHOTS AT ME! WAIT'LL
I GET MY HANDS
ON HIM!



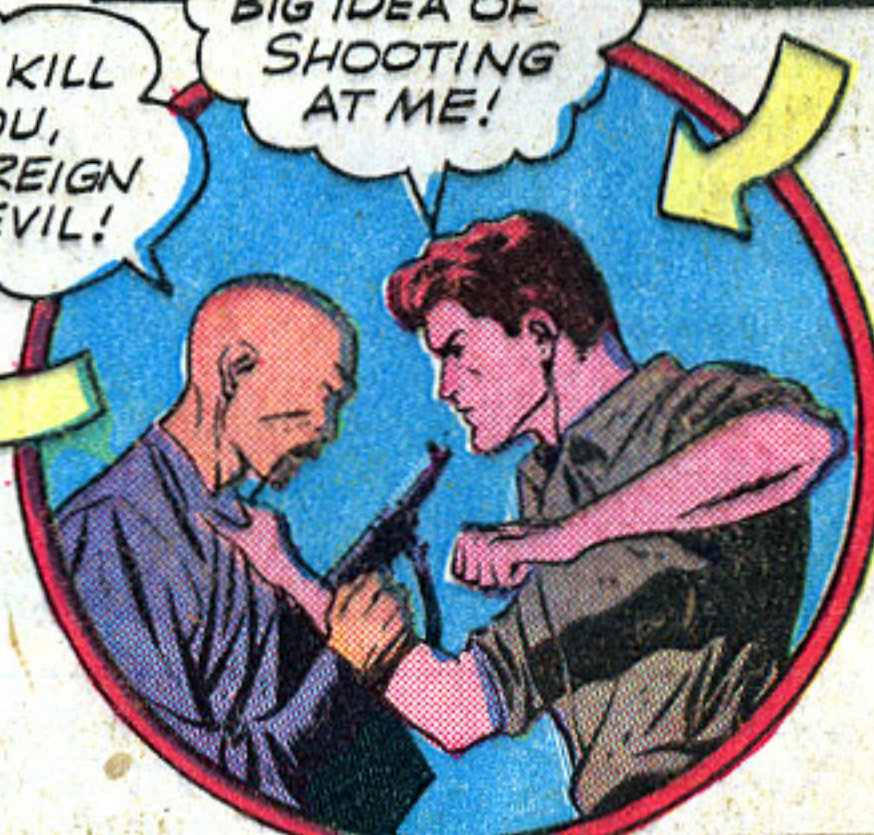
TAKE
THAT!

...AND THAT!



I'LL KILL
YOU,
FOREIGN
DEVIL!

WHAT'S THE
BIG IDEA OF
SHOOTING
AT ME!



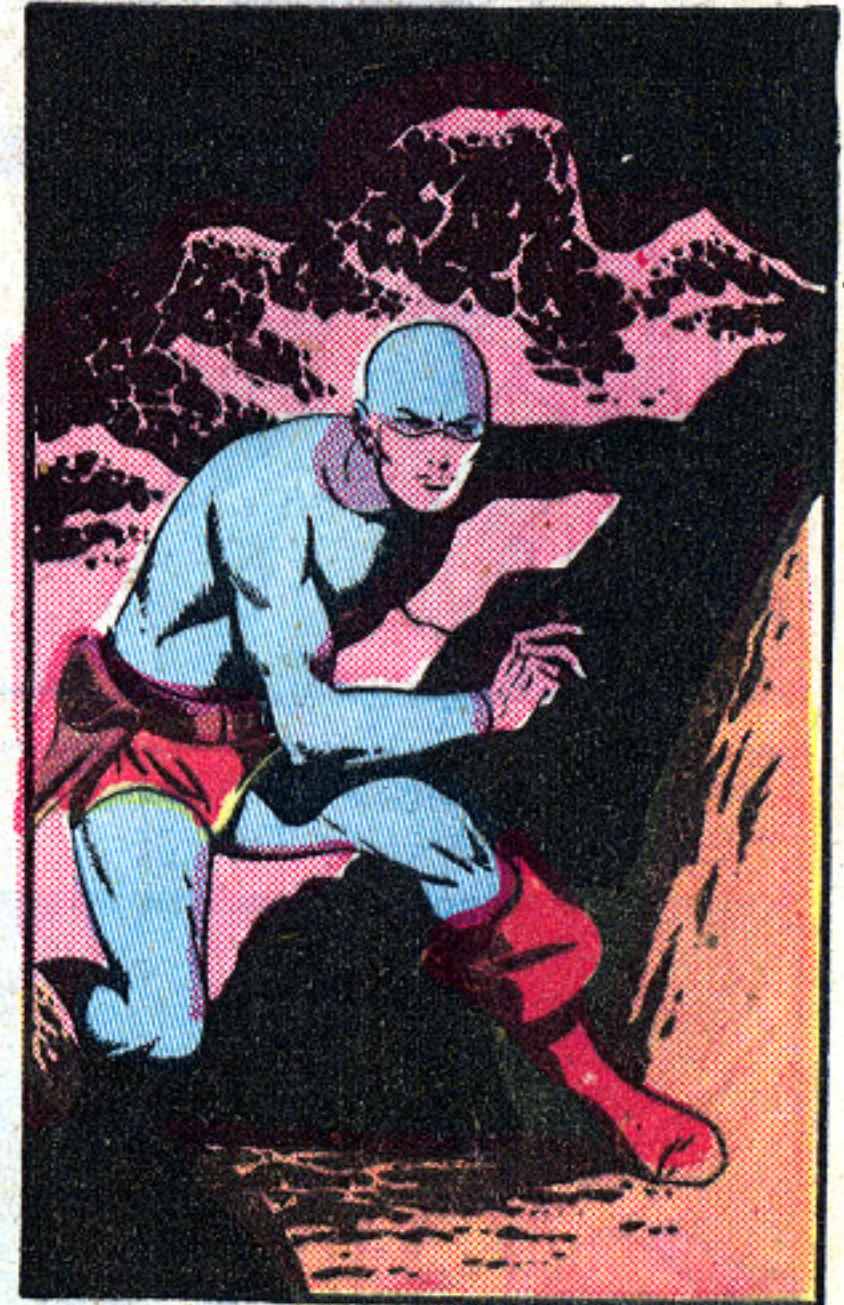
"BUT NO SOONER HAD I
SUBDUED HIM THAN ANOTHER
RIFLE CRACKED AND HE WENT
LIMP!"

SOMEONE
SHOT
HIM!

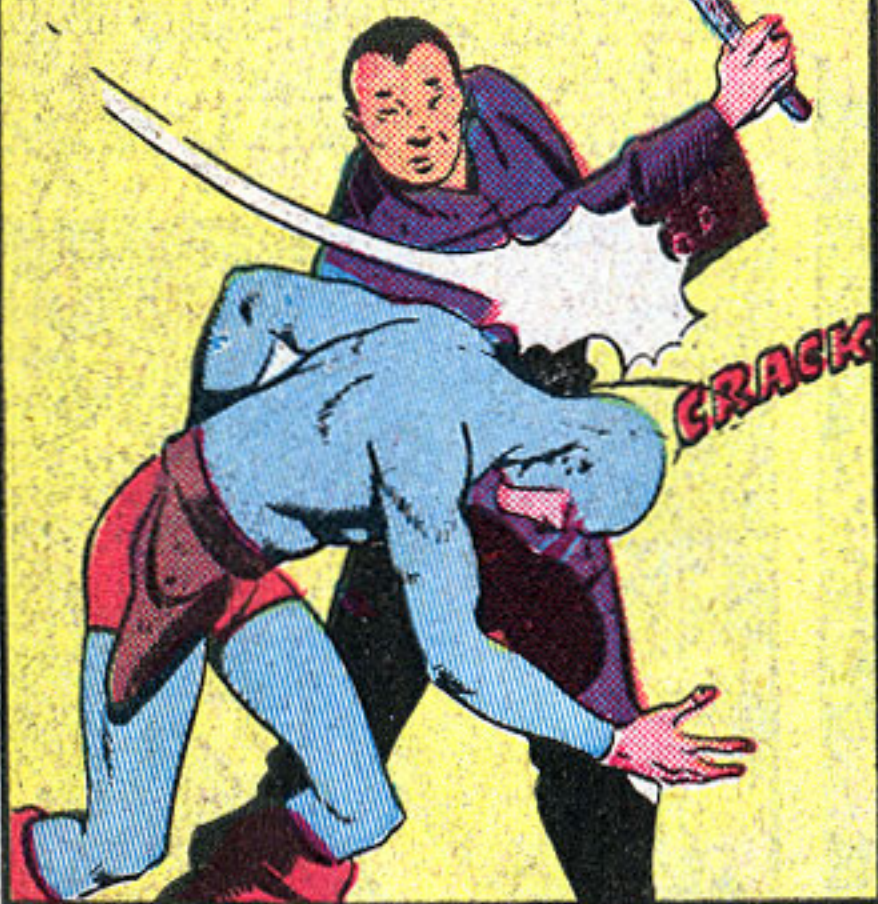




THAT NIGHT... CAPTAIN DON LEASH BECOMES THE DREAD **G-2** OF THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND HEADS FOR THE **LEITONG MONASTERY!**

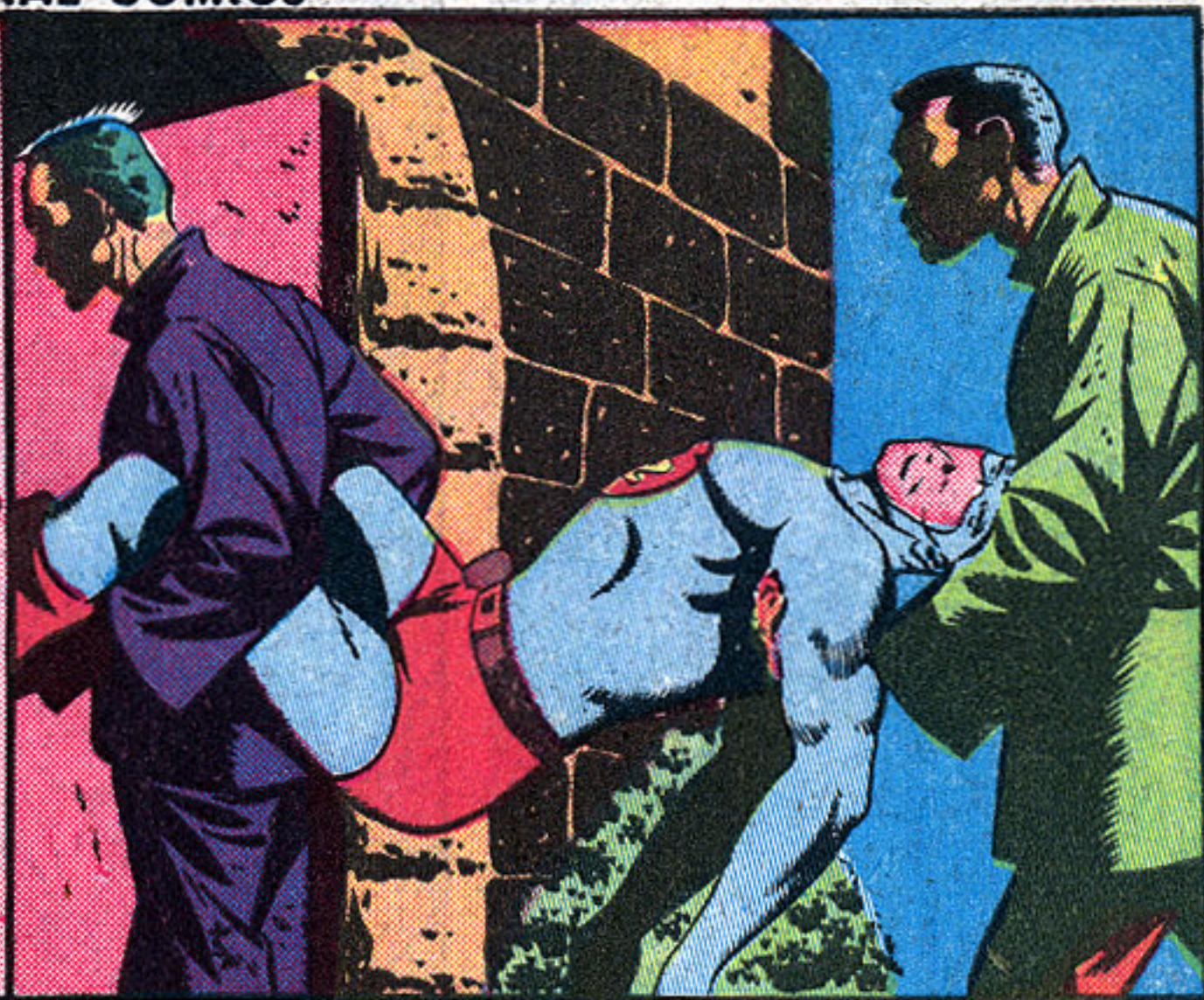


BUT EVEN MIGHTY G-2 CAN BE OVERWHELMED BY NUMBERS!... A COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND SILENCES HIM!

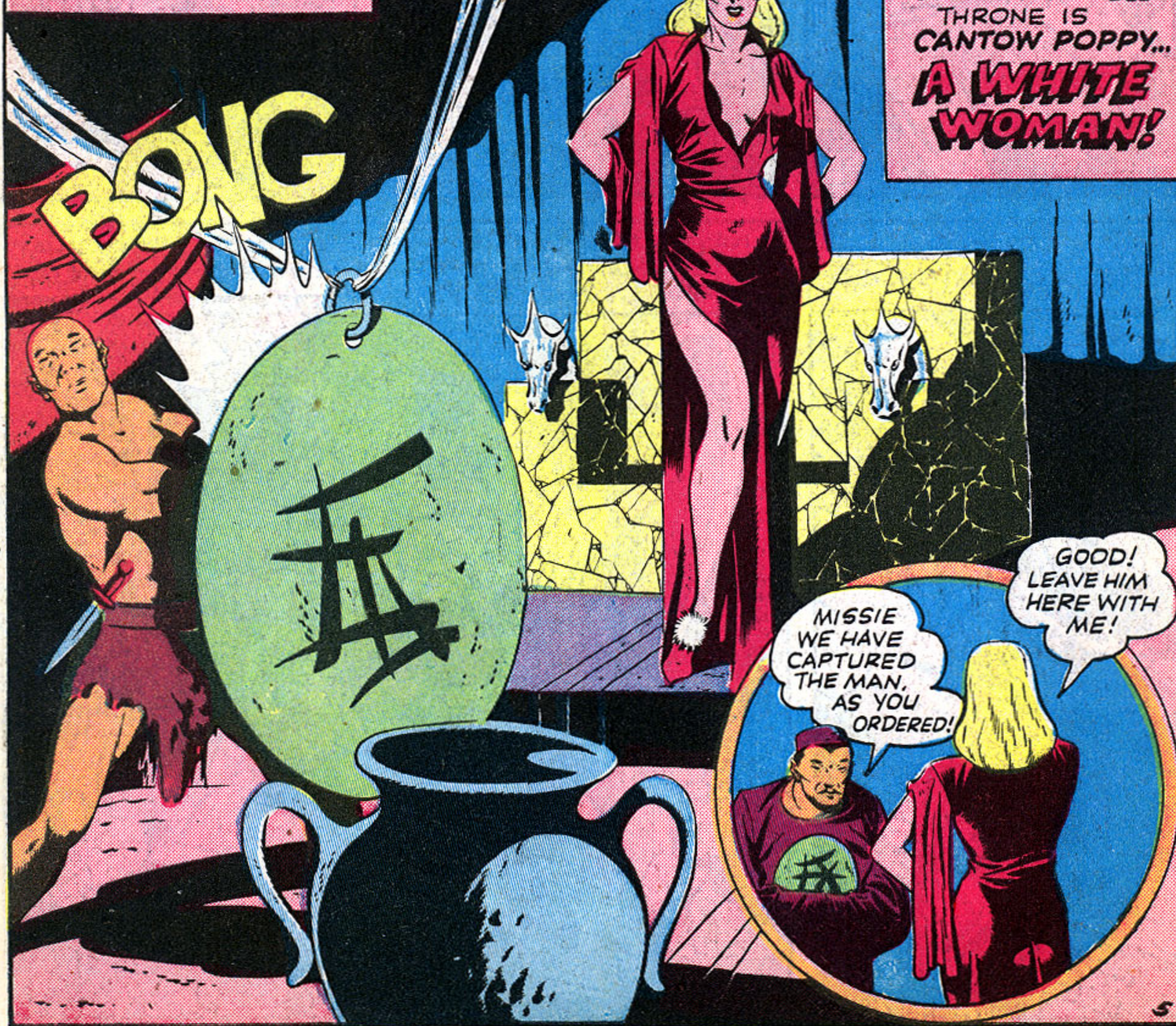


WITHIN THE SHORT SPACE OF SECONDS, HIS LIMP BODY IS CARRIED INTO

LEI-TONG!



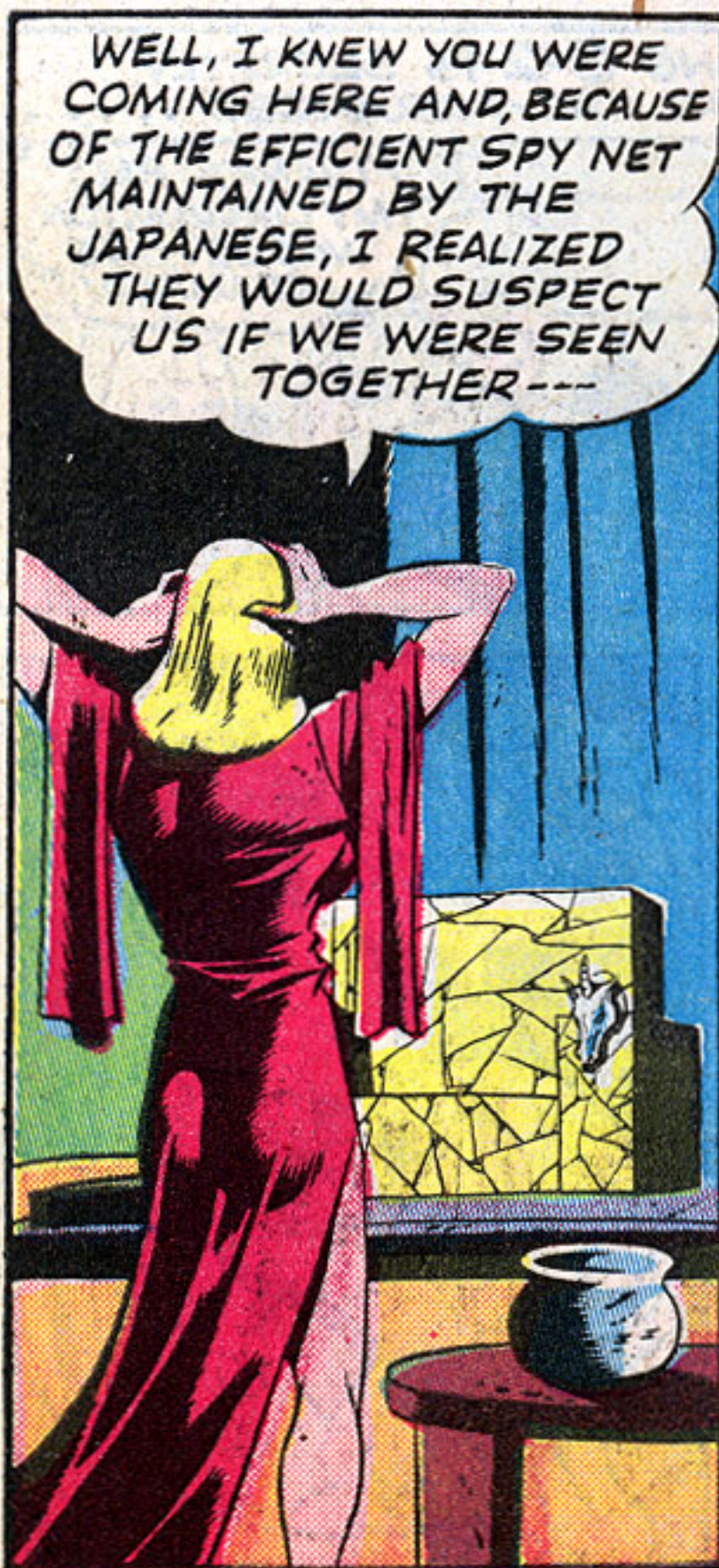
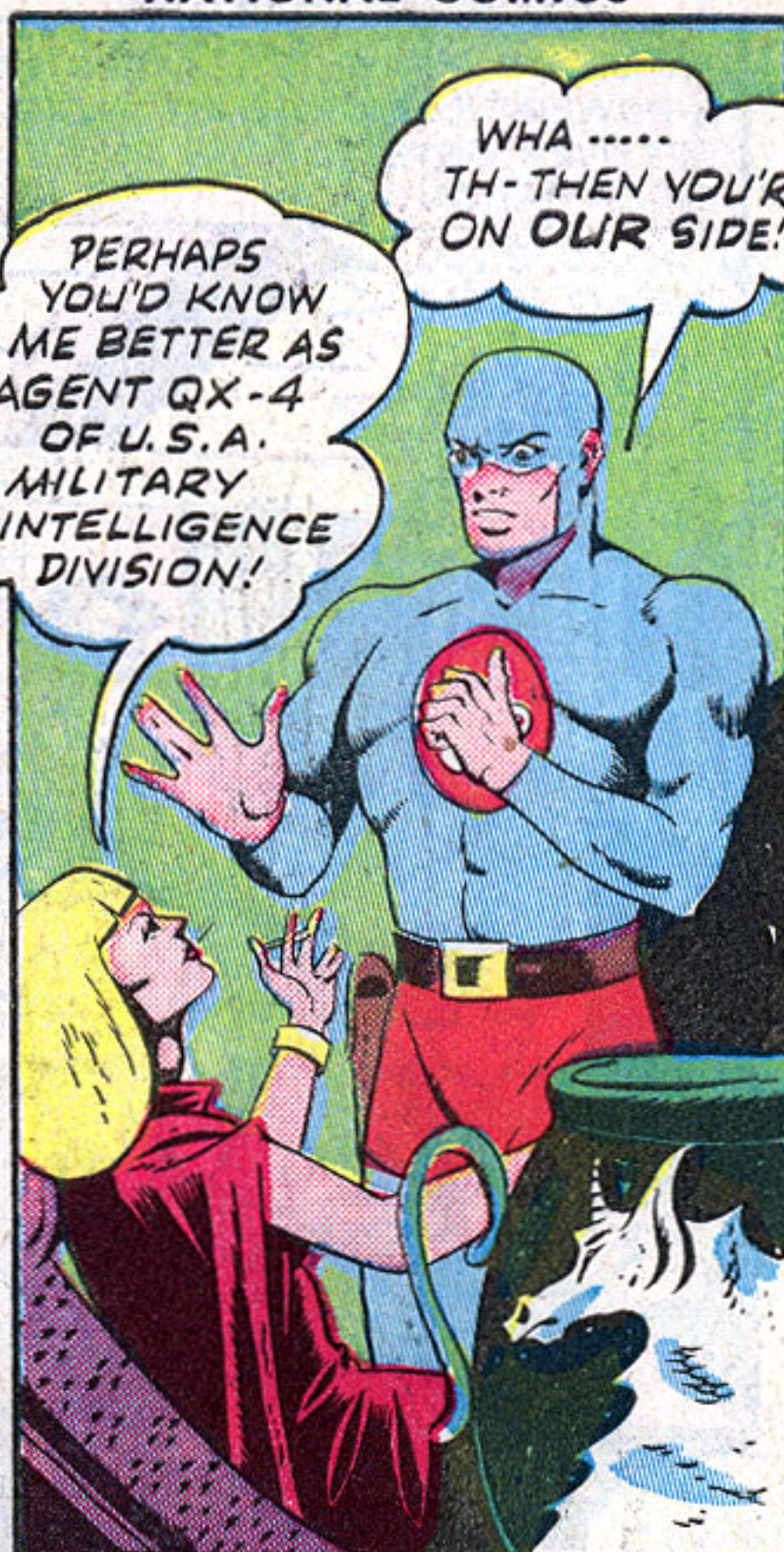
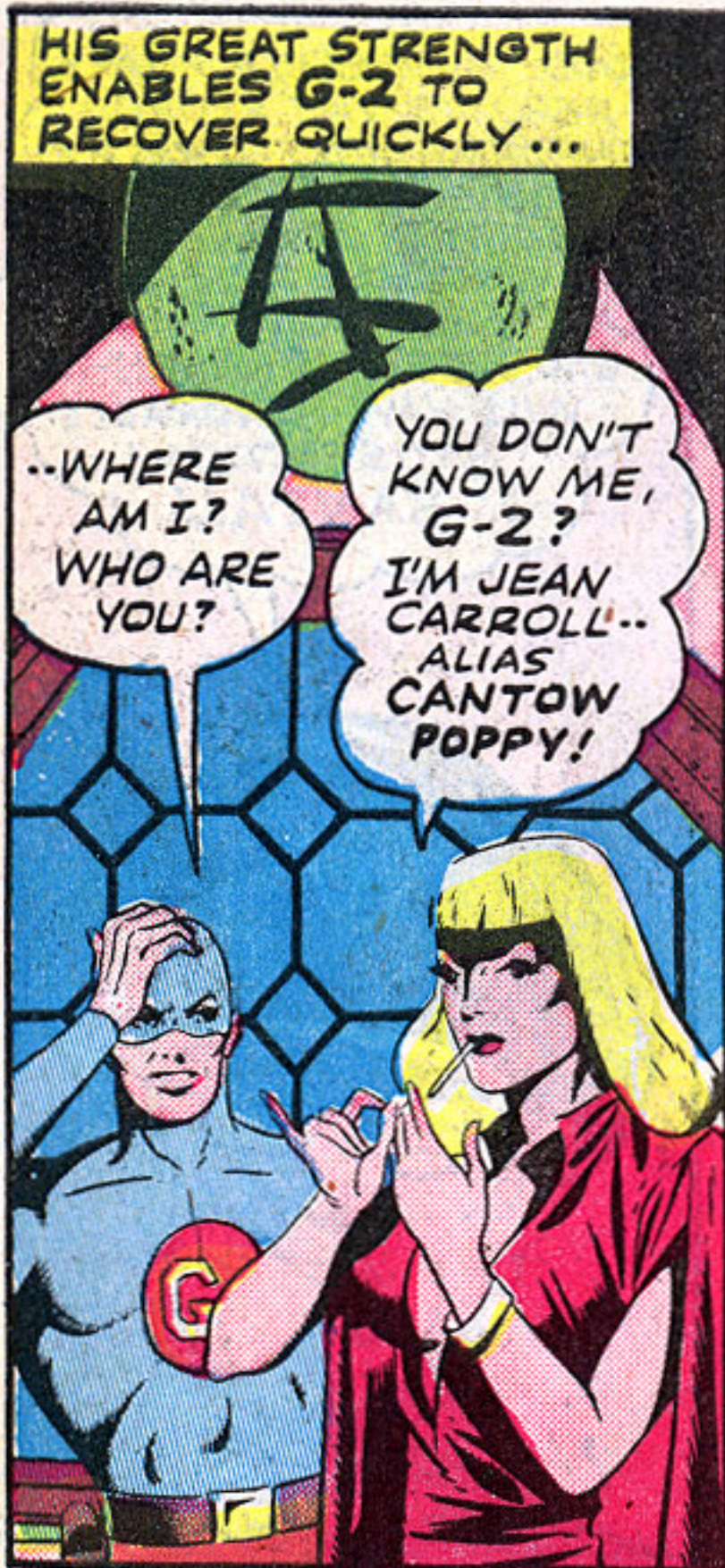
AND... INSIDE, A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE!



FOR THERE, STANDING BEFORE A MARBLE THRONE IS CANTOW POPPY... **A WHITE WOMAN!**

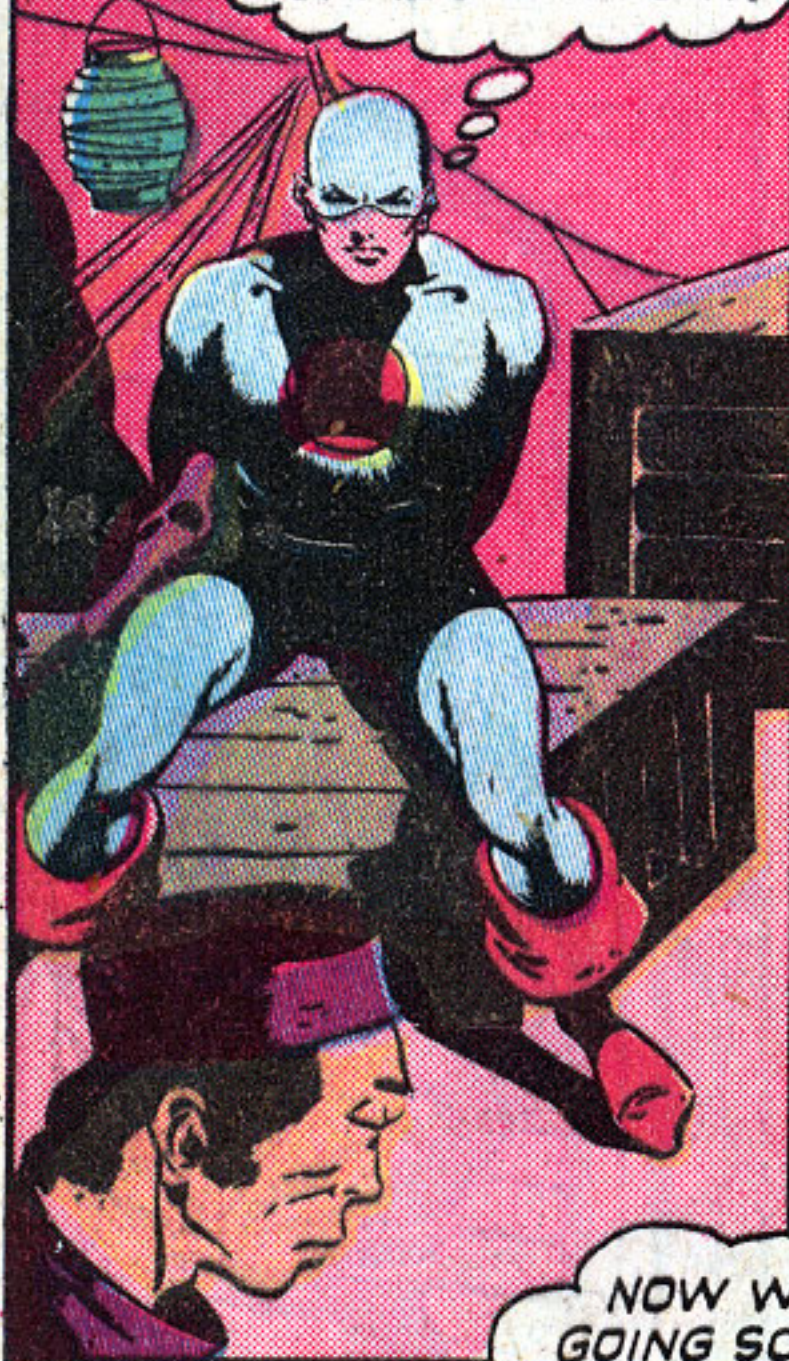
MISSIE WE HAVE CAPTURED THE MAN, AS YOU ORDERED!

GOOD! LEAVE HIM HERE WITH ME!



G-2 IS SECURELY BOUND IN A REMOTE ROOM OF THE HUGE MONASTERY...

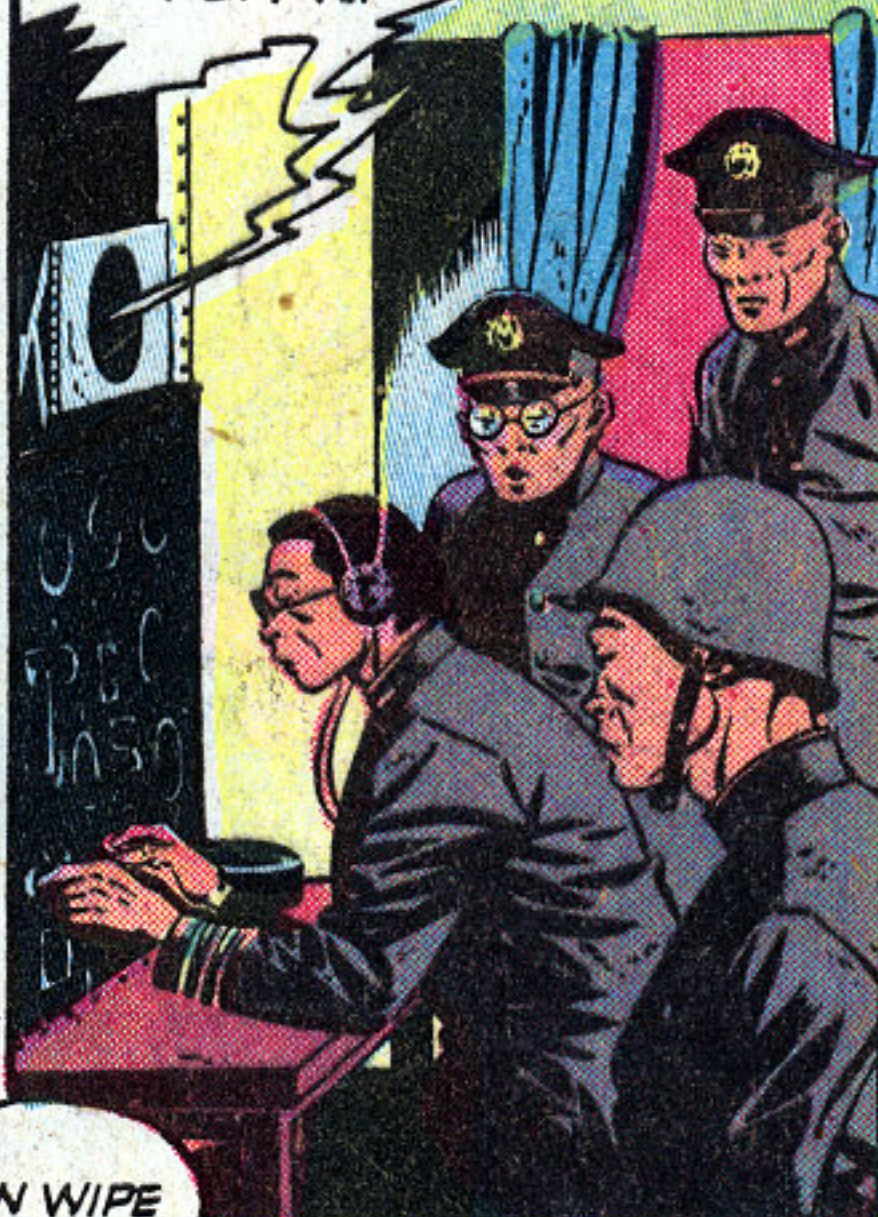
HMMM! -- A STRANGE SET-UP! -- I'LL JUST HAVE TO STRING ALONG AND SEE IF THE GAME'S STRAIGHT!



NOW WE GOING SOON WIPE OUT CANTOW! MUCH FUN!

WHILE, AT JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS, A POWERFUL SHORT-WAVE RADIO RECEIVER GETS POPPY'S FALSE INFORMATION...

HELLO, 2QO...
HELLO, 2QO...
CANTOW...
NORTH BY
EAST...
POPPY..



GOOD! HONORABLE POPPY REPORTS THE PROPER INFORMATION! ---RELAY THIS INFORMATION NOW TO G.H.Q. OF OUR INVINCIBLE ARMIES AND SOON HONORABLE EMPEROR HEE-RO-HEE-TOE WILL HAVE HONORABLE SATISFACTION! ... BANZAI!



THE JAPANESE AIR FORCE TAKES OFF!...

BACK AT LEITONG G-2 IS SECRETLY RELEASED, AS PRE-ARRANGED.....



THANKS, PAL! MY CIRCULATION WAS GETTING CRAMPED!

GO QUICKLY! THE FUTURE OF CANTOW IS IN YOUR HANDS! I CAN DO NO MORE!

HOW ABOUT COMING ALONG? -- YOU'RE NOT SAFE HERE!



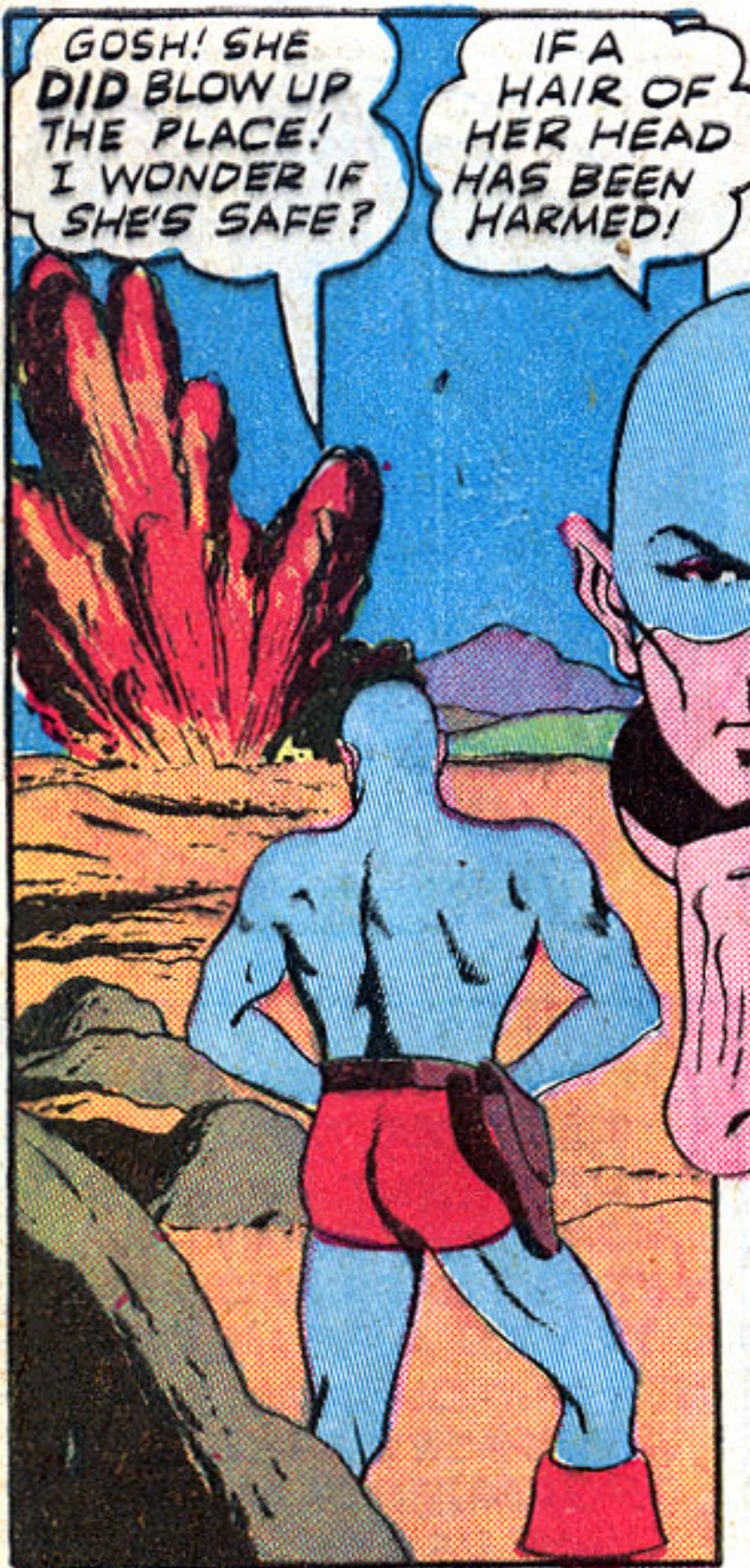
I MUST REMAIN -- THERE ARE ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY JAPANESE IN THIS MONASTERY! THEY'RE ALL SPIES AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ELIMINATE THEM! --- I'M ELECTED!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THIS PLACE?

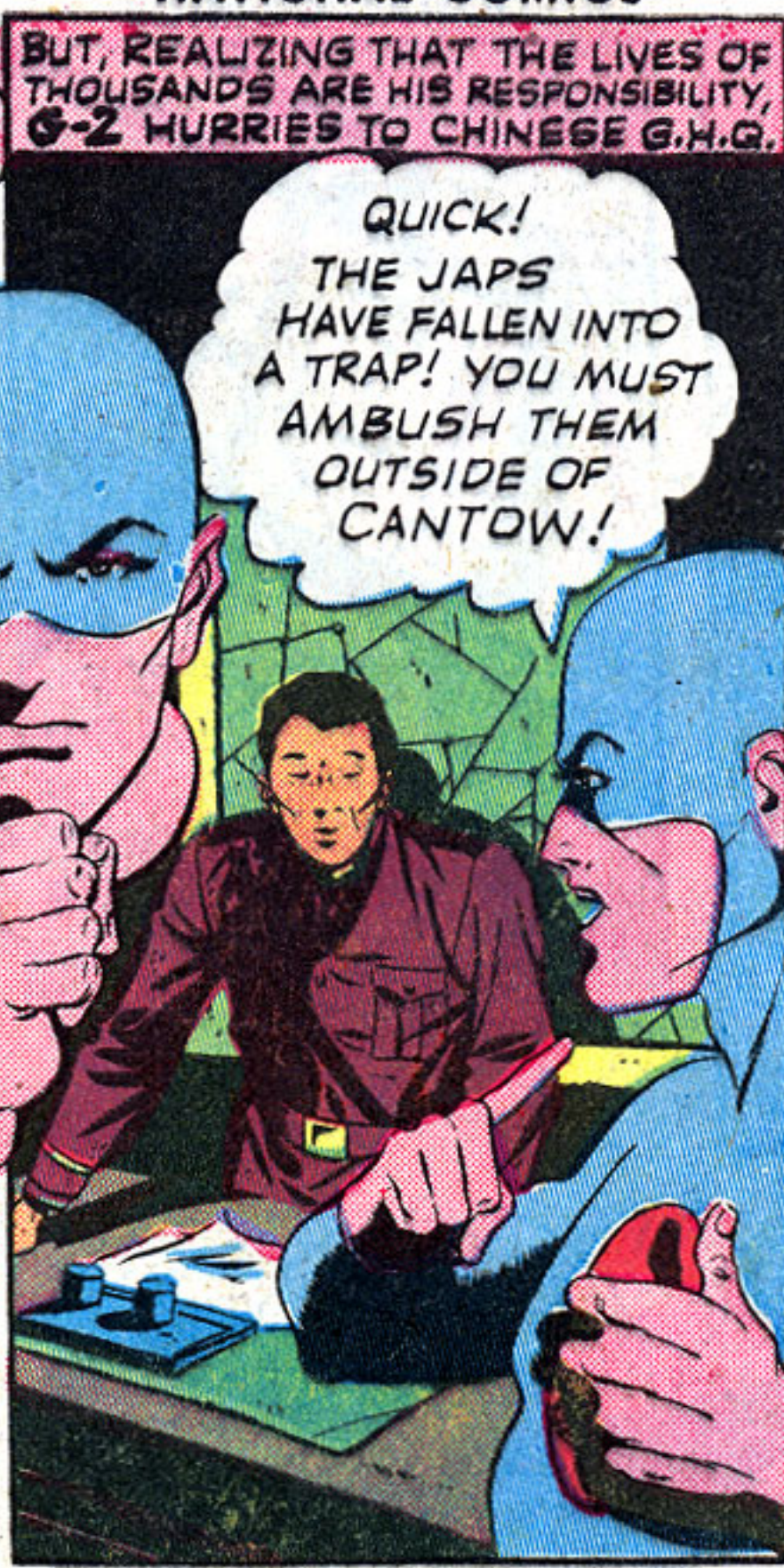


THAT'S RIGHT! -- PLEASE KISS ME GOOD LUCK!



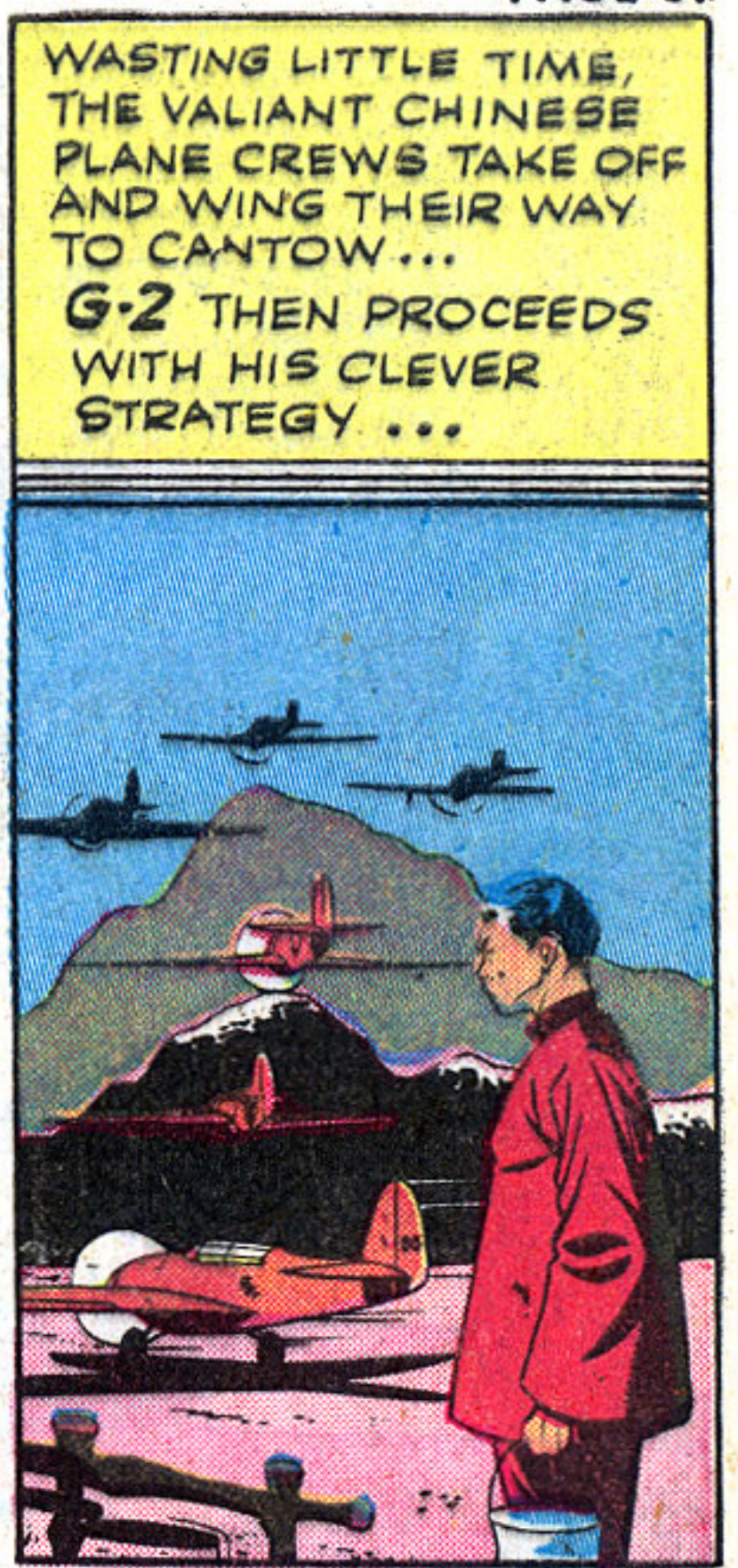


IF A HAIR OF HER HEAD HAS BEEN HARMED!



BUT, REALIZING THAT THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS ARE HIS RESPONSIBILITY, G-2 HURRIES TO CHINESE G.H.Q.

QUICK!
THE JAPS
HAVE FALLEN INTO
A TRAP! YOU MUST
AMBUSH THEM
OUTSIDE OF
CANTOW!



WASTING LITTLE TIME,
THE VALIANT CHINESE
PLANE CREWS TAKE OFF
AND WING THEIR WAY
TO CANTOW...
G-2 THEN PROCEEDS
WITH HIS CLEVER
STRATEGY...



...AND THE UNSUSPECTING
JAPS FALL INTO THE TRAP!

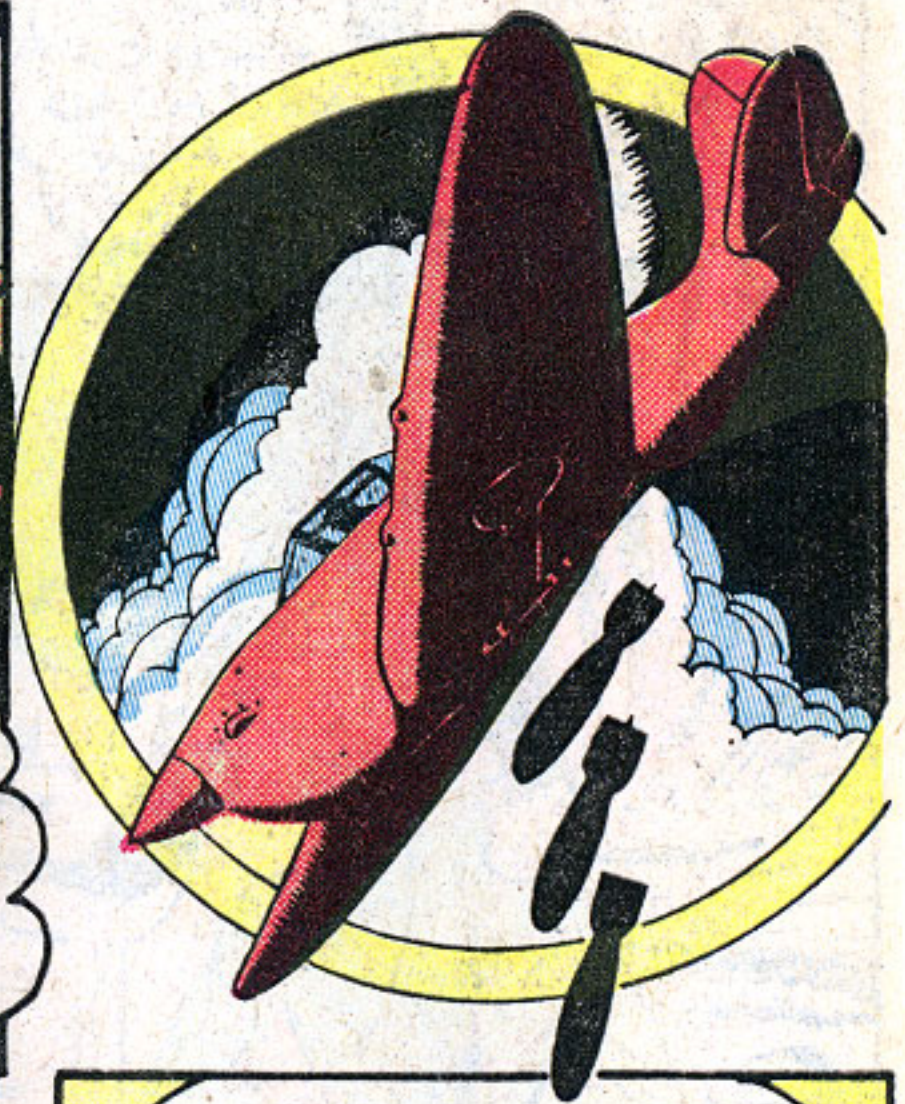


THE ELEMENT OF
SUPRISE IS TOO
MUCH FOR THE
JAPS, AND THEY
ARE SOON
DEFEATED!

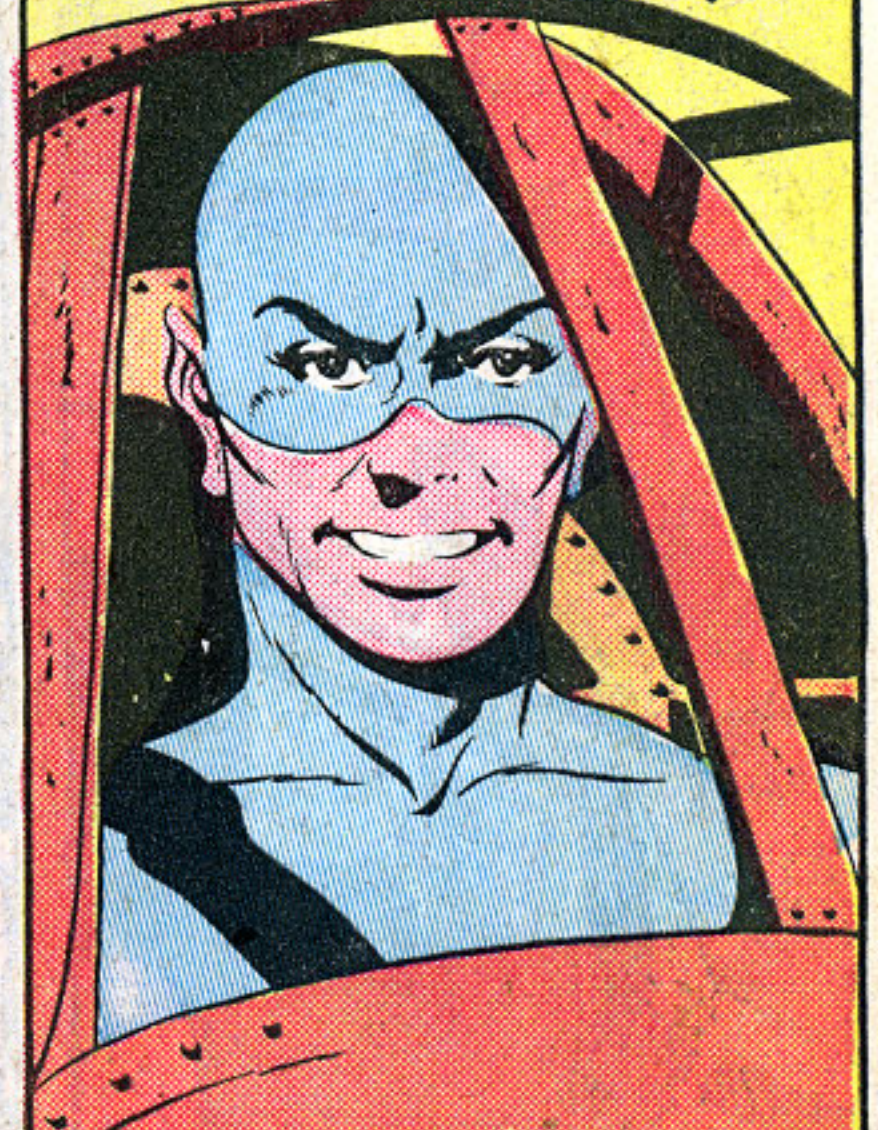
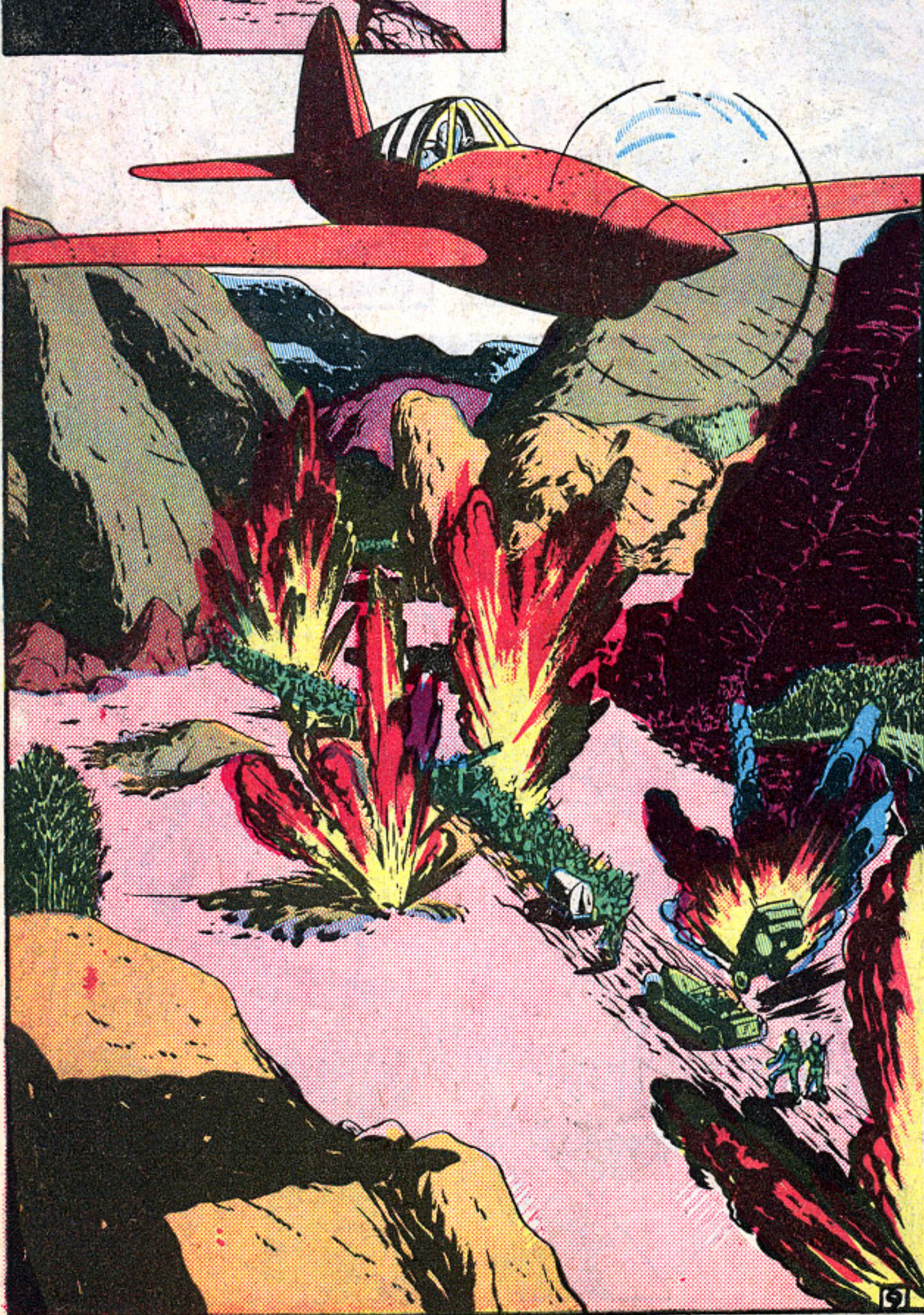
MEANWHILE, THE JAPANESE INFANTRY, UNAWARE OF THE AIR FORCE'S DESTRUCTION, MARCHES ON CANTOW!



WELL, HERE'S WHERE WE RID THE WORLD OF SOME MORE OF THESE LITTLE FELLOWS!



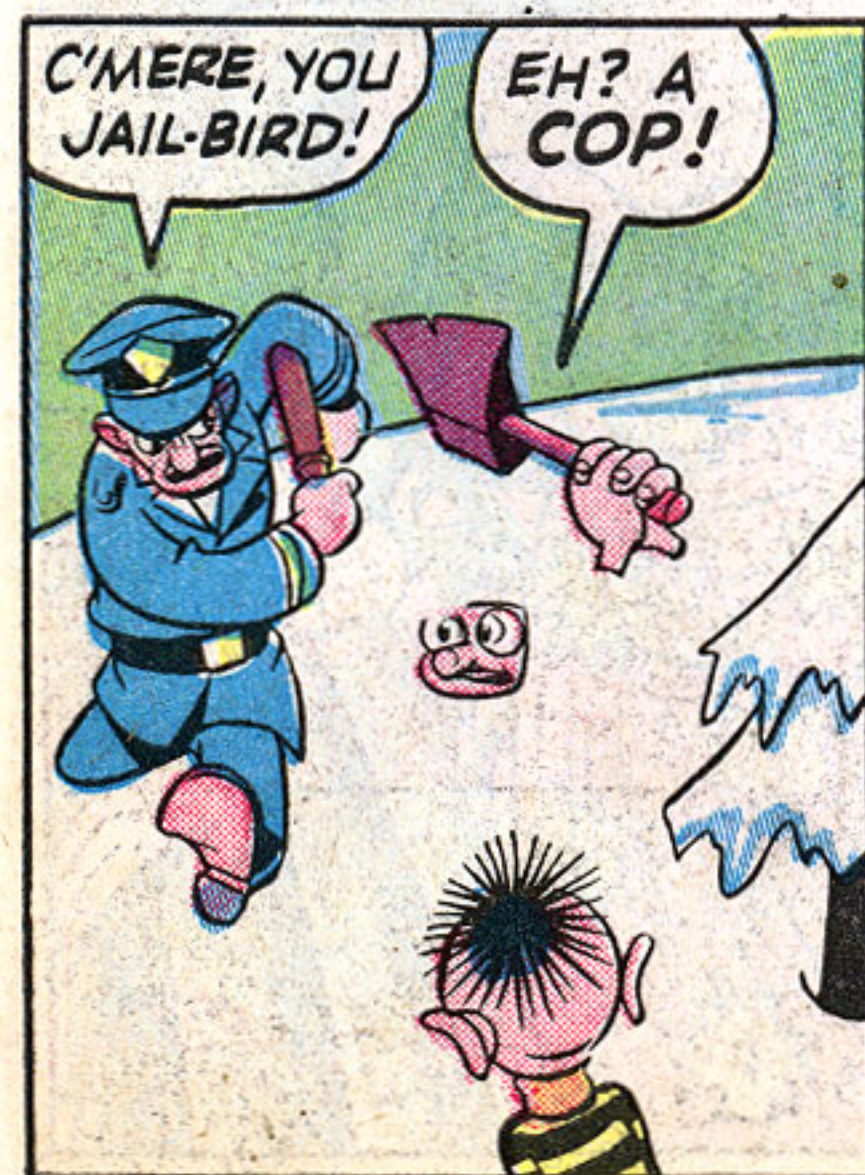
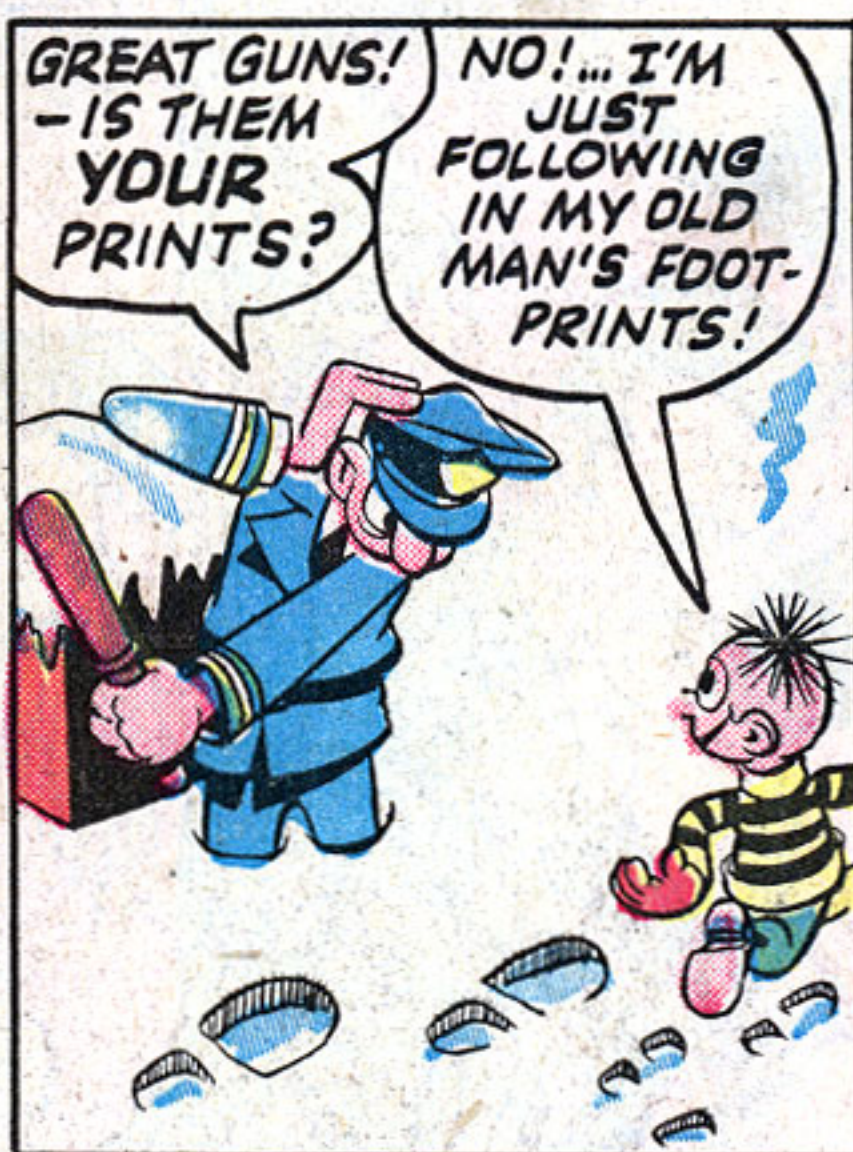
YEP! THE BATTLE WAS OVER THEN AND THERE, BUT -- WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT -- WE LET THE JAPS KNOW THE YANKS ARE HERE! FOR WHO CAN DENY THAT THE POWER OF THE FREE IS GREATER THAN THE MIGHT OF EVIL? ... EQUALITY AND FREEDOM OF LIFE SHALL LIVE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS OF MEN!



BE SURE TO FOLLOW G-2'S EXCITING ADVENTURES -- IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS!

WINDY BREEZE

BY
RALPH
JOHNS



QUICKSILVER

BY
FRED

I MUST
HAVE ZAT MEDALLION,
M'SIEU!

LIKE RATS LEAVING A SINKING SHIP MANY NOTORIOUS CROOKS SCURRY FROM WAR-TORN EUROPE AND CRAWL INTO THE CRIME INFESTED UNDERWORLD OF OUR COUNTRY TO CONTINUE THEIR PARASITIC PROFESSION.

AGAINST THESE MASTERS OF VICE, **QUICKSILVER** LEAPS INTO ACTION FROM HIS OAK-WOOD PARK HIDEOUT WHERE HE SECRETLY LIVES WITH **HOO MEE** HIS YOUTHFUL CHINESE SERVANT.



YEAH, SISTER!
HAND OVER THOSE
SPARKLERS!

BARONESS
DE BOFORS!?



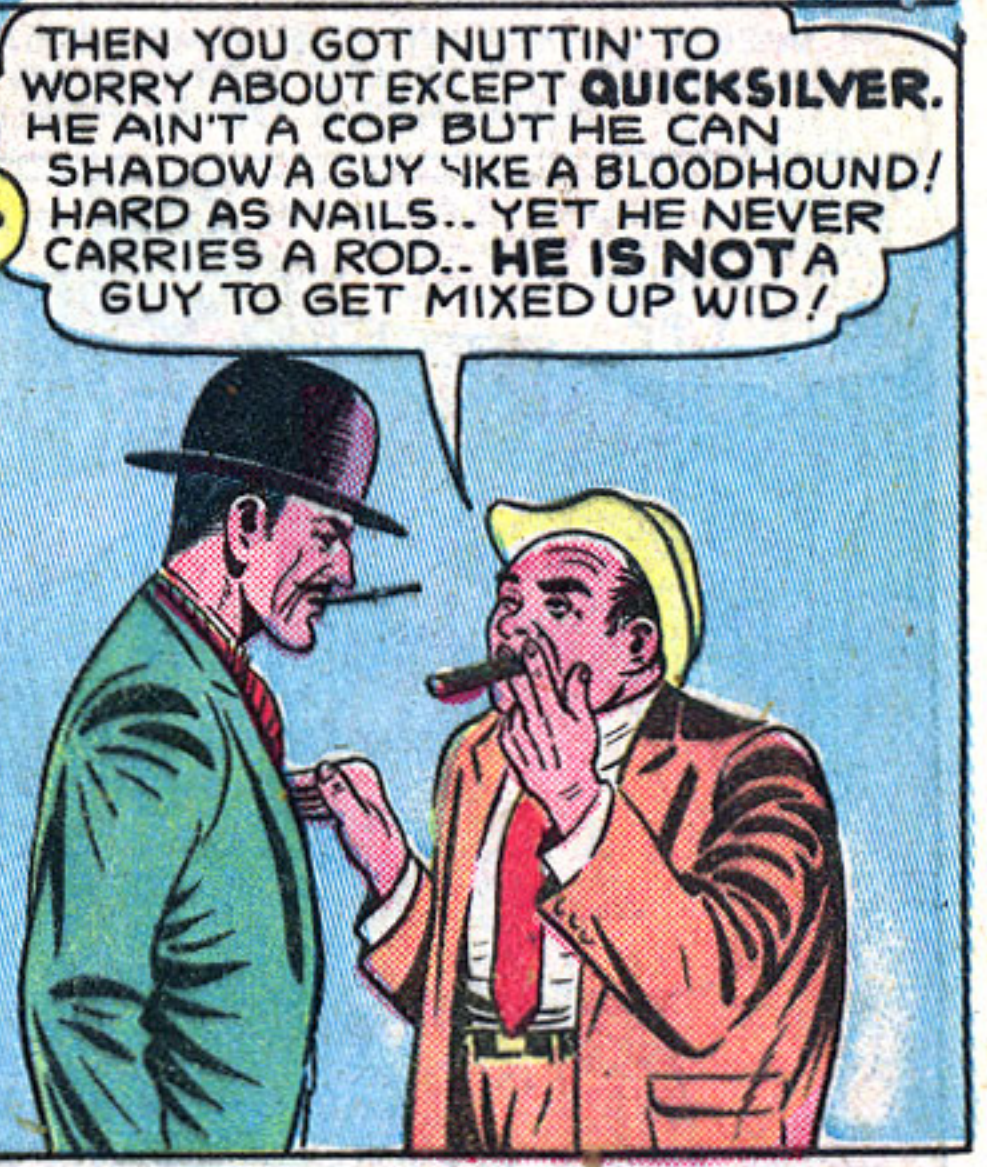


SO YOUSE JUST GOT OFF THE BOAT AND WANT TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICAN POLICE METHODS. DO YEZ WANT A TOMMY GUN?

MON DIEU! BUT NO! I PREFER TO OPERATE WIZ ZE PRETTY GIRL. SHE WEEL COME HERE IN A FEW MINOOTS!



I WORK MORE SMOOTHLY..I STEAL ONLY IN THE BETTAIR CIRCLES. ONLY THE CLEVEREST DETECTIVES BOTHAIR ME!



THEN YOU GOT NUTTIN' TO WORRY ABOUT EXCEPT QUICKSILVER. HE AIN'T A COP BUT HE CAN SHADOW A GUY LIKE A BLOODHOUND! HARD AS NAILS.. YET HE NEVER CARRIES A ROD.. HE IS NOT A GUY TO GET MIXED UP WID!



HMM - I ZINK MAYBE I GET RID OF THEEZ QUEEKSILVAIR BEFORE I PULL ZE JOB -

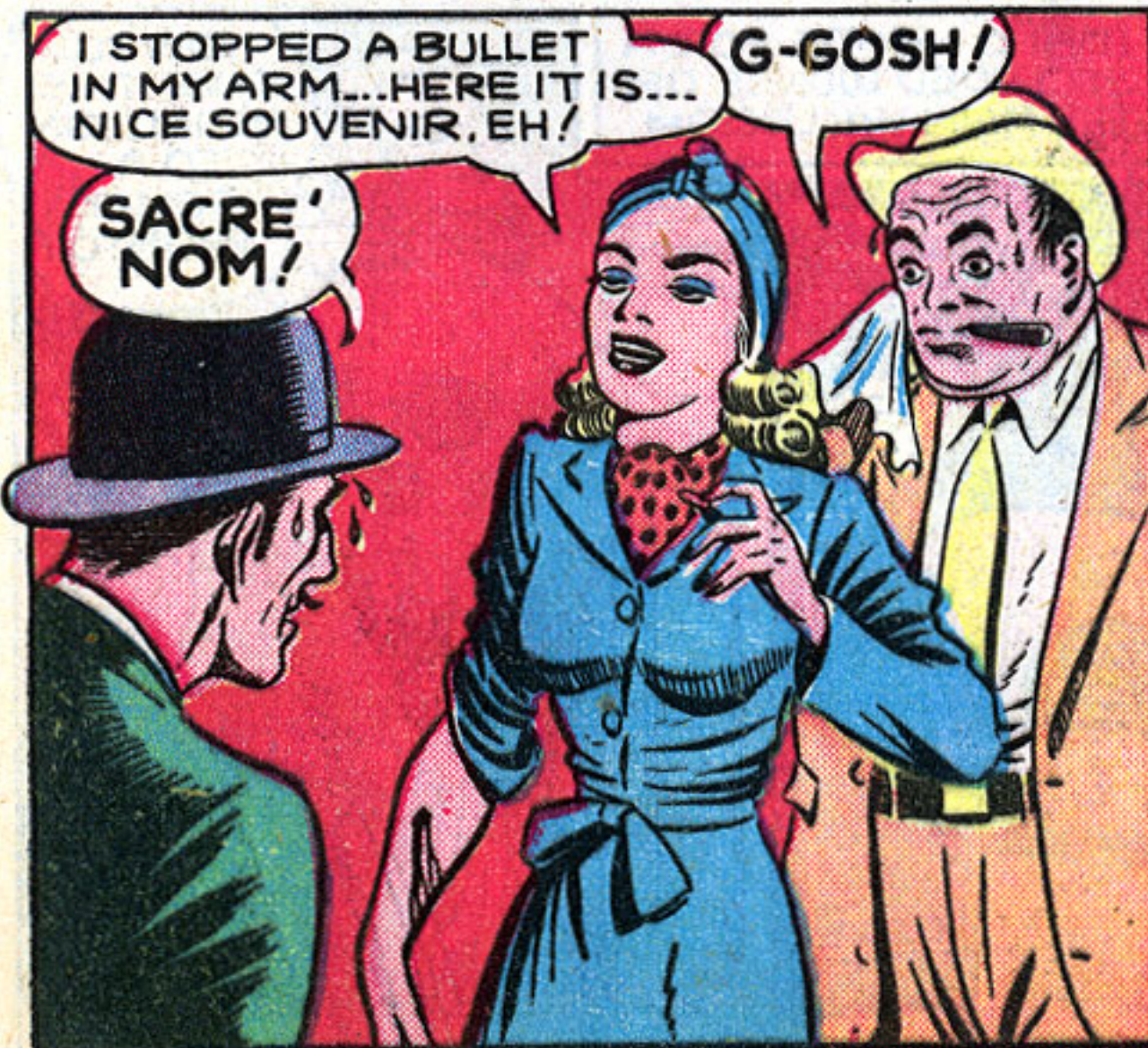


ALPHONSE...SLUG... QUICK! GET ME A RAZOR AND SOME IODINE!

IDAHO!



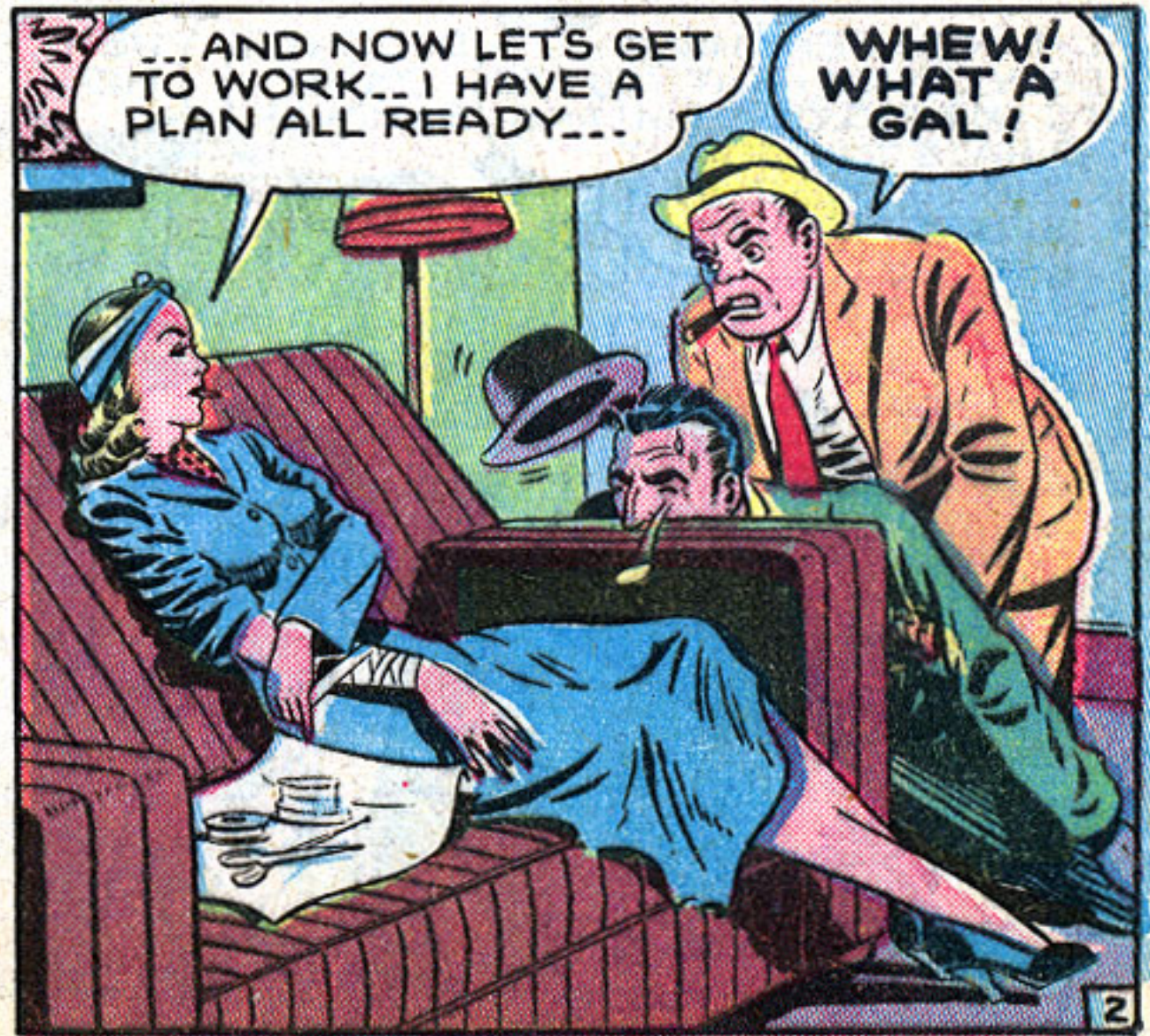
HAD A SLIGHT RUN-IN WITH "PUNCHY" FINK DOWN AT THE DOCKS. TOOK A SHOT AT ME.. SO I OPENED HIM UP A BIT WITH MY KNIFE... AND HOPPED A TAXI!



I STOPPED A BULLET IN MY ARM...HERE IT IS... NICE SOUVENIR, EH!

G-GOSH!

SACRE' NOM!



... AND NOW LET'S GET TO WORK... I HAVE A PLAN ALL READY...

WHEW! WHAT A GAL!

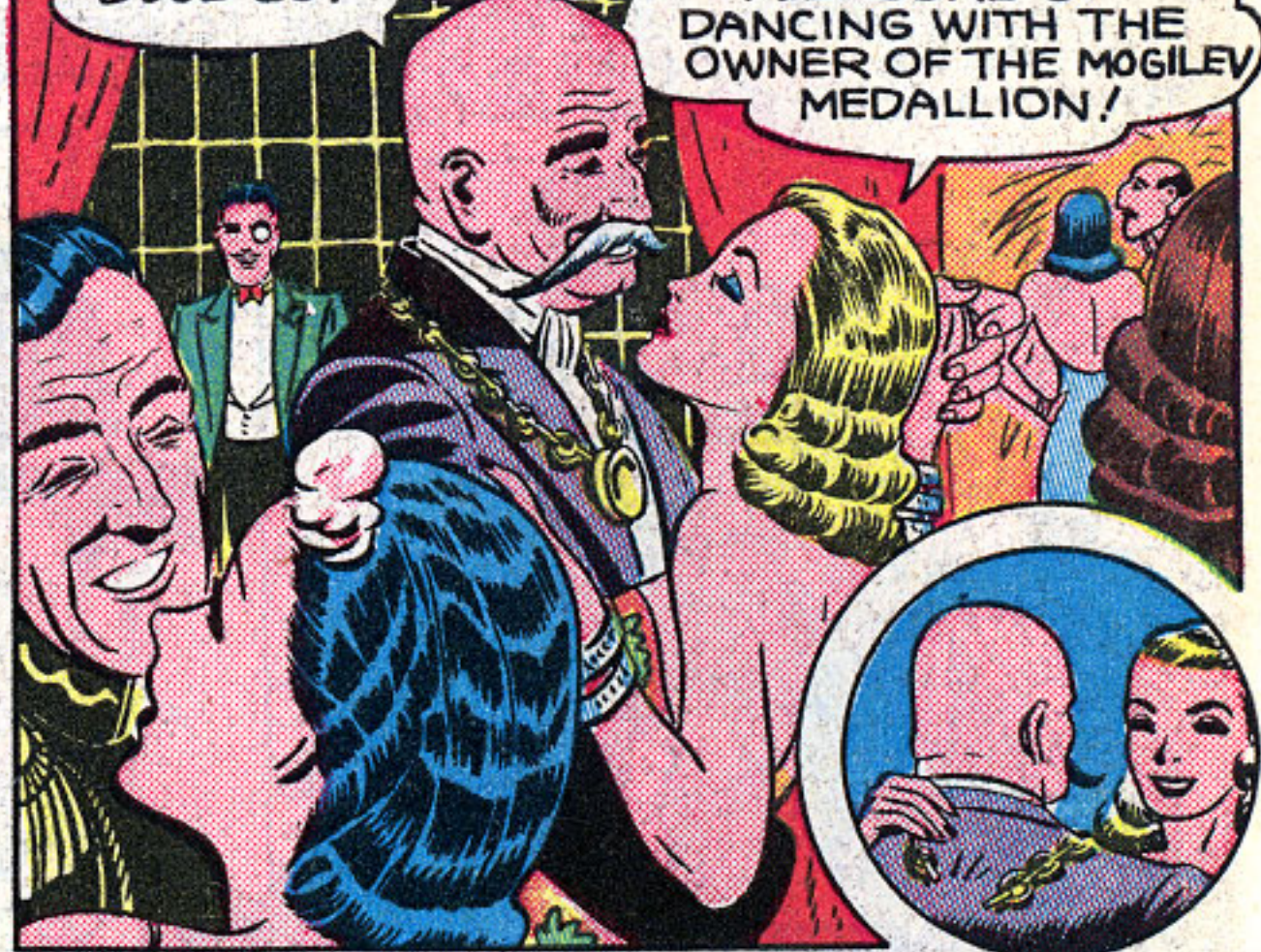
A WEEK LATER AT THE AMBASSADOR BALL, IDAHO AND ALPHONSE APPEAR AS BARON AND BARONESS DE BOFORS

THERE'S COUNT SAMOVAR NOW... HAVE YOU GOT THE PHONEY MEDAL READY ??

OUI! BUT YES! AND YOU HAVE THE NEXT DANCE WIZ HEEM!

AH, MY DEAR BARONESS, IT WAS VERY KIND OF ALPHONSE TO INTRODUCE US!

YES INDEED... IT IS NOT OFTEN I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH THE OWNER OF THE MOGILEV MEDALLION!

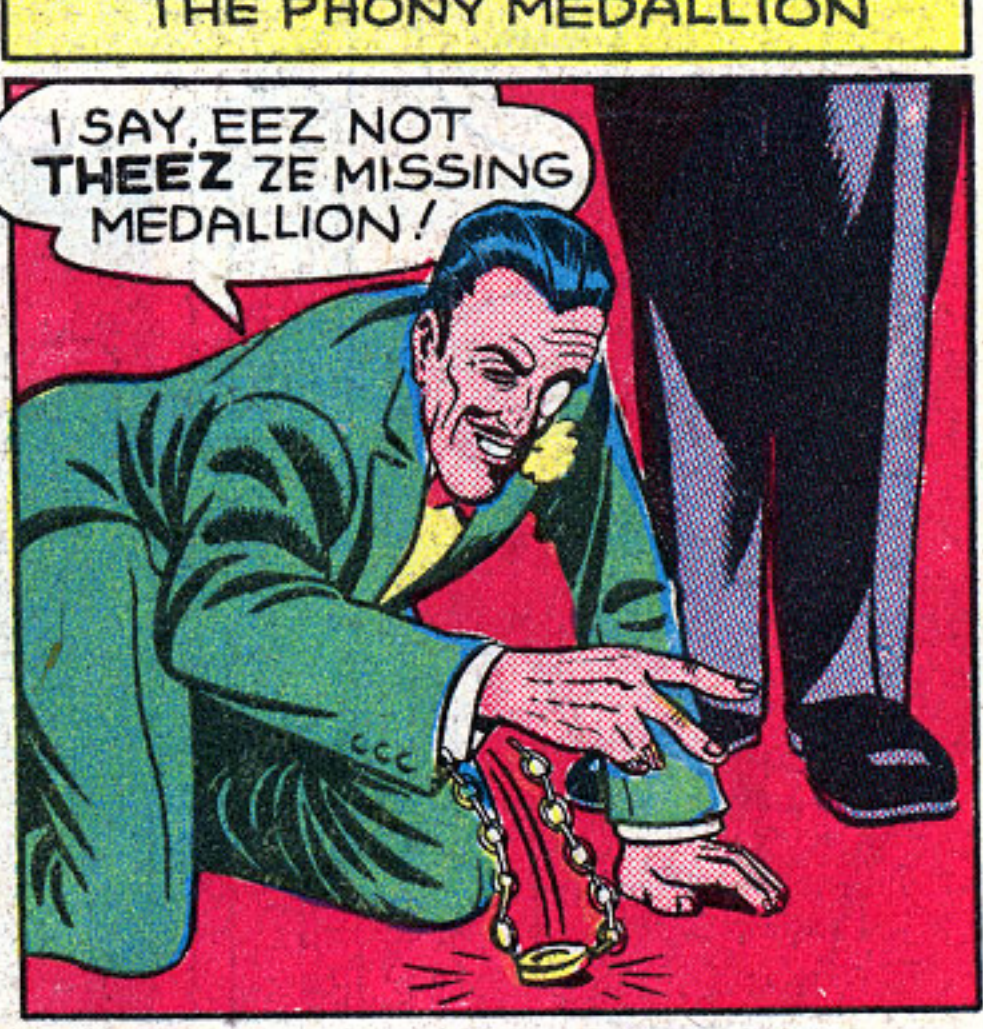
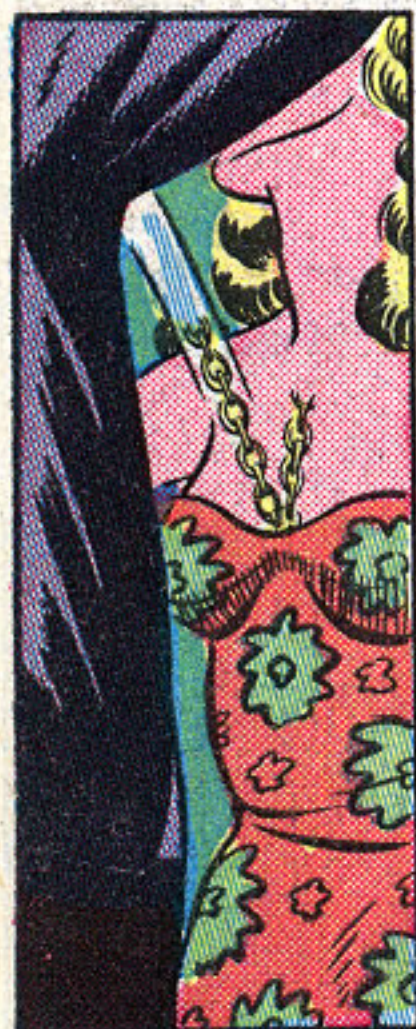


GOOD HEAVENS! MY MEDALLION IS GONE!

AT THAT MOMENT ALPHONSE BENDS DOWN AND SLIPS OUT THE PHONY MEDALLION

TOO BAD - THE WALTZ ENDED SO SOON!

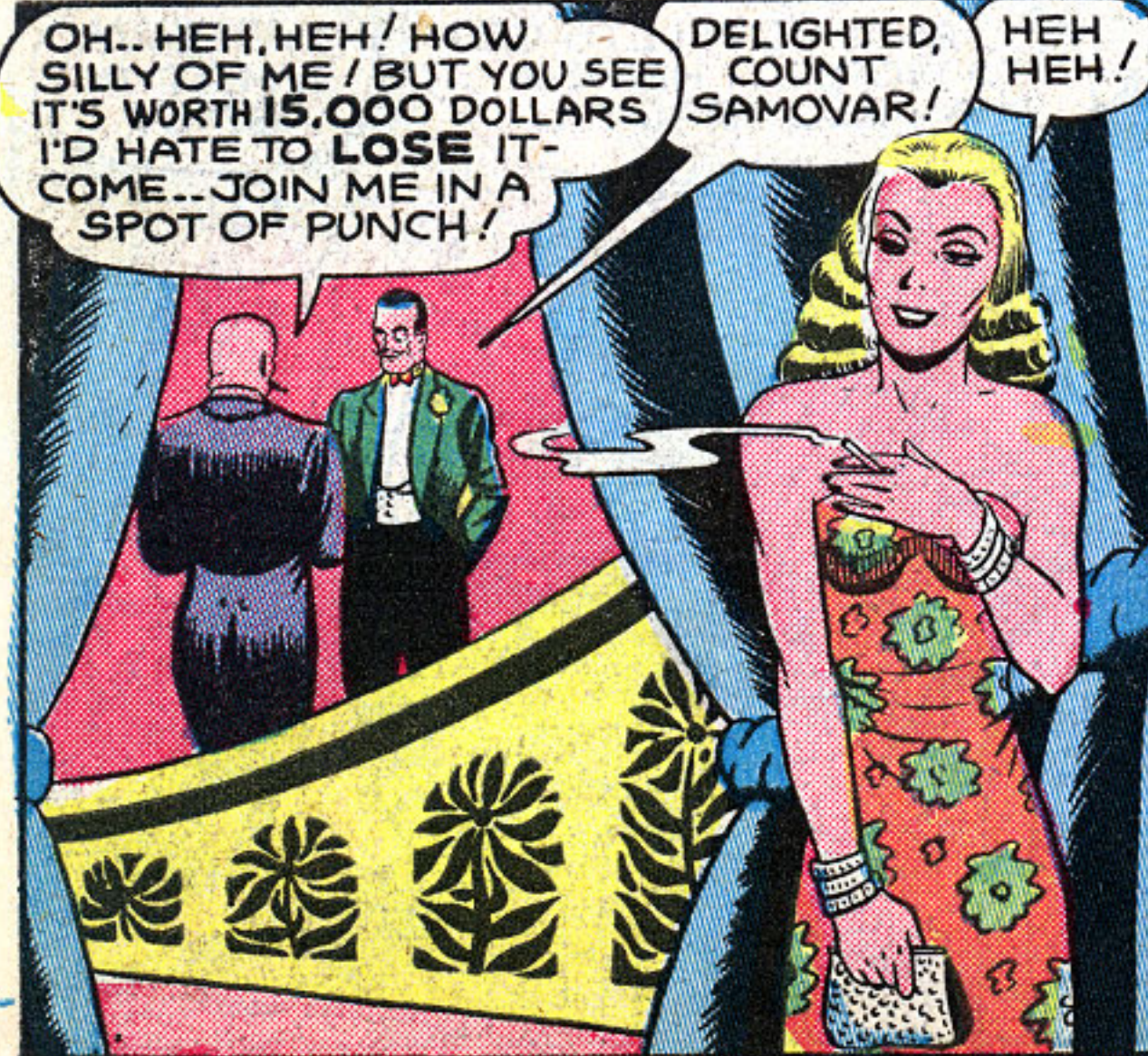
I SAY, EEZ NOT THEEZ ZE MISSING MEDALLION!



OH... HEH, HEH! HOW SILLY OF ME! BUT YOU SEE IT'S WORTH 15,000 DOLLARS I'D HATE TO LOSE IT - COME... JOIN ME IN A SPOT OF PUNCH!

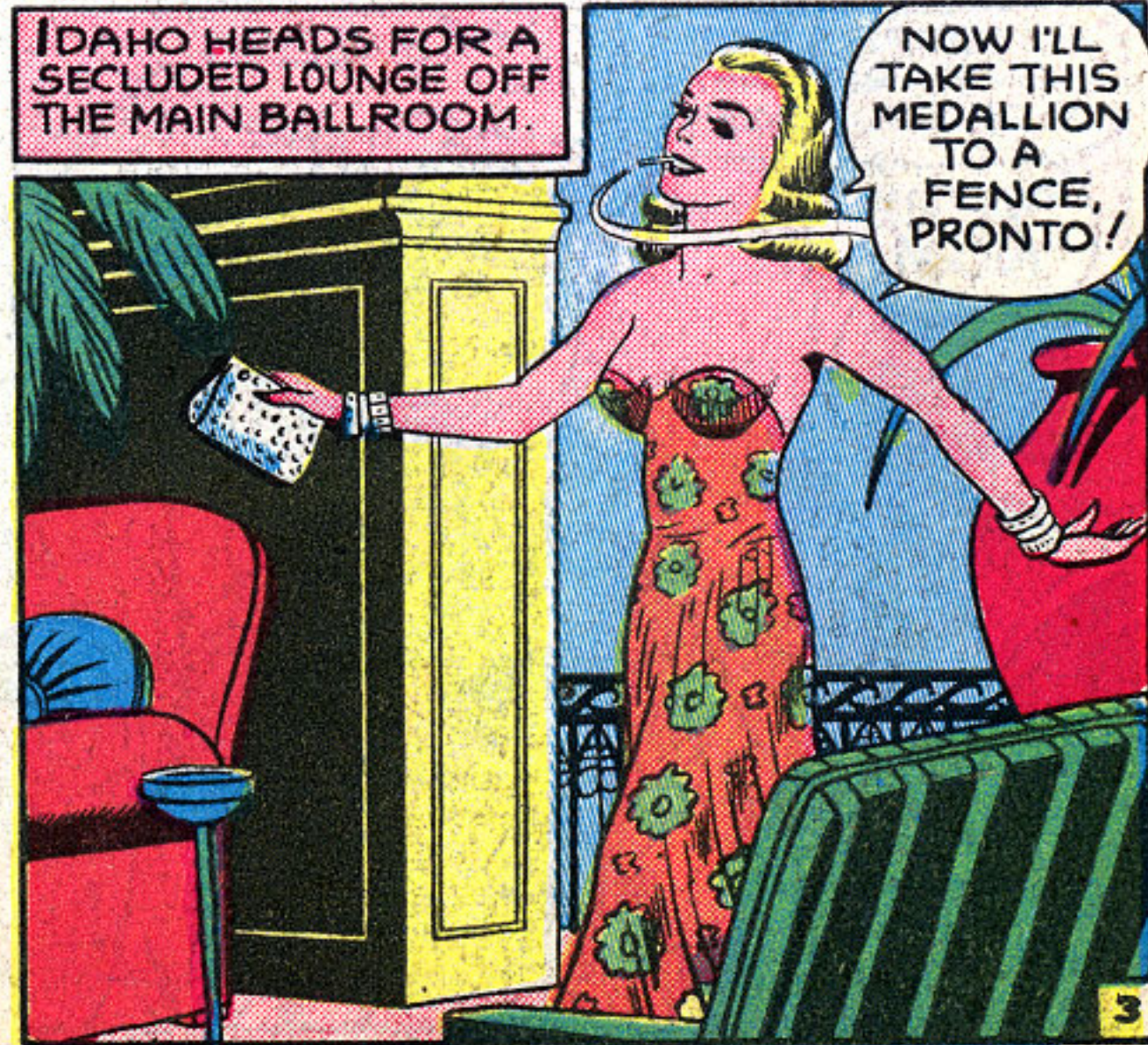
DELIGHTED, COUNT SAMOVAR!

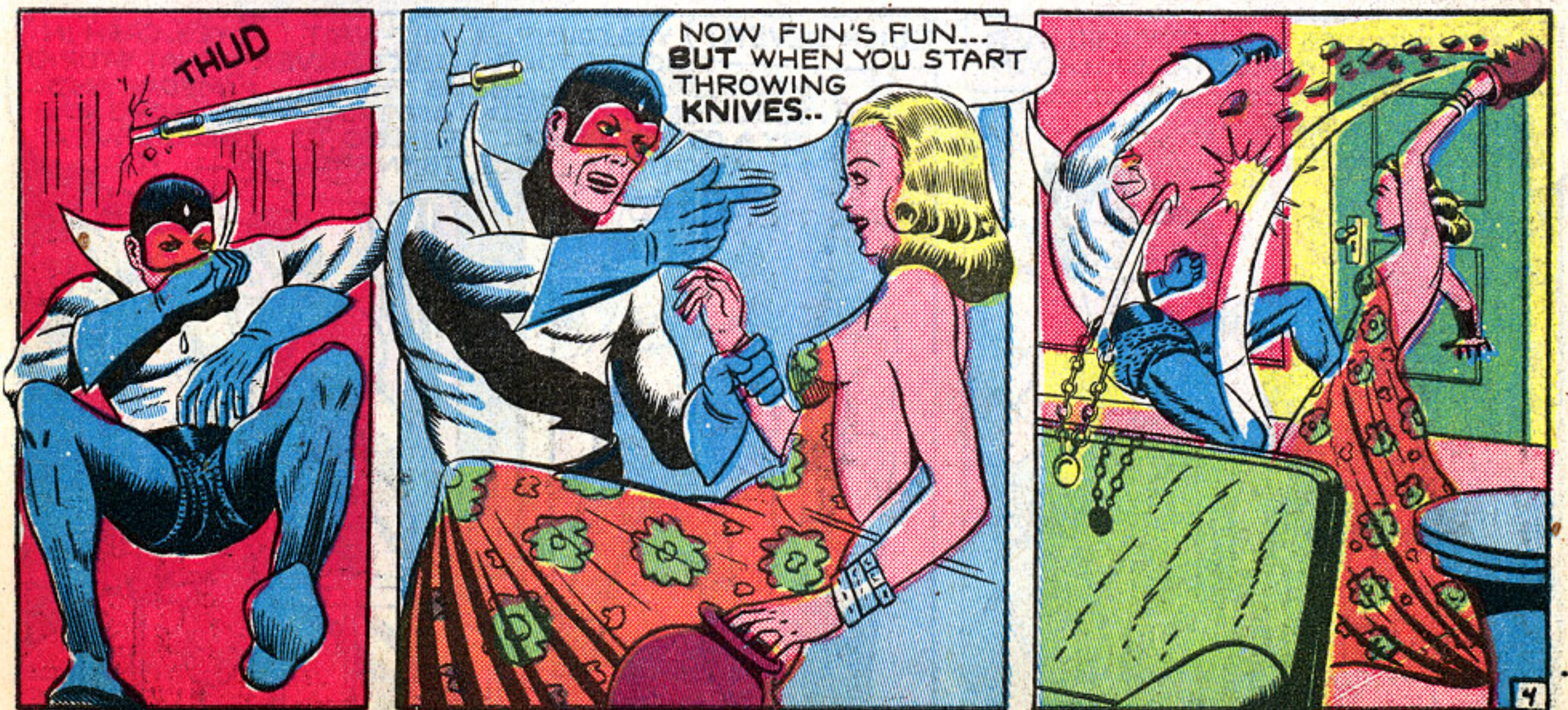
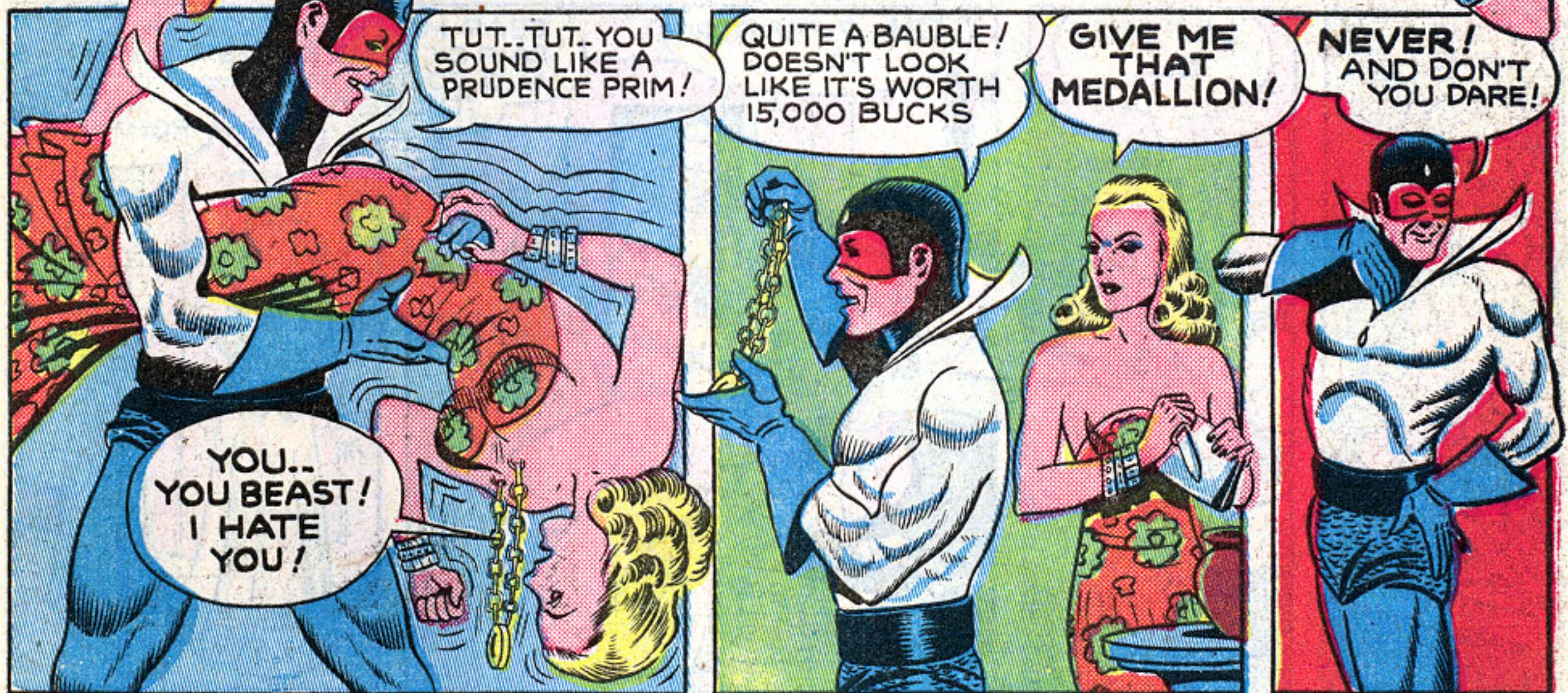
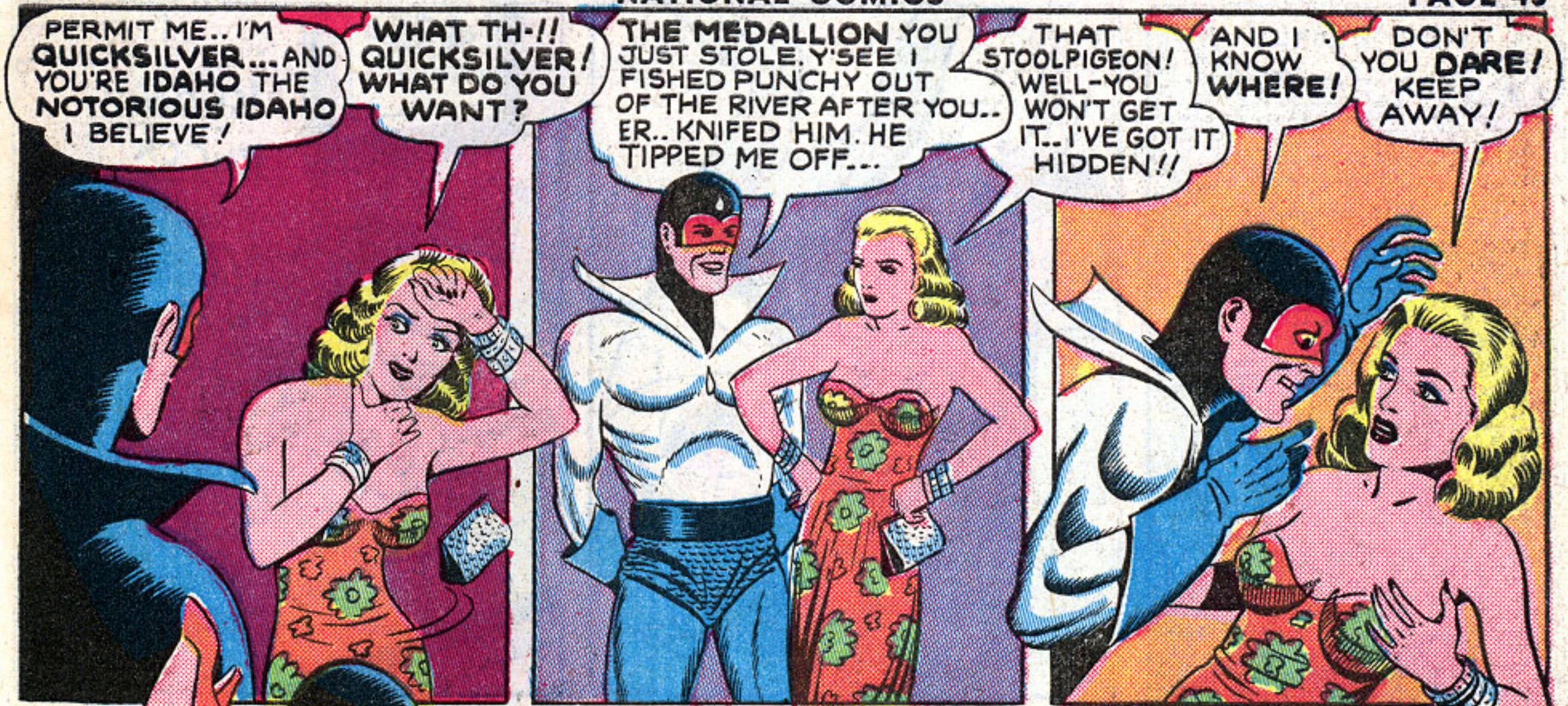
HEH HEH!

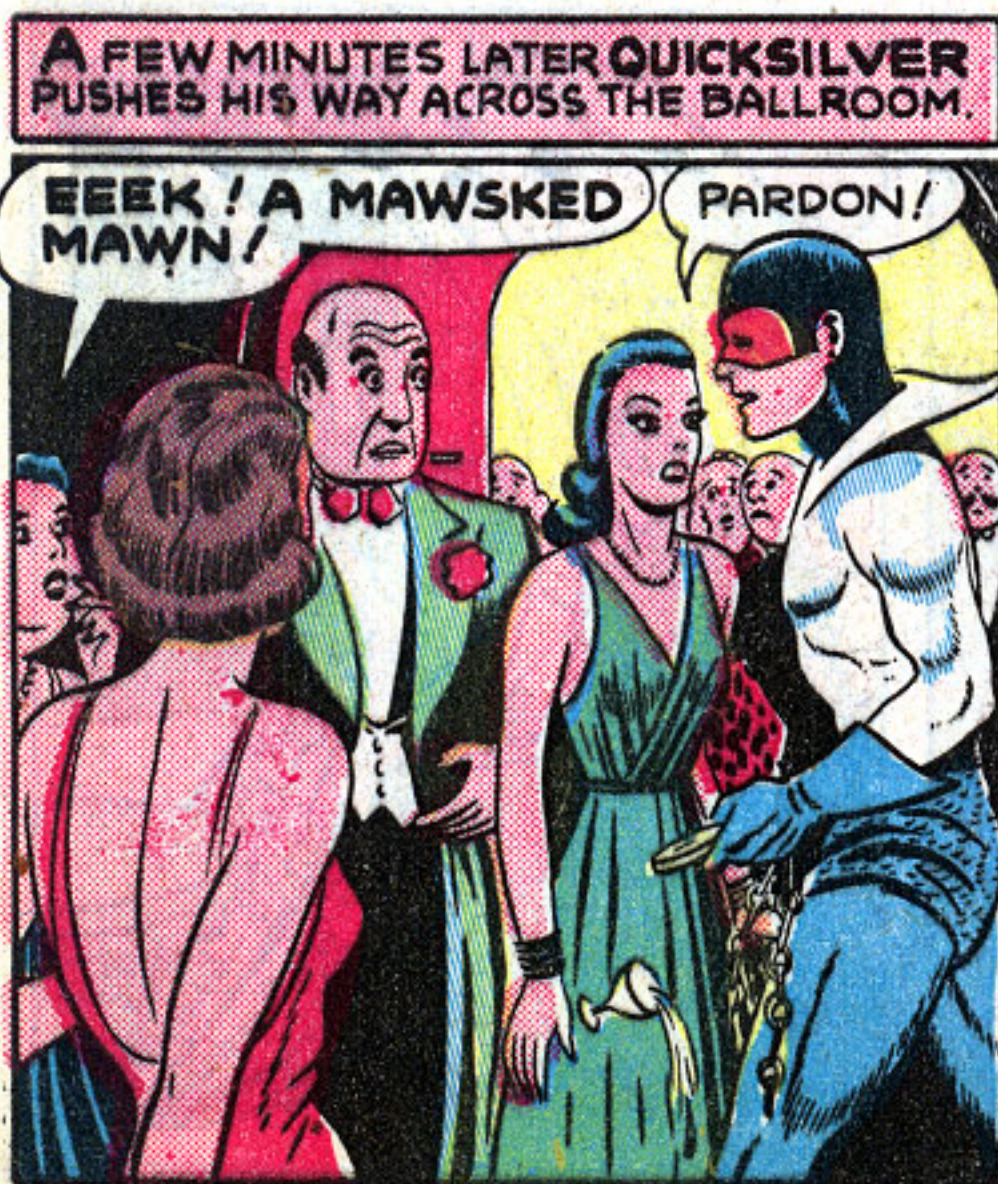
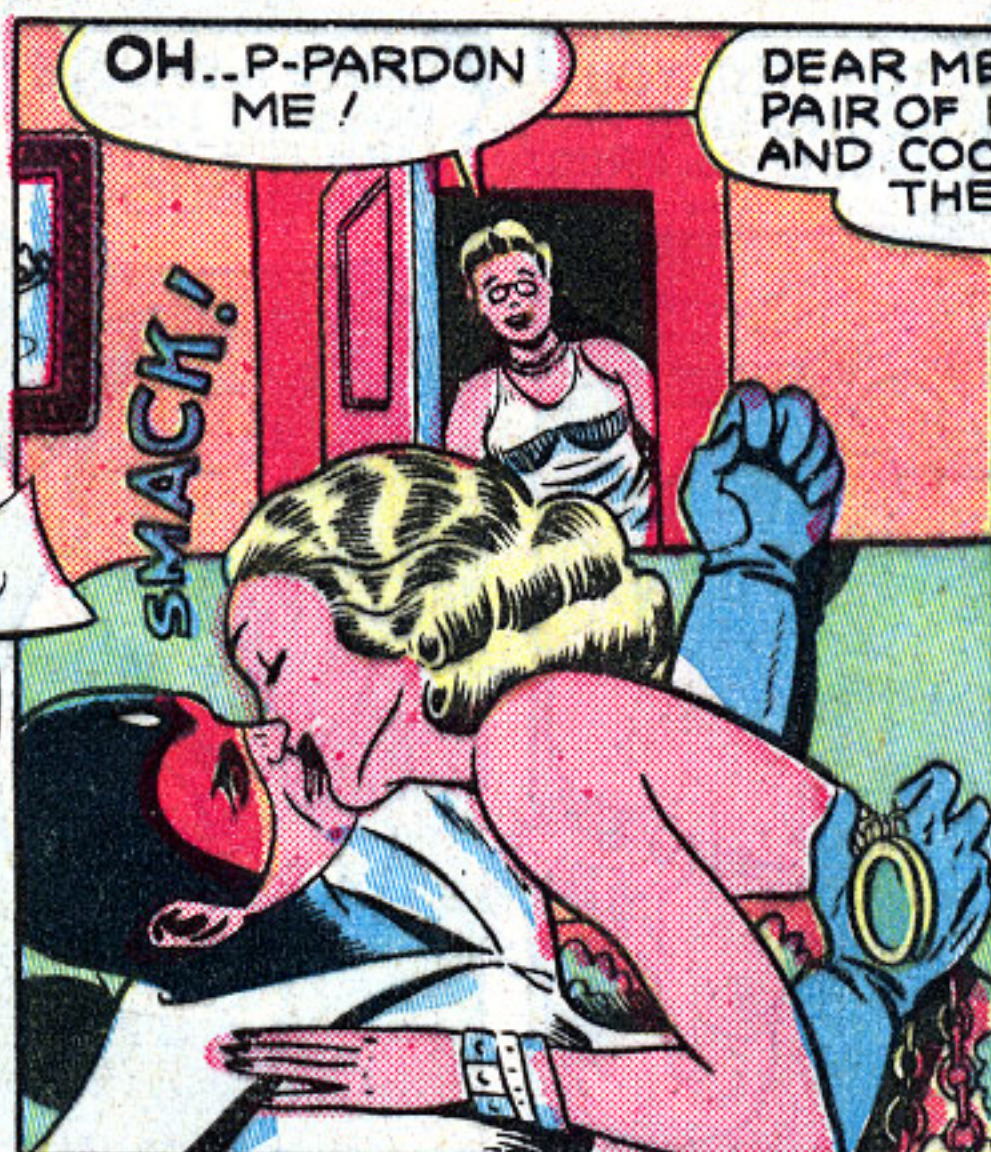
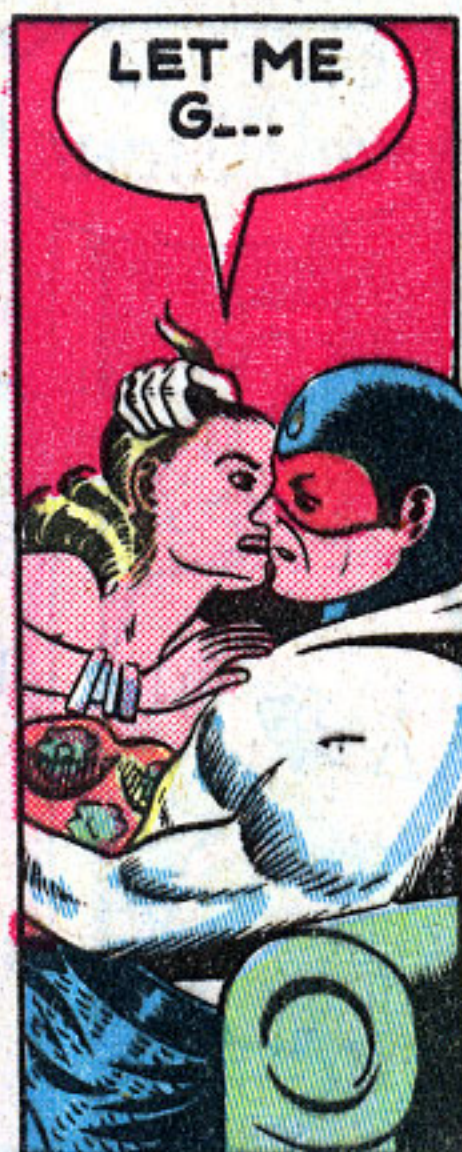
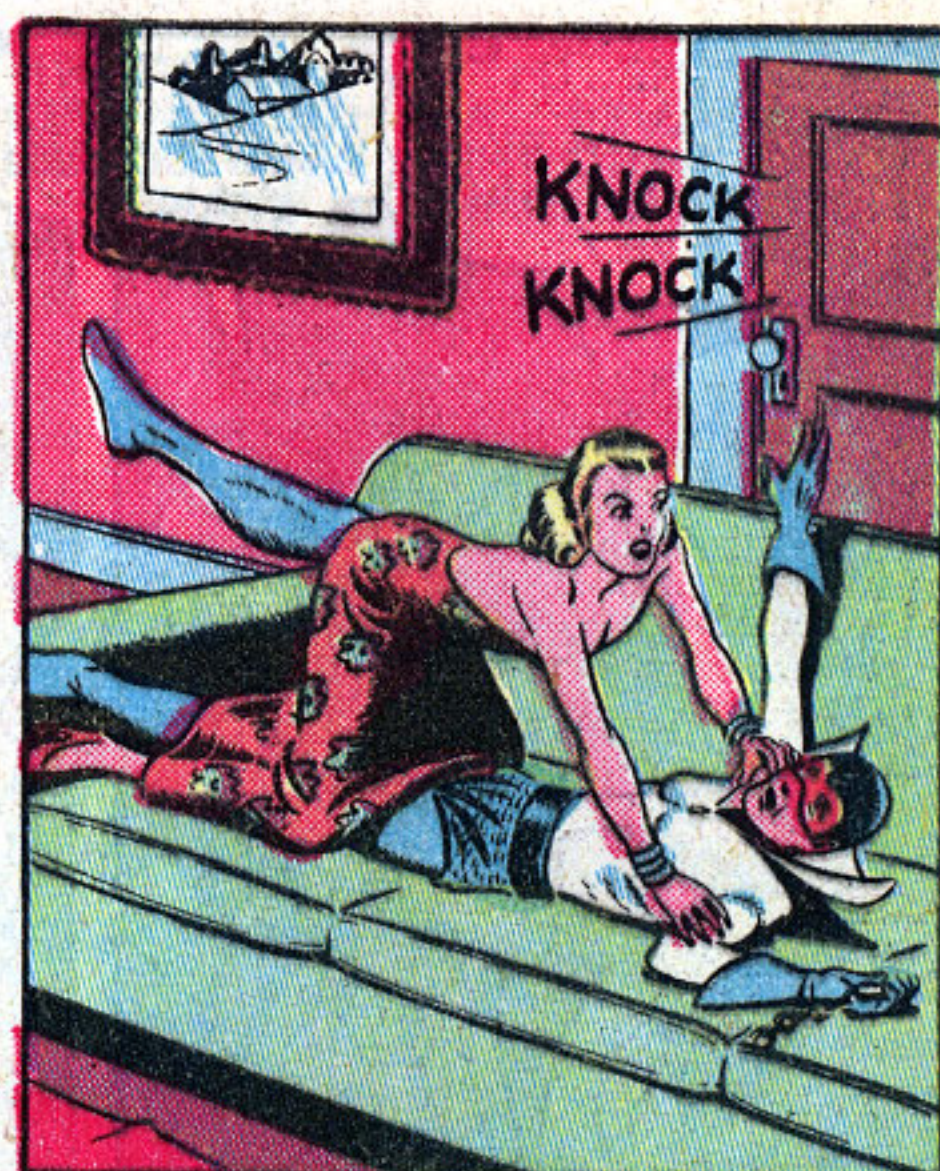
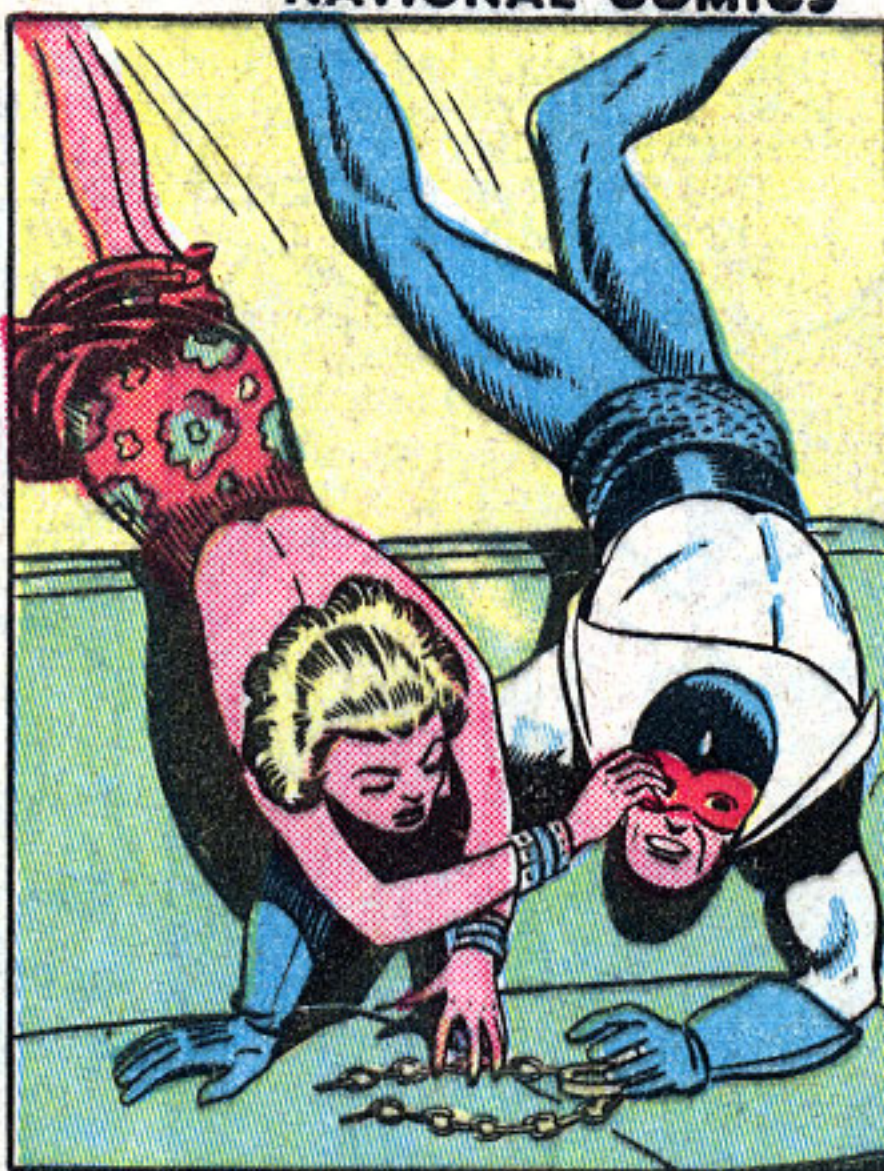
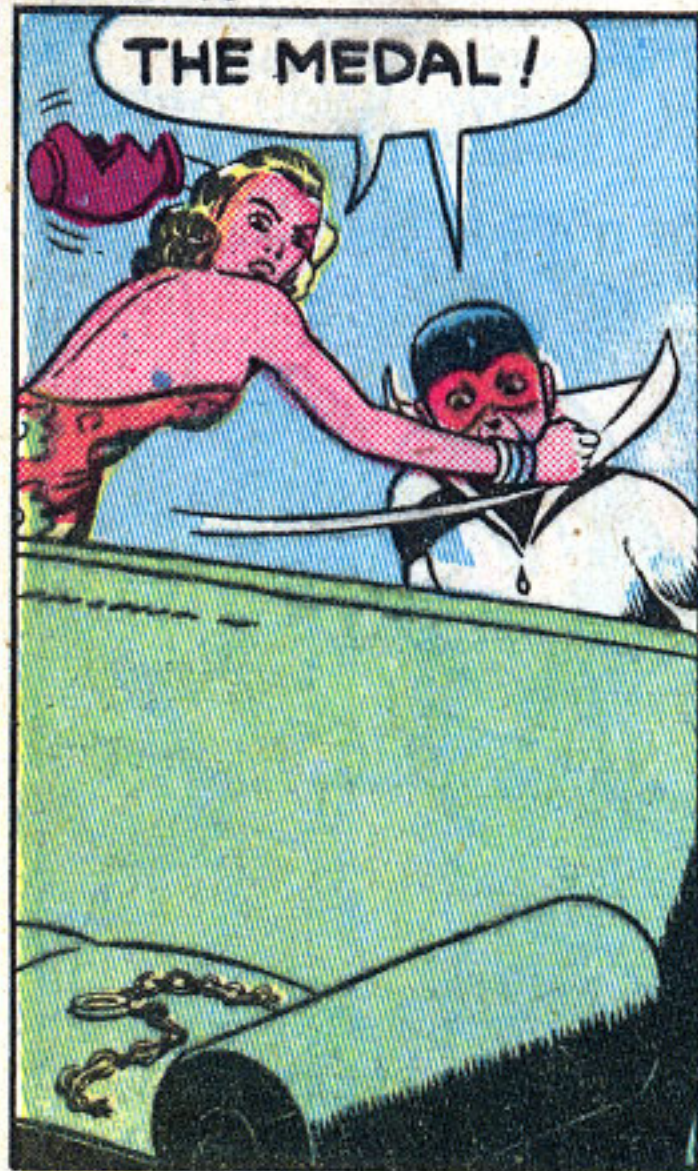


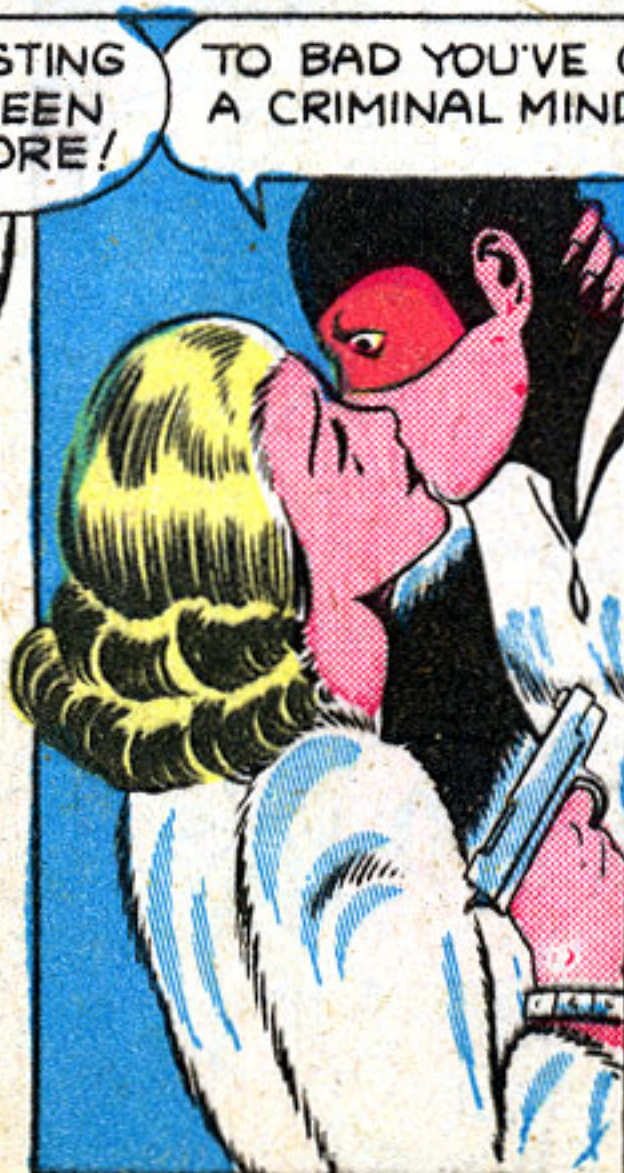
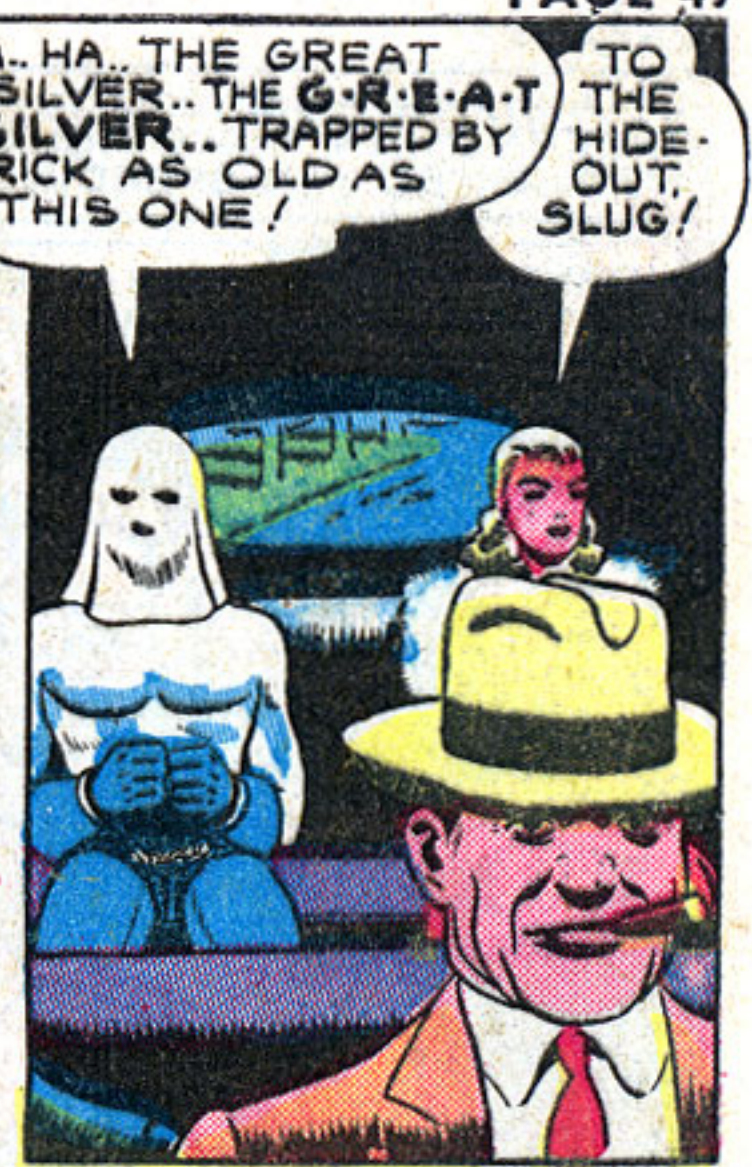
IDAHO HEADS FOR A SECLUDED LOUNGE OFF THE MAIN BALLROOM.

NOW I'LL TAKE THIS MEDALLION TO A FENCE, PRONTO!

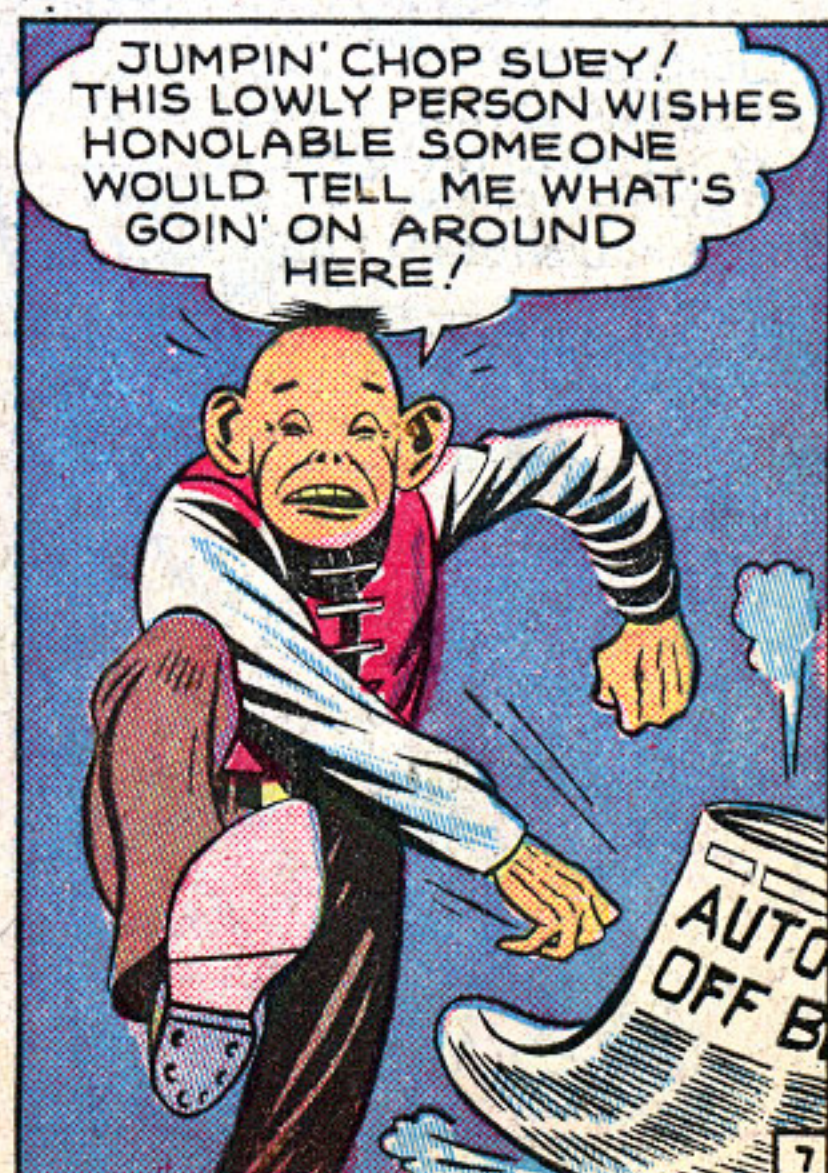
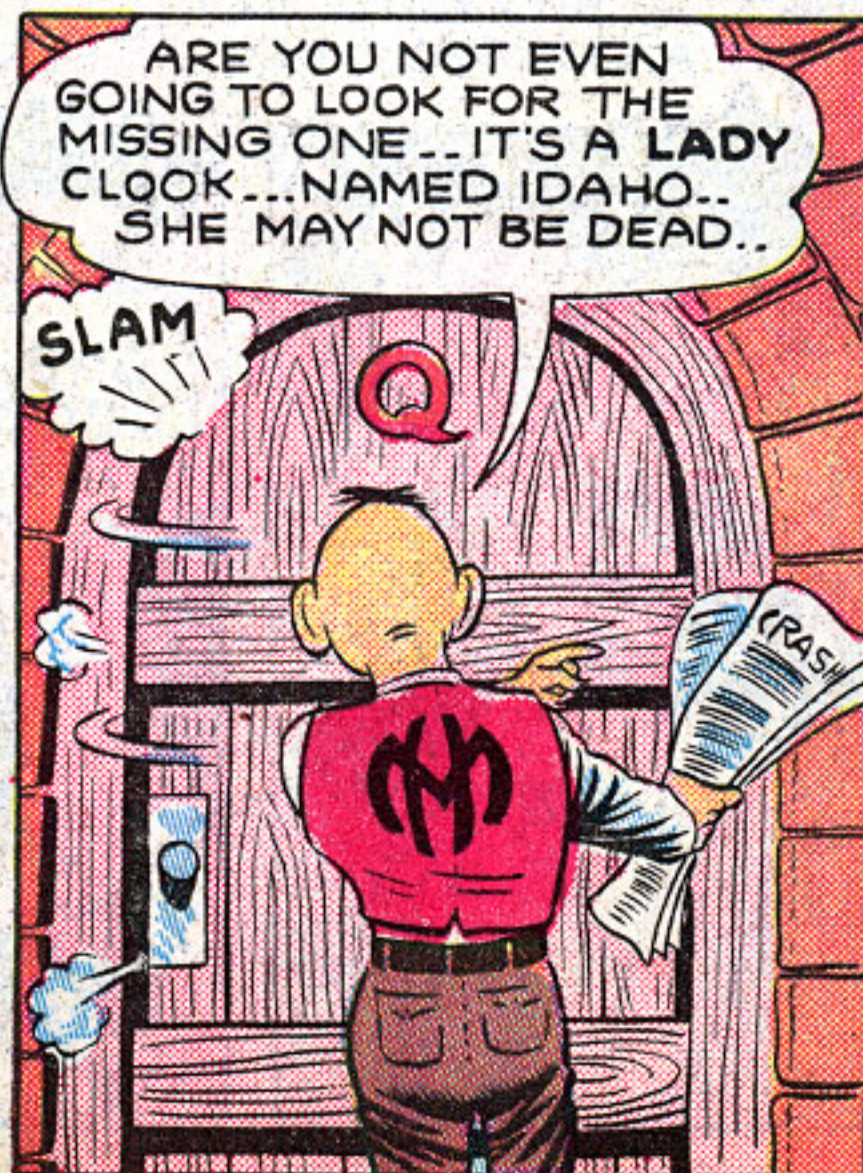
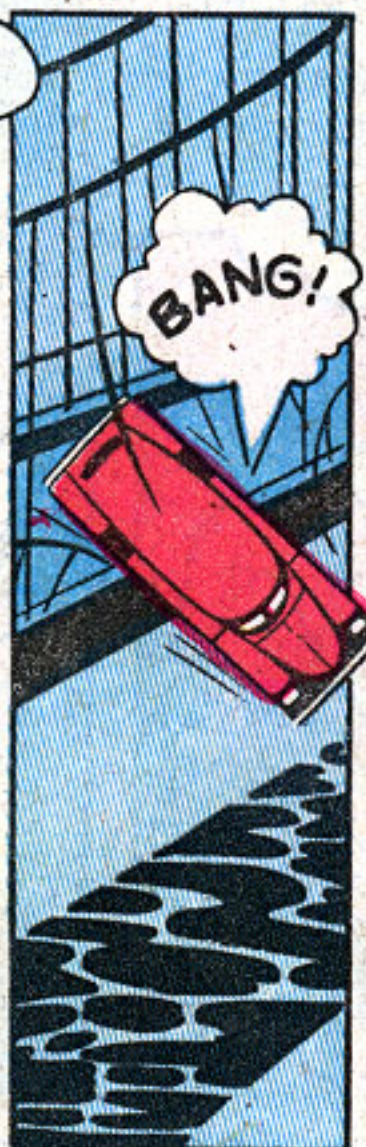
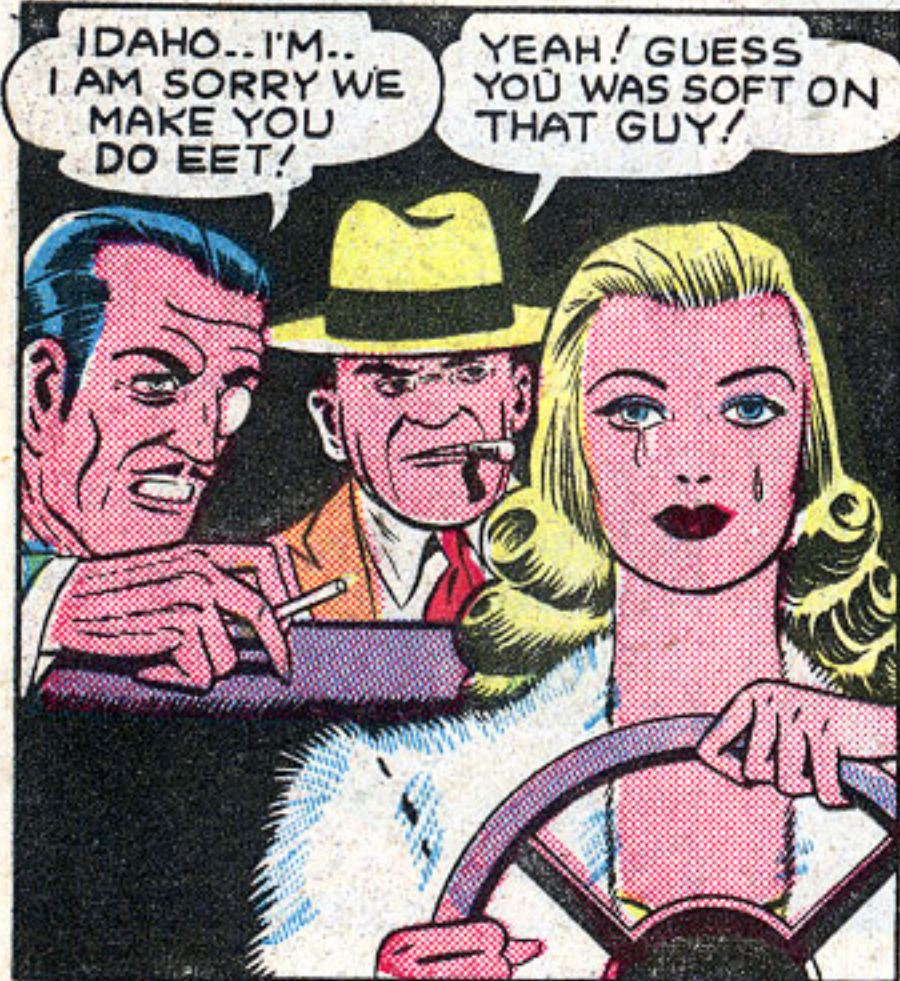


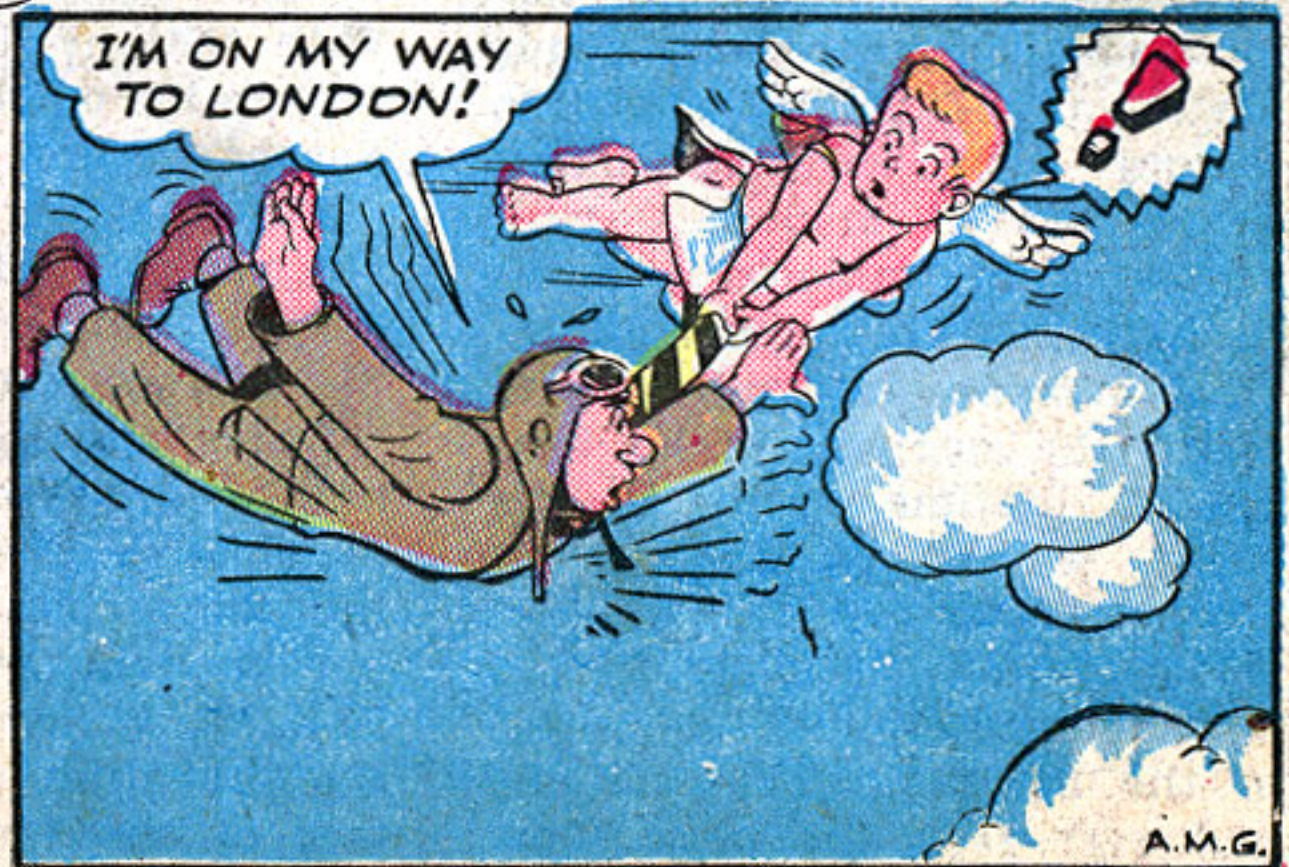
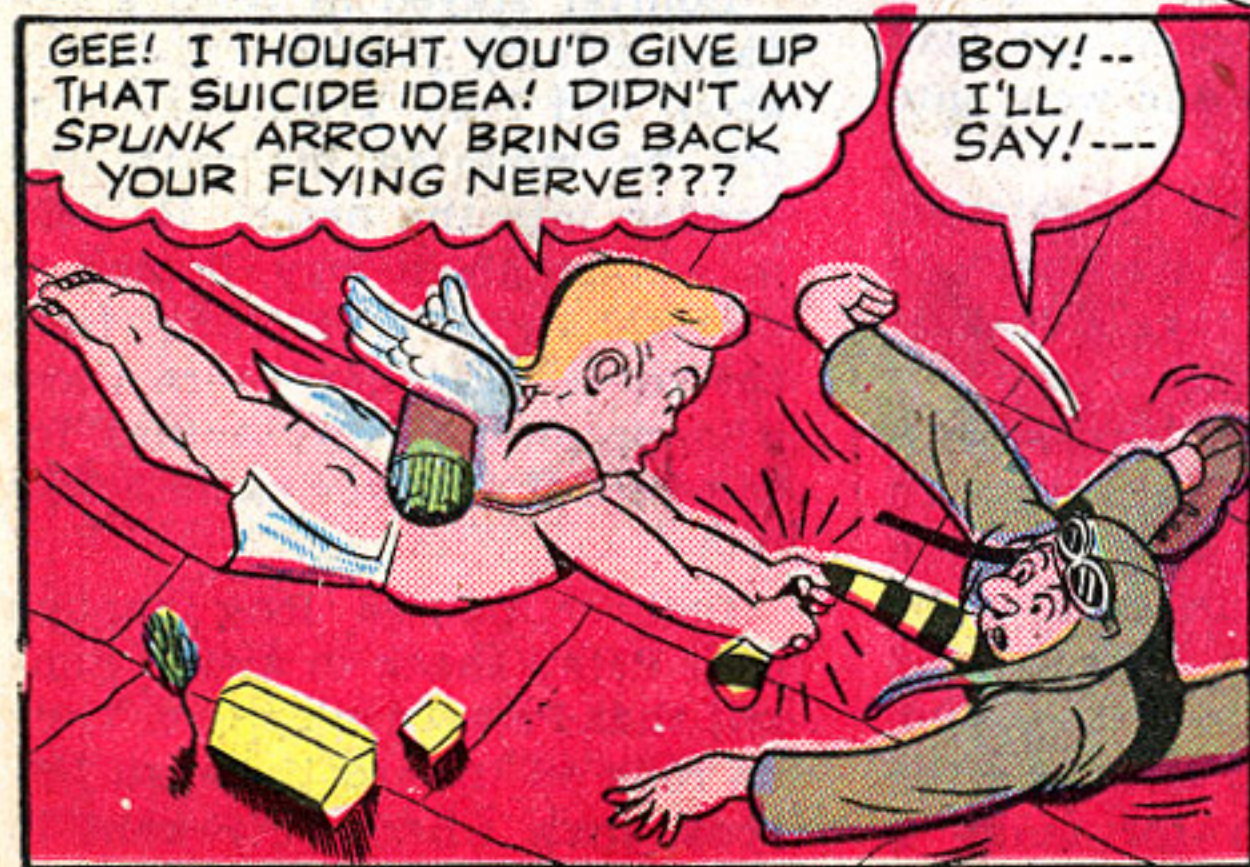
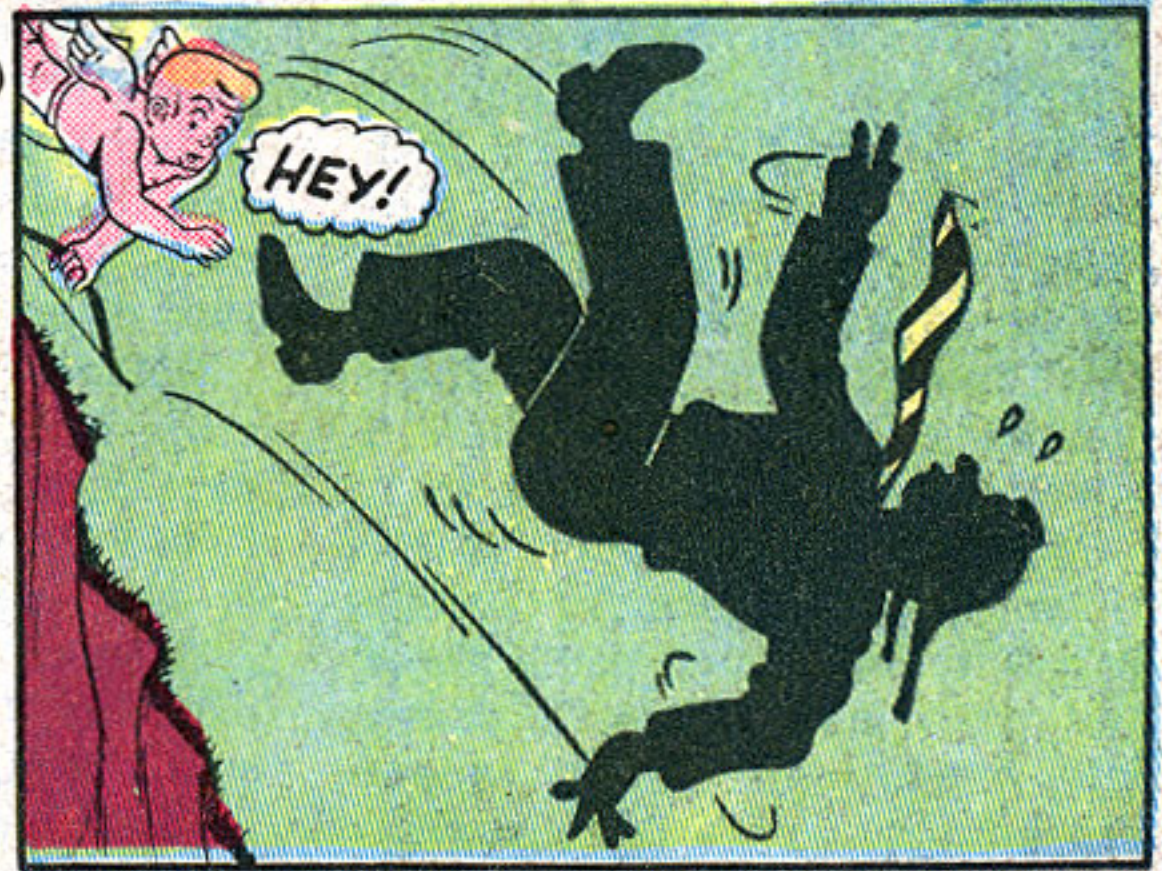
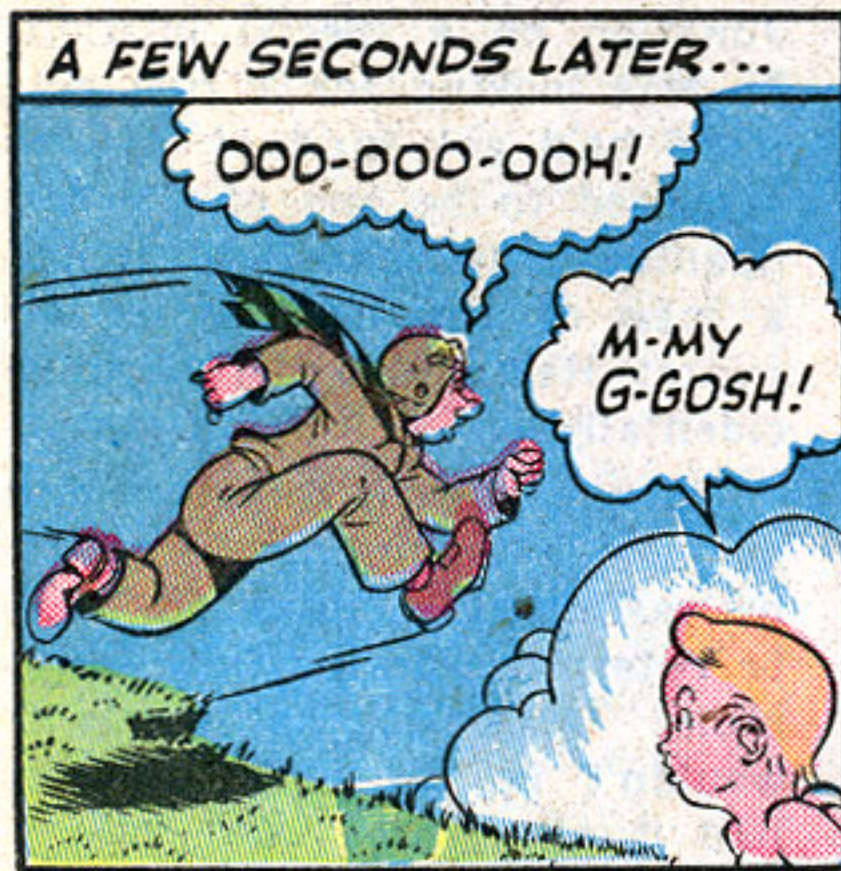
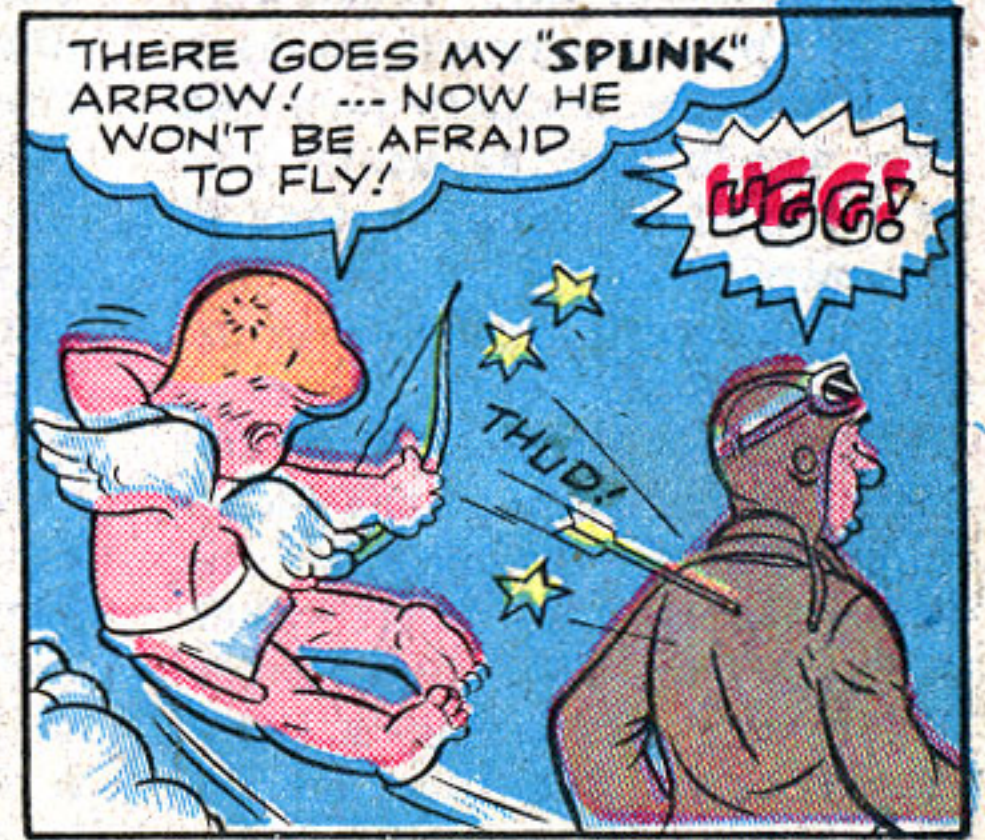
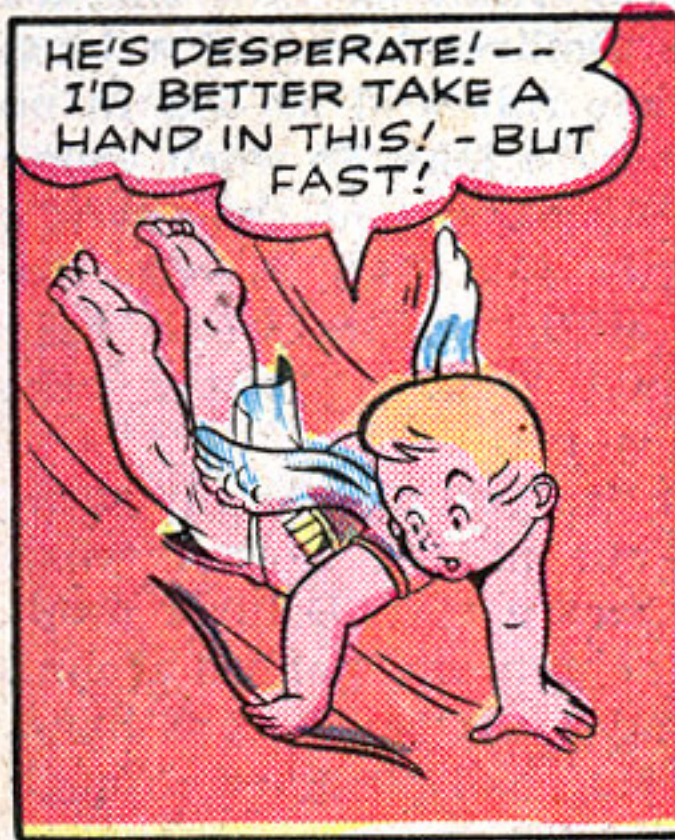
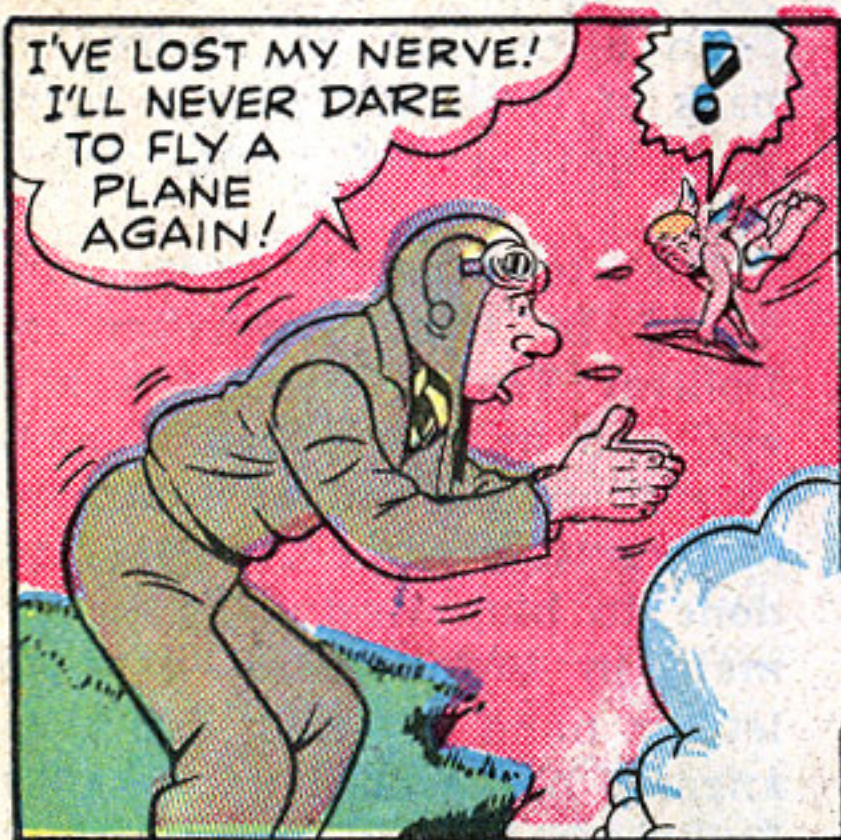
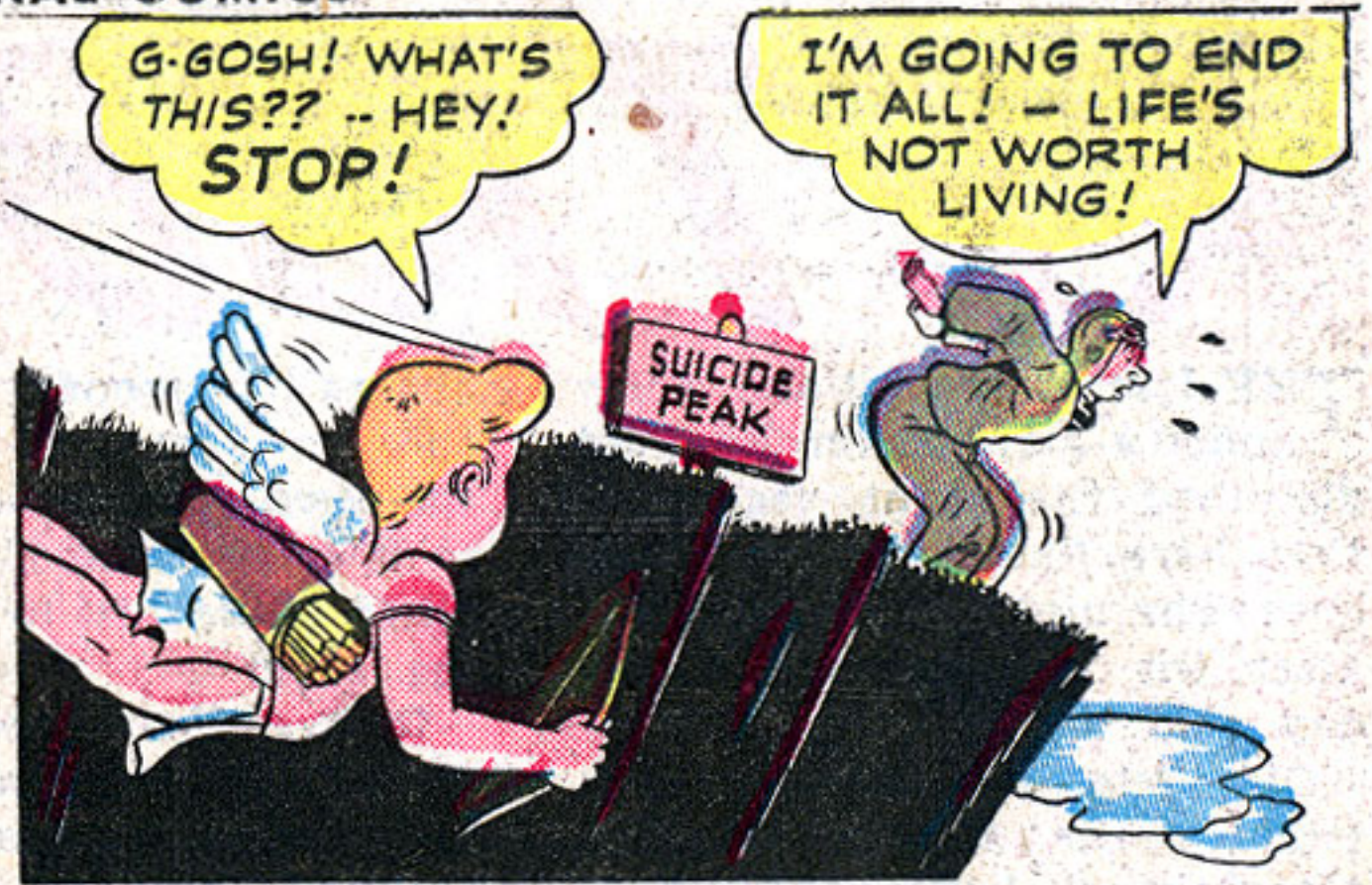
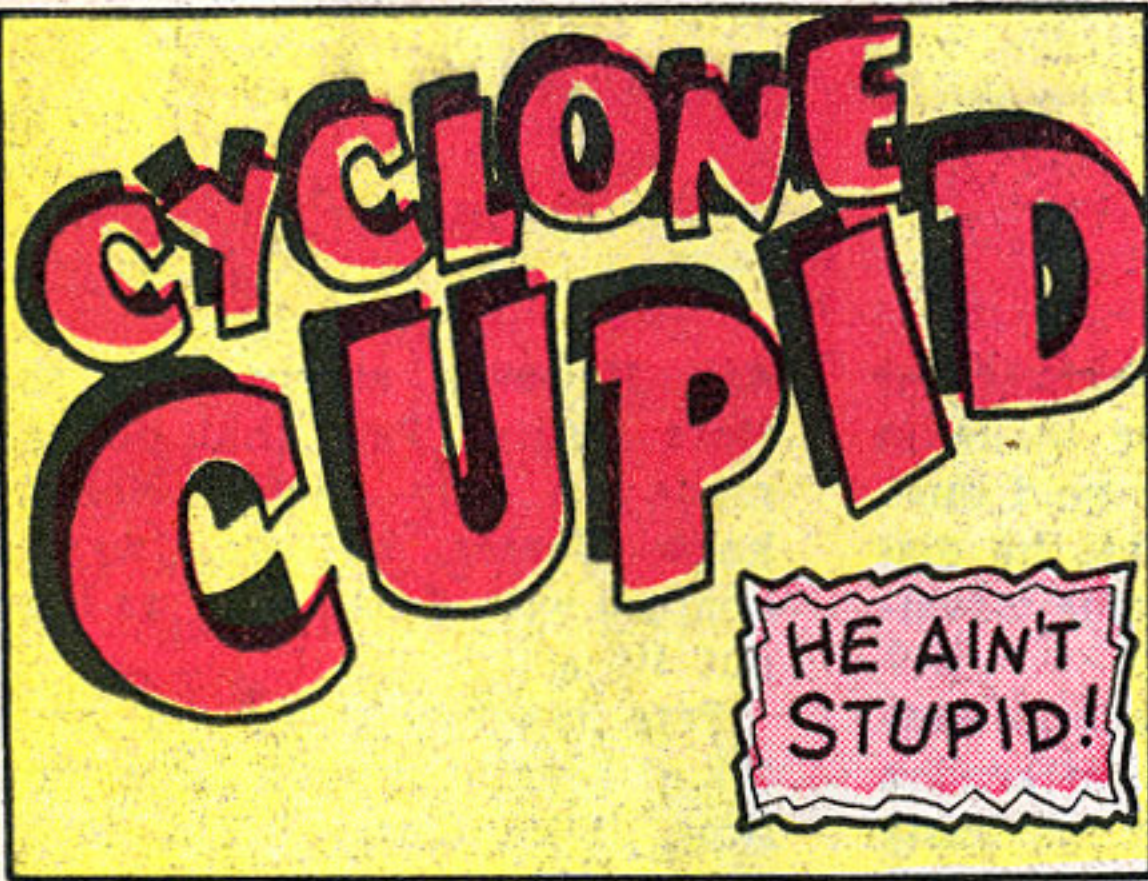






ON A HIGHWAY HEADED TOWARD THE CITY LIMITS THREE FIGURES SIT SLUMPED IN A SPEEDING CAR.





RETRIBUTION

THE desert lay quiet and lonely under a giant moon. No wind disturbed the scant vegetation that here fought for an existence. The night was crisply cool after the burning sun of the day.

Old Pete Bentham, mystery man of the Mojave, slouched along ahead of three laden burros, his big hat shoved far back from his thin, leathery face. Old Pete was happy, as usual, and he whistled a strange melody of his own making. It was said that Old Pete invented songs for every moon and every place.

Little was known about Old Pete, other than that the oldest timers in the region swore he was walking the desert when their fathers were youngsters. Which was undoubtedly a slight exaggeration. But the fact remained that Old Pete wasn't exactly a youth any more. Seventy—ninety—no one knew. Nor did Pete. Ask him his age and with a twinkle in his watery blue eyes, he'd stretch a hand toward the towering mountains to the east and say "Wal, them mountings was here when I come, an' we both be here yit!"

Pete had a shack about three miles from the town of Saddle Bag Junction, which you'll never find on a map. It was a pretty wild town, made up of copper and gold miners, a few cowmen, and quite a number of just questionable gents who made their way by gambling and in various ways cheating honest people out of money.

Pete seldom mingled with the townspeople. They didn't understand him anyway, and he preferred the company of his burros. A lifetime spent in the silent wastes of the desert changes men considerably.

It was said that Pete worked a secret gold mine somewhere in the mountains, but no one had ever seen the mine. Pete

always had money, however, for the few purchases he made in the town store. Never gold dust, so it was assumed that he disposed of his dust to some traveling buyer.

Dolliver Yeates rode into Saddle Bag Junction, one afternoon and dismounted from his dusty roan in front of the sheriff's office. Dolliver had had a long, tiresome ride and he was in no mood for a joke. So when young Clay Hobbs, one of the sheriff's deputies, said, "Ah, it looks like that cattle rustler we've been huntin'." Dolliver Yeates went for his gun.

But the gun had hardly slithered out of the holster when there was a roar. Dolliver dropped the gun and hopped around holding a shattered right hand. A .45 slug had ploughed through it. The few persons who were in evidence looked up the street, where old Pete Bentham came stalking, leading his burros, and now carefully putting his Colt back. He began singing a tuneless ditty.

Dolliver Yeates was in a towering rage, and shouted for the deputy to arrest Pete. By this time Pete was standing in front of the angry stranger.

"I take it ye was aimin' to drill my friend Clay here," he said. "Wal, stranger, ye'll have to l'arn to draw faster'n that to beat Old Pete on the pull!" With that he dropped the lead rope to his burros and went into Yeager's Store.

Yeates swore and threatened, but was persuaded eventually to let Doc Summers take a look at his shattered hand.

Inside the store, the several hangers-on eyed Old Pete with new interest. None had ever seen him draw his gun before. No one thought that dreamy Old Pete knew how to use a gun. But that draw! It would be the talk of the town for many a

day. However, everyone in the store assured Pete that he had made an ugly enemy. Nobody knew Yeates, but he "was a hombre with a bad eye," as they put it.

Pete laughed it off. "I been takin' keer of myself for a long time, folks. Guess I kin do so yet a spell," was all he said. Soon after that he loaded his pack of foodstuffs onto a burro and headed into the desert again.

The townspeople were not wrong in their estimation of Dolliver Yeates. He had a bad eye, and he was a bad hombre to rile up. He had no intention of forgetting what Old Pete had done to him. He'd have to remain in town several days to let his hand get well, and that angered him even more. Because Dolliver had come to Saddle Bag Junction on a special mission: he was looking for a rich gold mine he'd got wind of. It was supposed to be one of the lost Spanish mines, and Dolliver had a map of the location in his pocket. He'd stolen the map, incidentally.

When he heard the story and mystery surrounding Old Pete he was mightily interested. Maybe Pete was working that secret mine! Well, if he was, he wouldn't be for long! Dolliver had it all figured out.

Dolliver stayed in town a few days, making judicious inquiries about Old Pete. Then one evening he mounted his roan and headed into the desert. He rode in a roundabout way, hoping to deceive anyone watching from the town, but there were those who prophesied dire things for Old Pete if Dolliver came across him.

Dolliver paused long enough near Pete's shack to assure himself that Pete wasn't there. Then he rode on toward the east. Nobody knew where Pete went in

the desert mountains, nor did Dolliver. But he meant to find out, and find out in a hurry! Dolliver, when he made up his mind to do something, did it without hesitancy and he didn't tolerate delays in his plans.

"Meddlesome old buzzards," he grated as he swayed in the saddle. "I'll drill him full of holes when I find him!" And you could see that Dolliver meant every word of it.

He rode all that night, keeping an eye out for campfires. But he saw none. He dismounted near a small stream and prepared to make camp for the night, which was almost spent now. He'd catch a couple hours sleep and be on his way.

Old Pete Bentham cooked a leisurely breakfast of bacon and eggs, and then drank two huge tin cups of steaming coffee. One thing Pete loved, and that was a good hot breakfast. He could go the rest of the day if he had that. He saw to it that his burros were well fed even before he sat down to eat. They were his best friends.

As he washed the dishes in the little shack far up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, he sang a lonesome song. Life had been full for Old Pete. He had lived as he wanted to. He had never done any man wrong. There was nothing on his conscience. All he wanted was peace, and to be let alone. Well—one other thing: He wanted his son and grandchildren to have the gold he had dug out of the earth. He hadn't seen his son since the boy was seven years old. Then Old Pete had left home, gone to Alaska, and years later drifted south, to become a lonely prospector—and a man of mystery. Occasionally he heard in a roundabout way from his son. That's how he had learned that the boy had two children, which made Old Pete a grandfather. That made him very proud.

Old Pete knew, however, that he would never fit into the social circle of his son's friends and family, so he had never

gone back to the eastern city he'd left so many years before. When he died, his boy would receive a heap of gold. There was a heap of it too, Old Pete told himself. Hidden far back in the mine he'd been working so many years. The mystery mine.

He worked nearly all day and dug out many a fine nugget, to be stored in the hidden place five hundred feet back in the mountain.

Dolliver Yeates worked hard that day too—searching for Old Pete's mine. Toward evening he came upon a trail, little used, but he could see that burros had gone that way recently. Old Pete's trail! He followed it for an hour, at last coming to a narrow pass between high cliffs. Then he saw the cabin in a little cleared space, and the hole of the mine nearby. As he stood looking, Old Pete came out of the mine, singing a song. Dolliver exulted. So the old coot was working the Spanish mine! This was it, all right, just as the map indicated. Well—

Dolliver trudged down the path and accosted Pete, his hand hovering close to his gun butt. Pete looked at him. He was unarmed.

"Oh, you again," he said. "Wal, come in an' have a bite."

"Don't try anything funny,

Bentham. I want the gold you've dug out of *my* mine. I want it now. So start talking!"

Pete laughed. "Your mine, mister? I've had this mine fer thirty year. She's mine. What's more—"

Pete never finished. Dolliver shot him in his tracks.

"Your mine, huh?" he grated. "Was your mine mebbe. But now it's Dolliver Yeates' mine!"

Dolliver sheathed his gun. He'd go get his horse and wait till morning to search for the gold. It was getting too dark. He had gone ten paces when a horrible vise-like thing clamped down on his leg. A bear trap! Dolliver screamed with pain. But he could not get the steel loose. He fired his pistol empty at the heavy jaws, but it did no good. He was caught!

Nearly a month passed before Dolliver was found. Deputy Sheriff Clay Hobbs found him, dead as a door nail, still caught in the trap. He found Old Pete, too, with a hole through his head. And it was easy to piece together the story of the murder and its quick retribution. He found a will, written in Old Pete's scrawly handwriting, leaving everything to his son and grandchildren.

And so ends the story of Old Pete Bentham and his murderer. The reward of death is death!



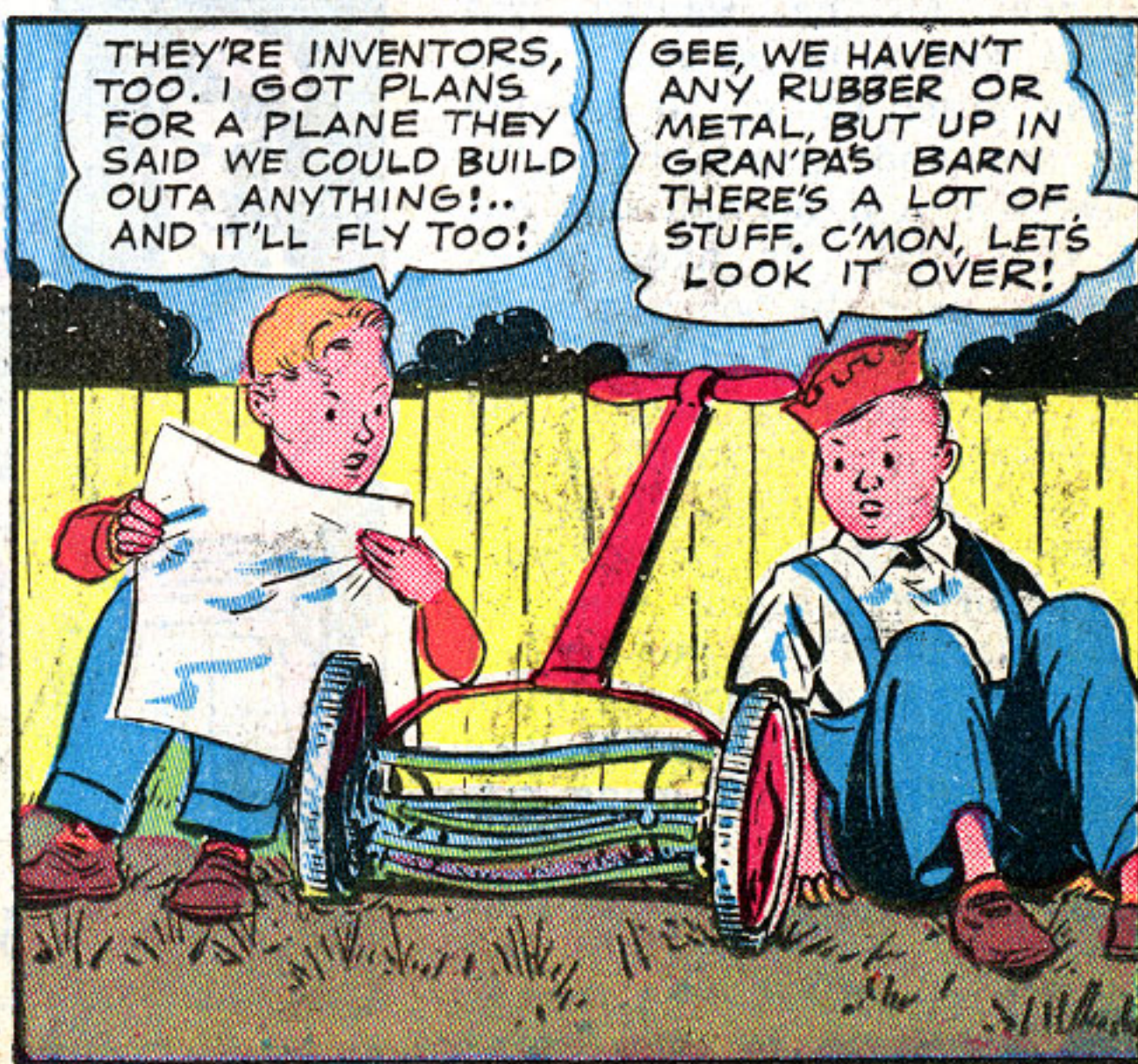
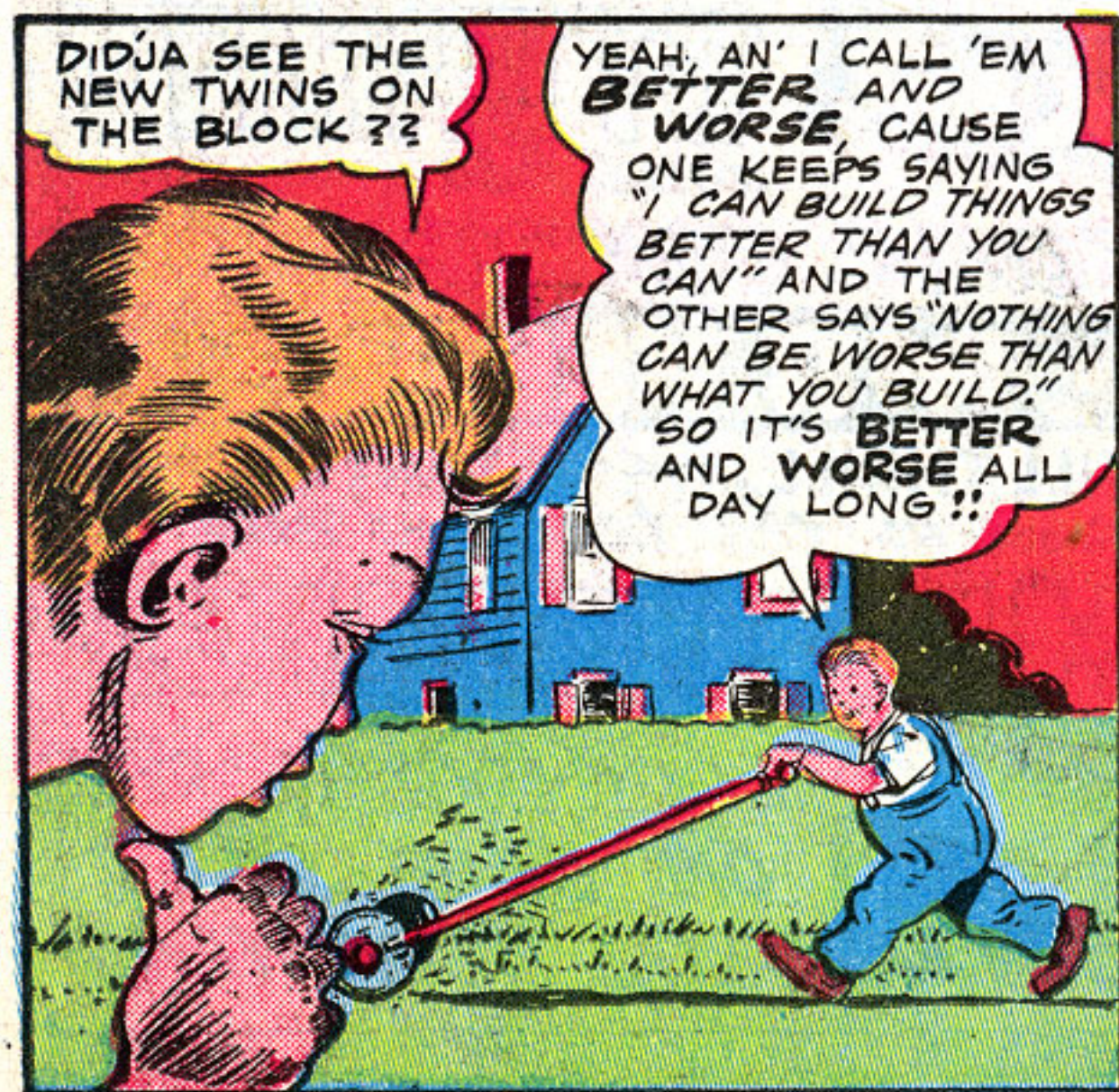
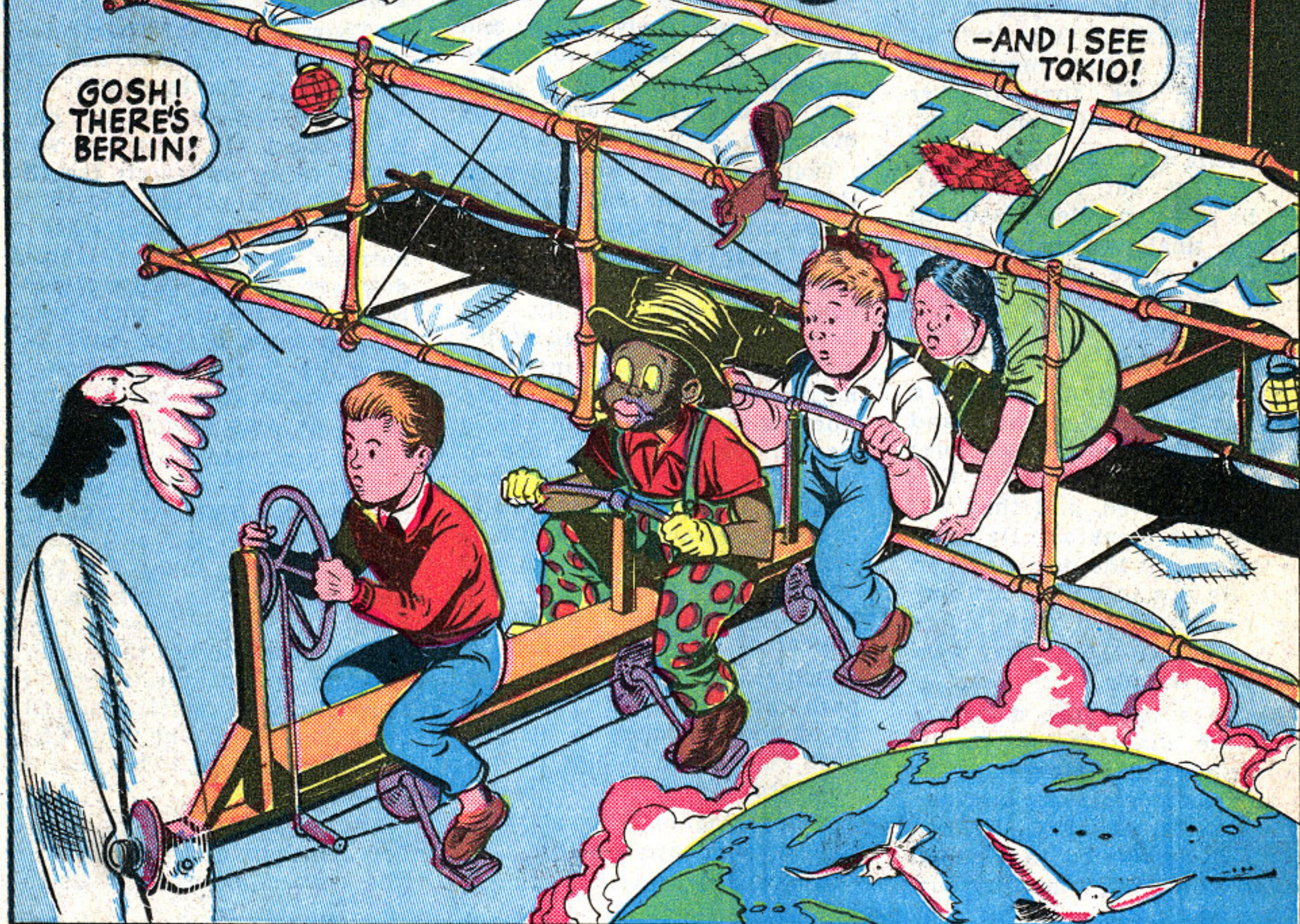
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in the terrific new
HIT COMICS

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YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**

Kid Patrol



IN GRAN'PA'S BARN...

GOOD OLD BETSY.. AND THEY THOUGHT YOUR DAY WAS OVER!

GOSH...EVERYTHING WE NEED TO MAKE THAT PLANE!!

GOSH! MAYBE WE CAN FLY OVER AN' CATCH HITLER AND HIROHITO.... WAIT, I'LL CALL THE REST OF THE GANG!

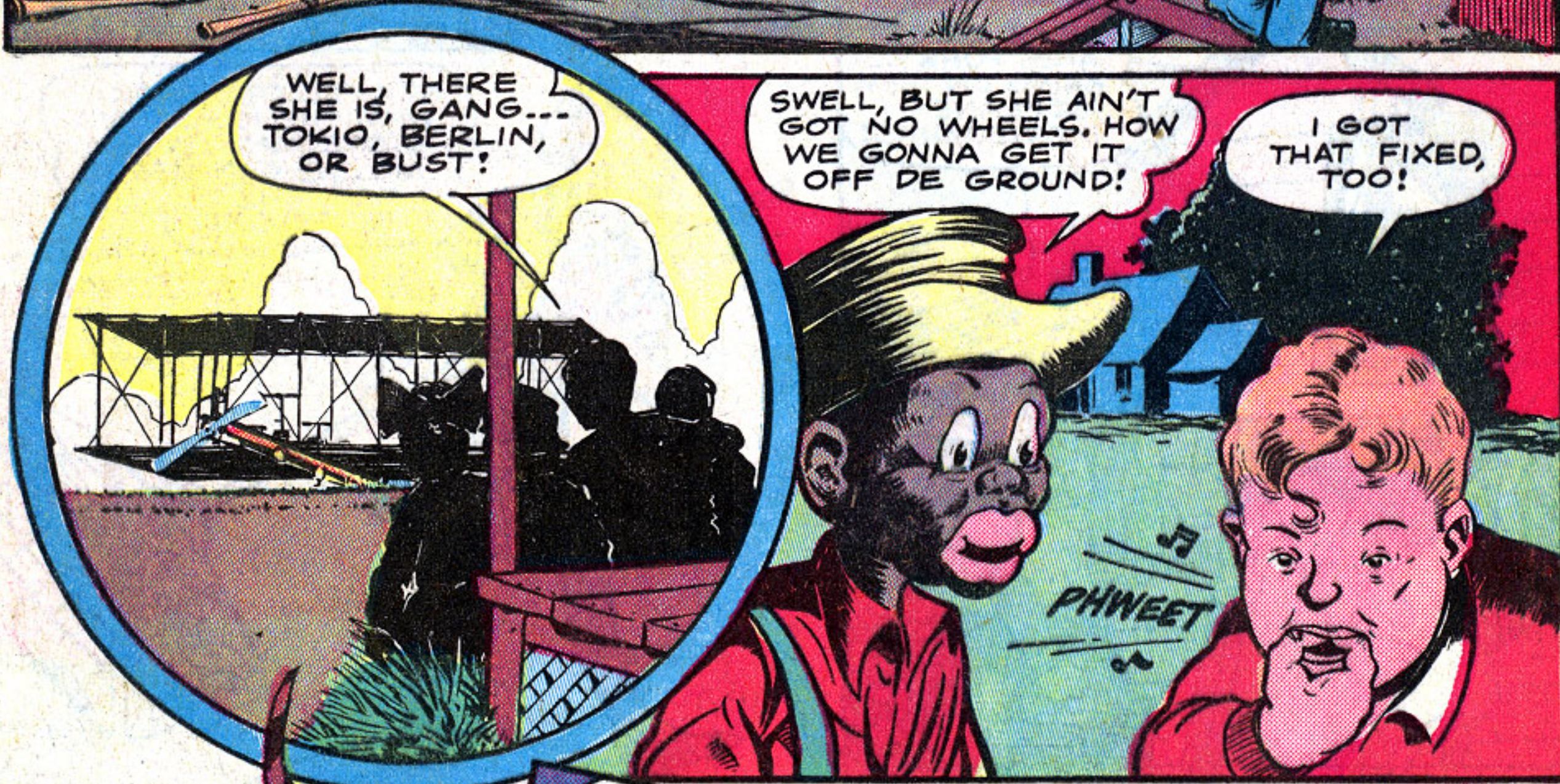
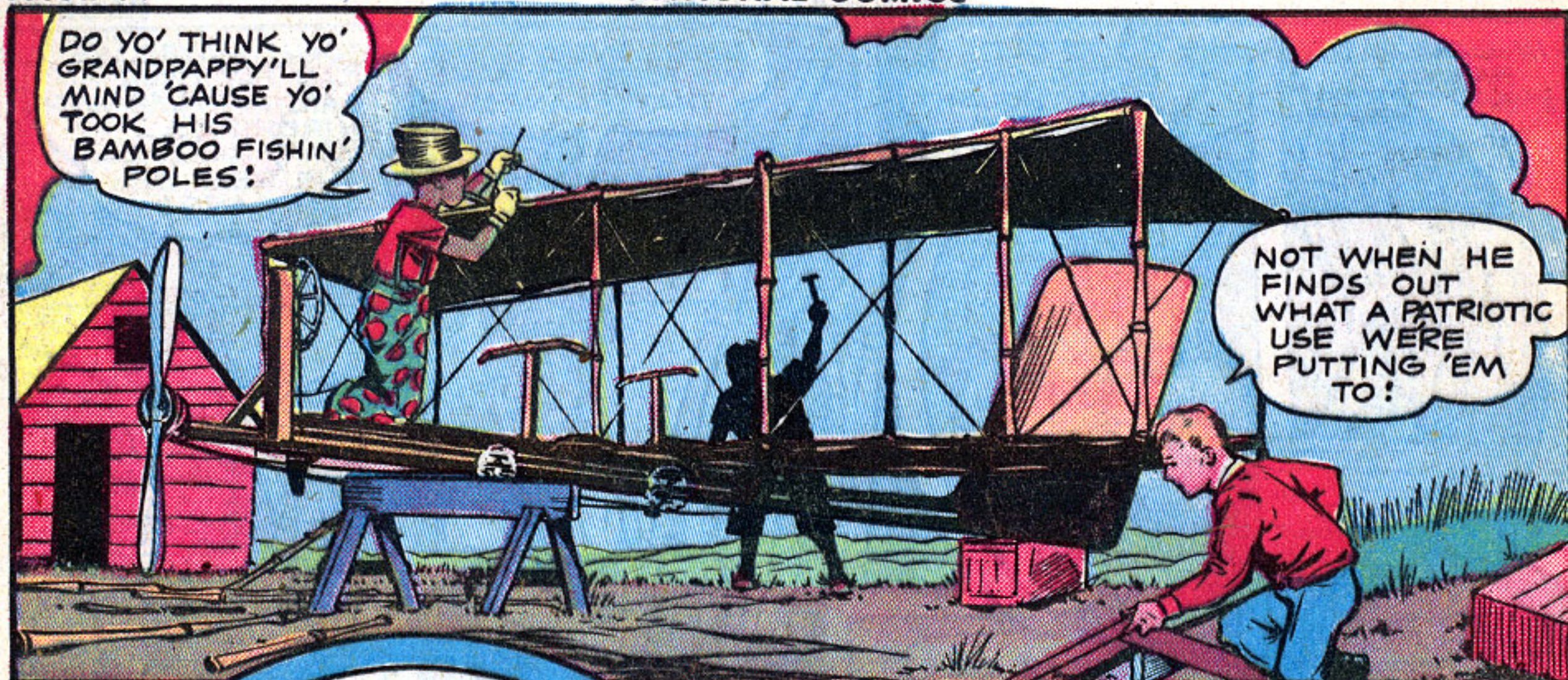
HEAH WE ARE, POHKY.. BRING ON THEM AIR PLANE INGREDYANTS!

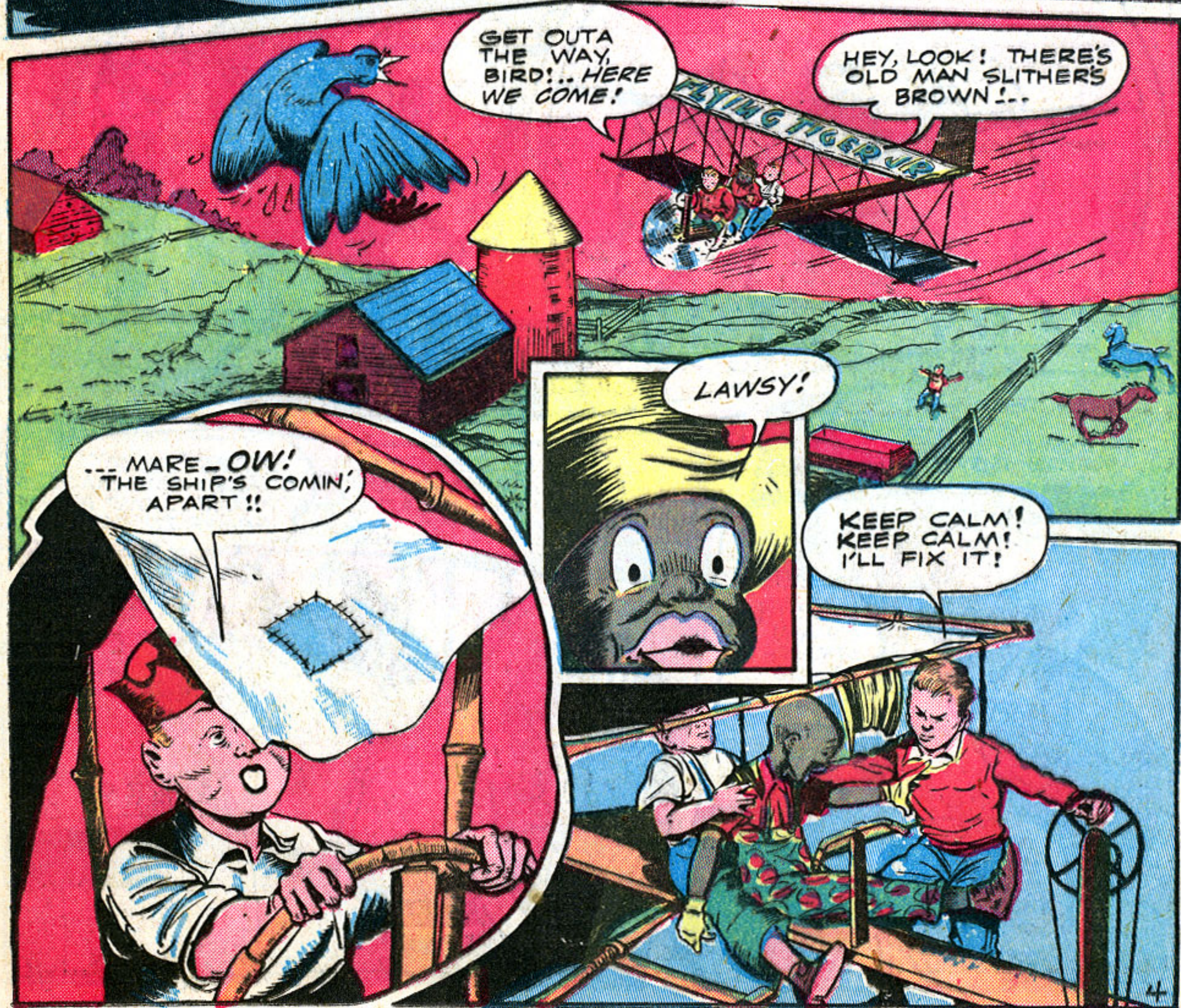
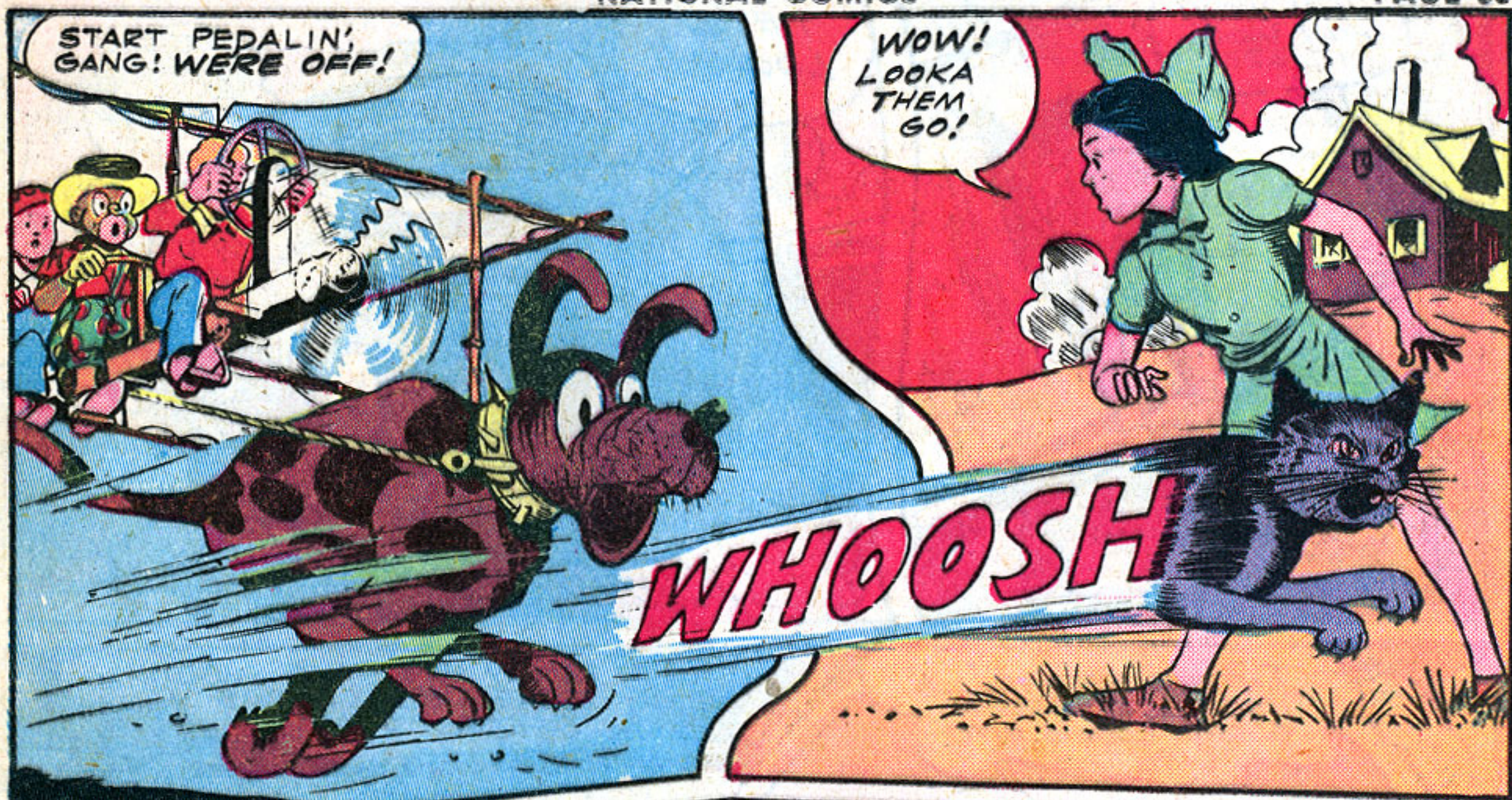
HEY, FELLERS, LOOKA WHAT THE ICE-CREAM STORE MAN GAVE ME. WE CAN USE IT FOR THE PROPELLER

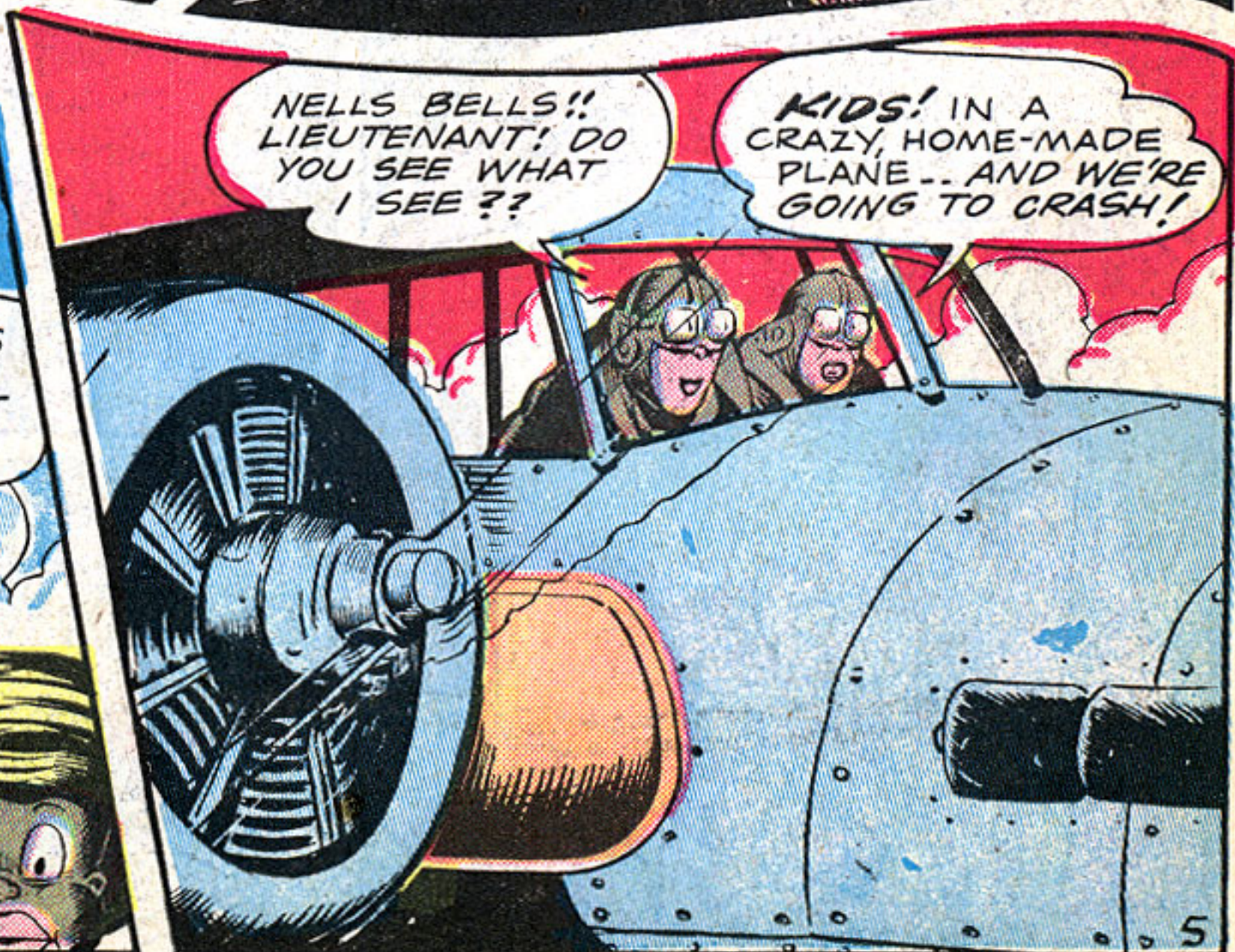
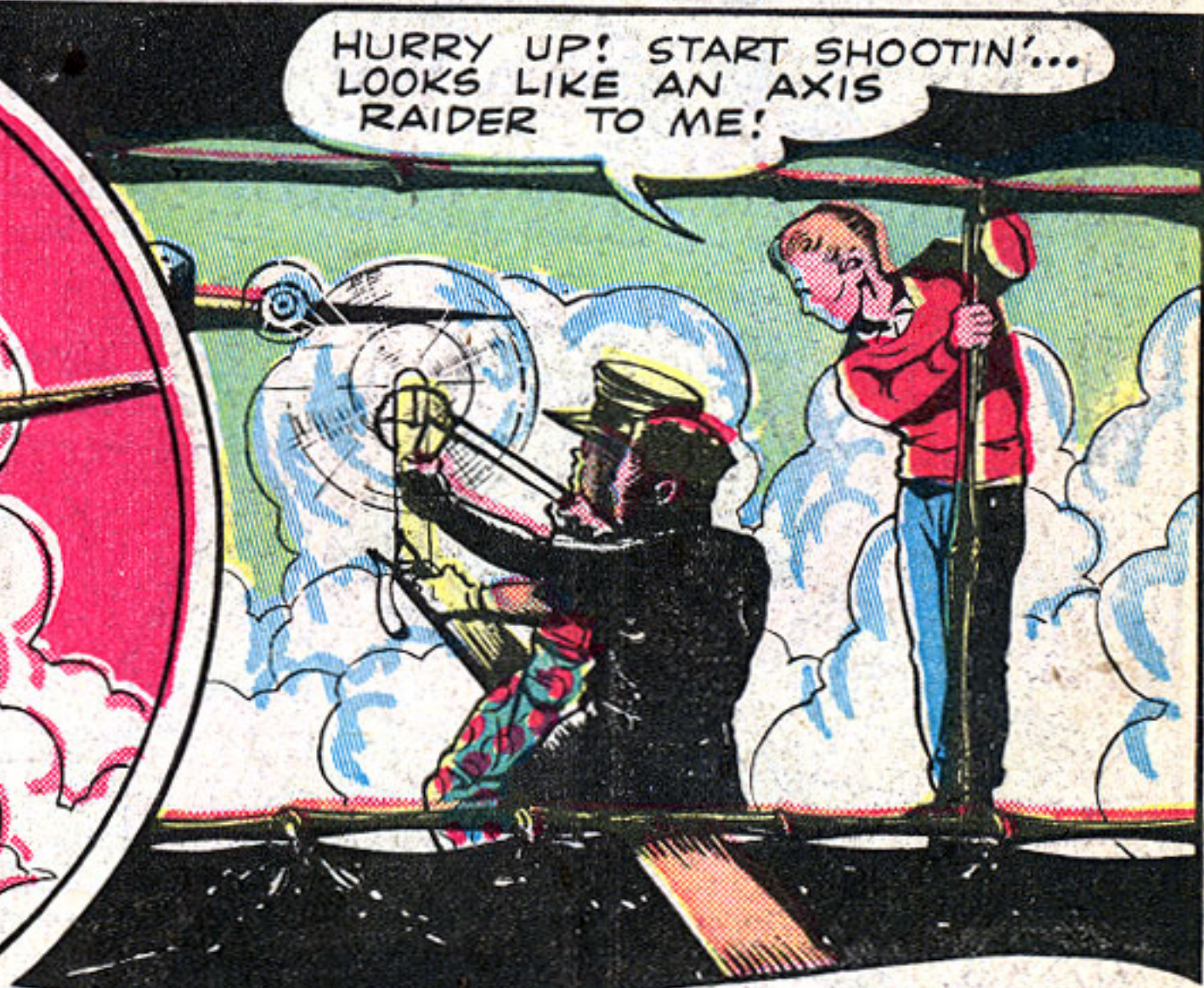
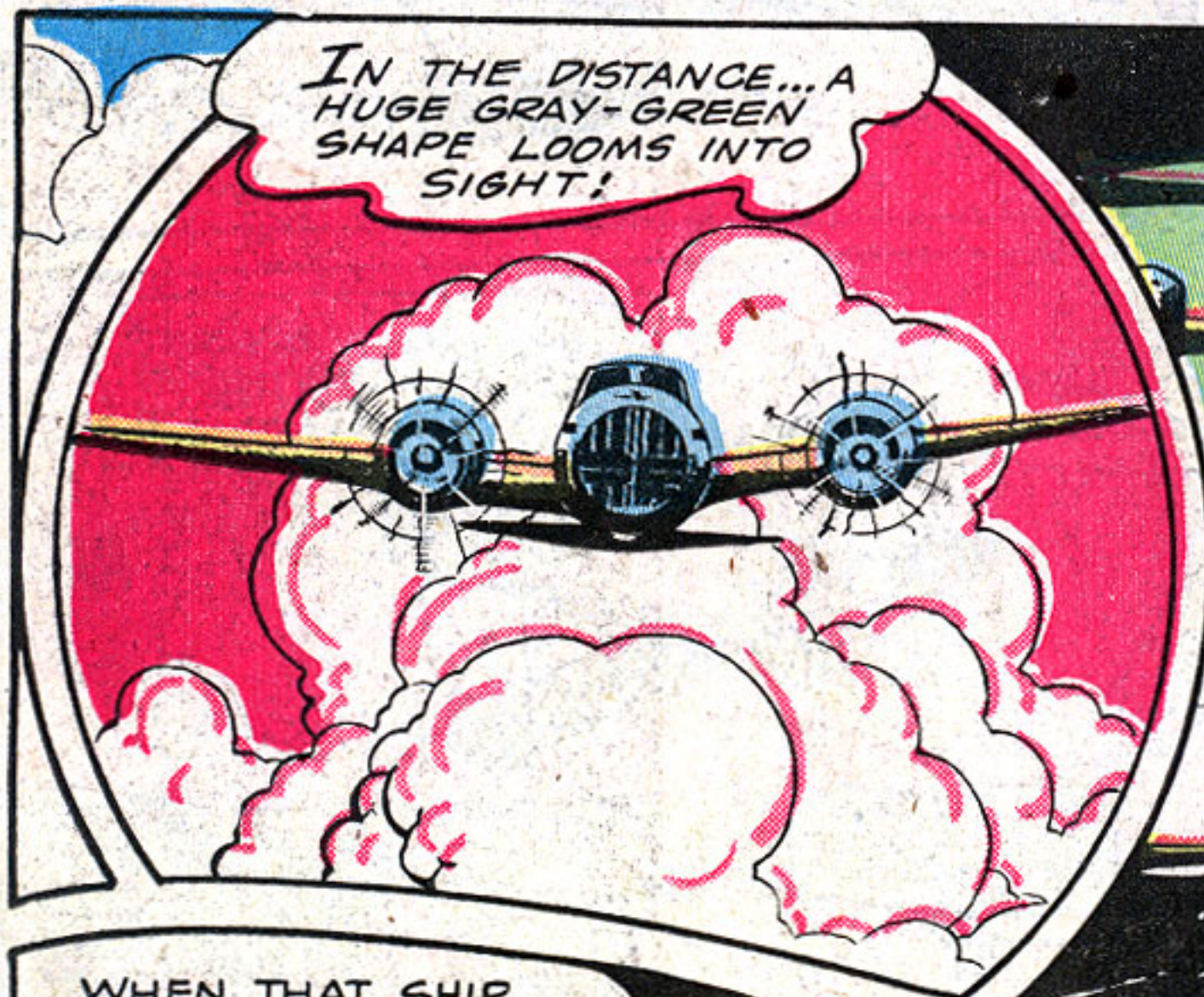
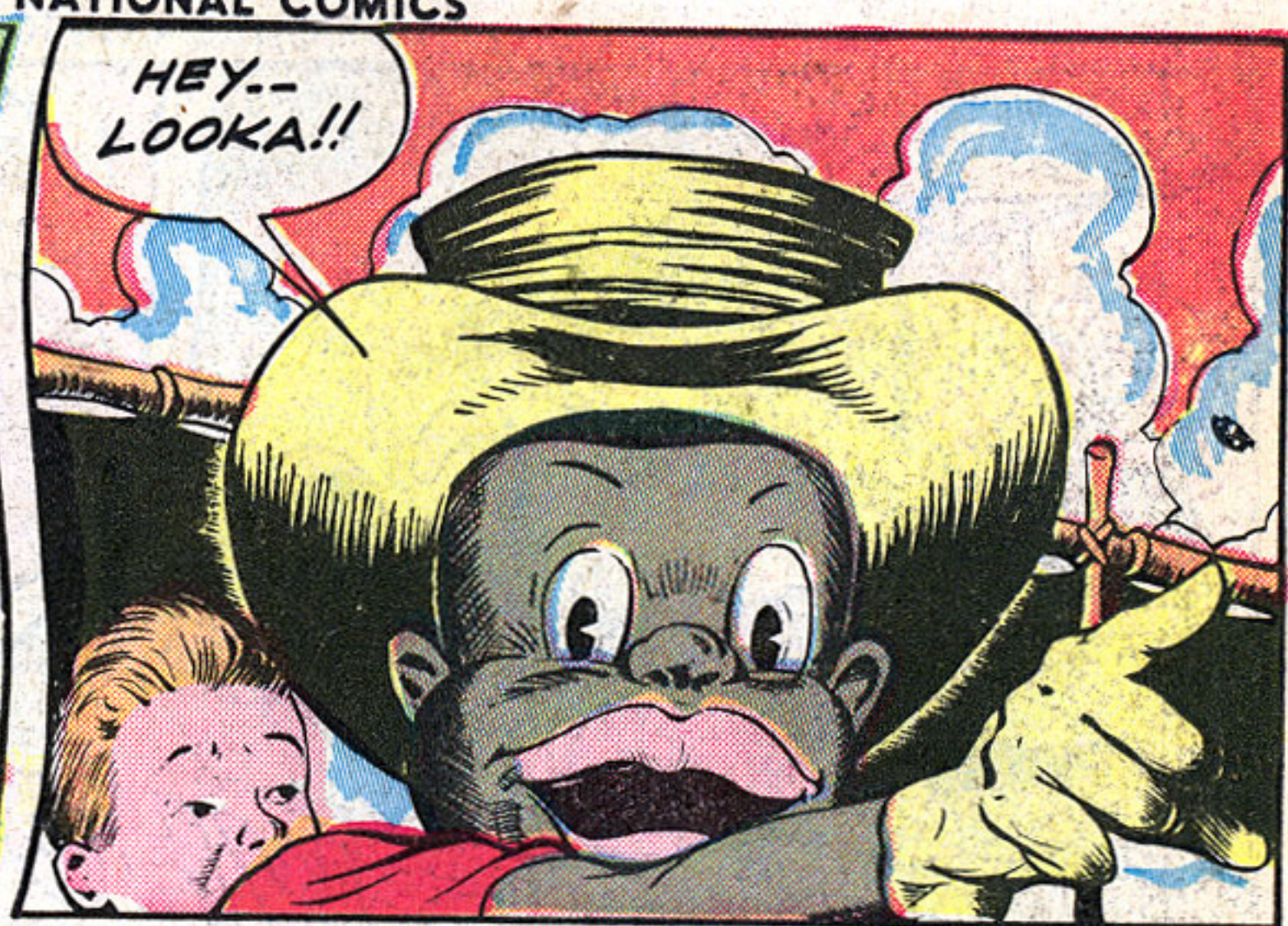
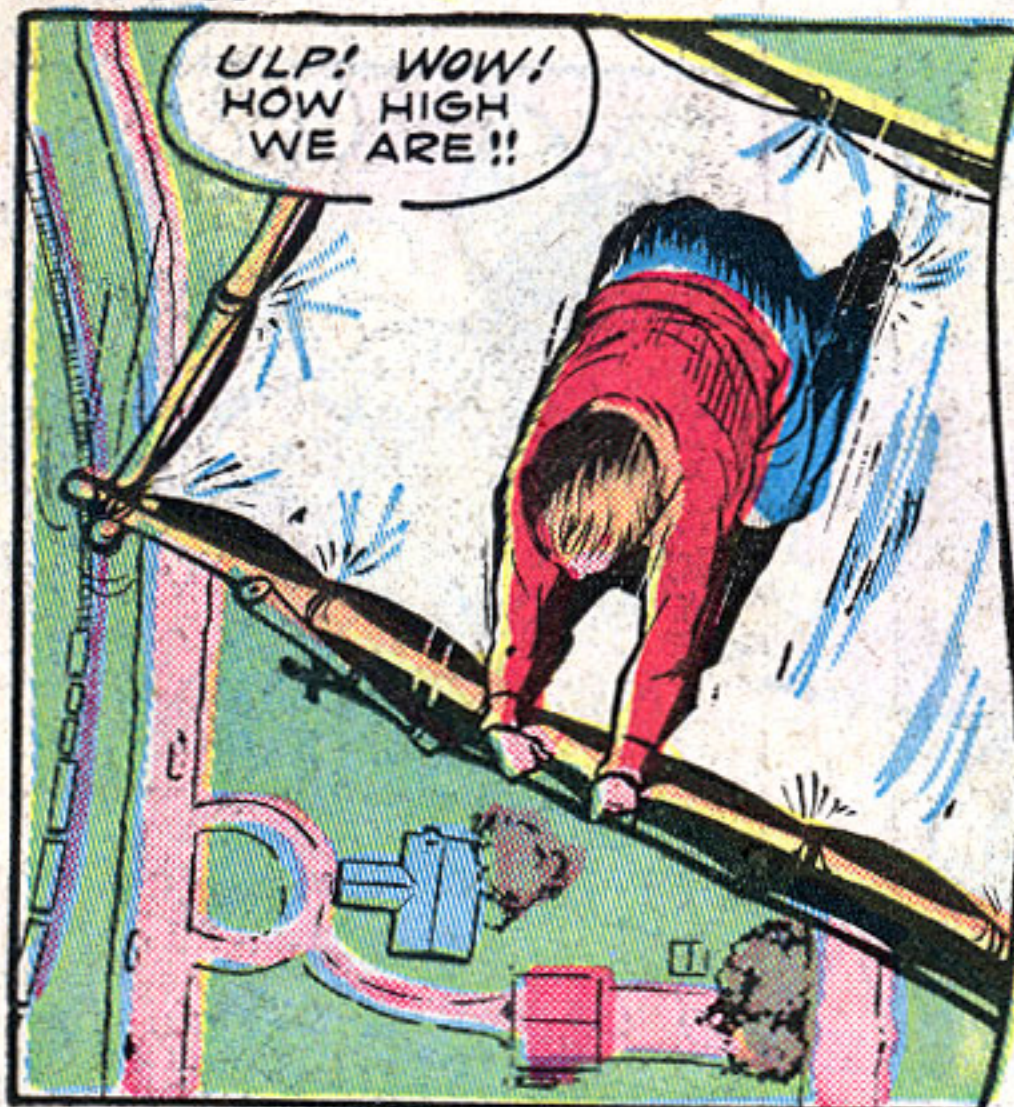
BOY, OH BOY! AH CAIN'T HARDLY WAIT'LL I GETS MAH HANDS ON THEM JAPANSIES!!

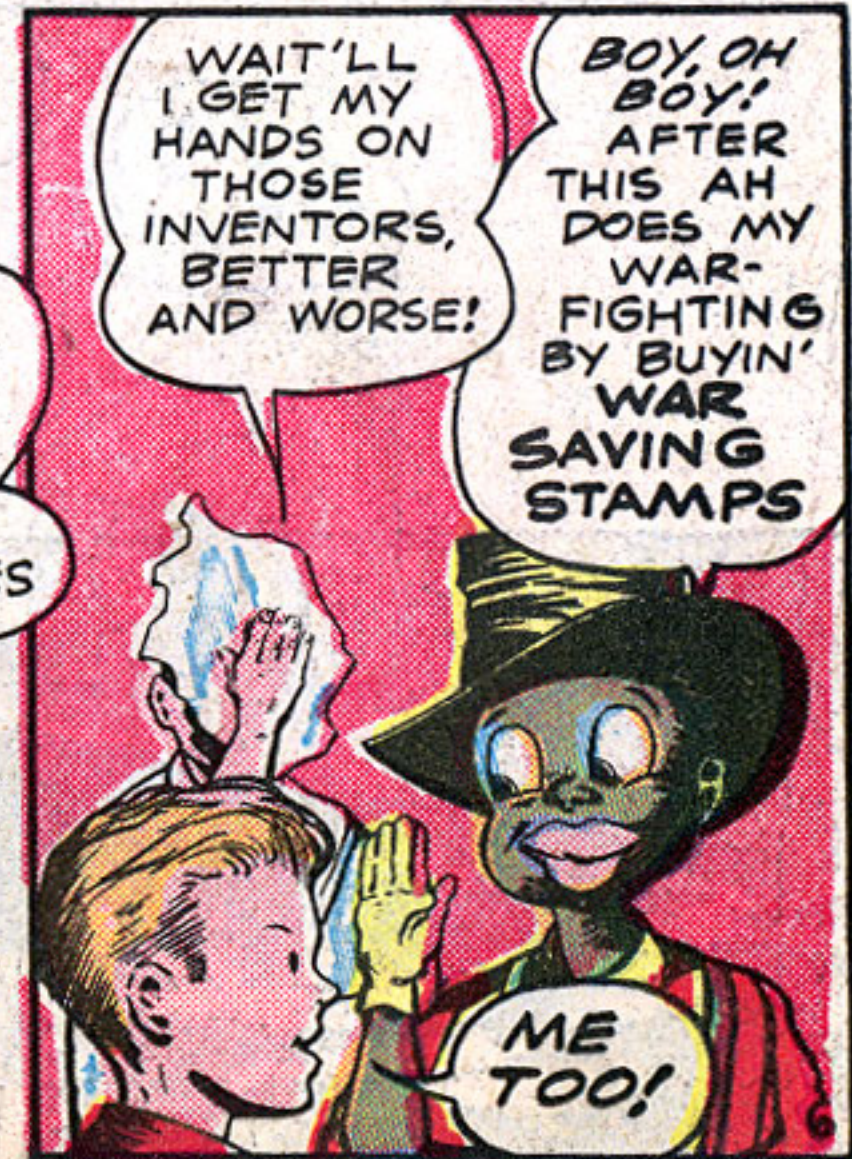
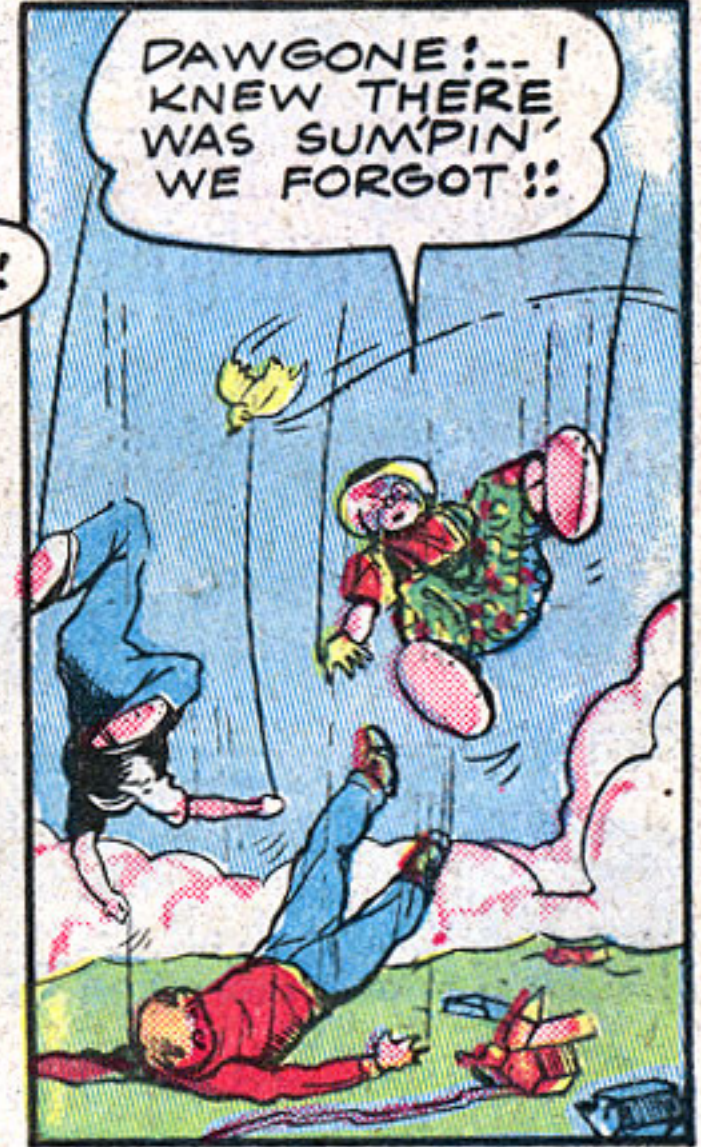
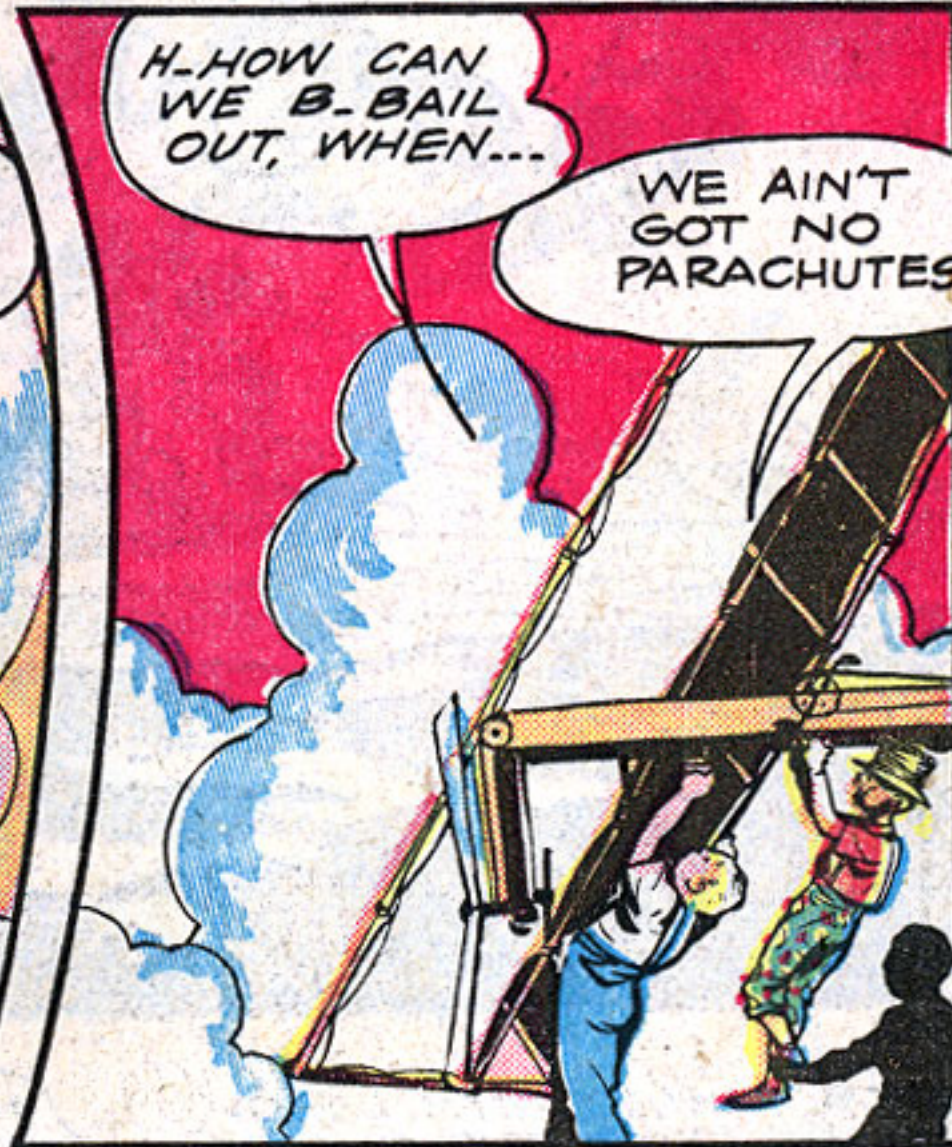
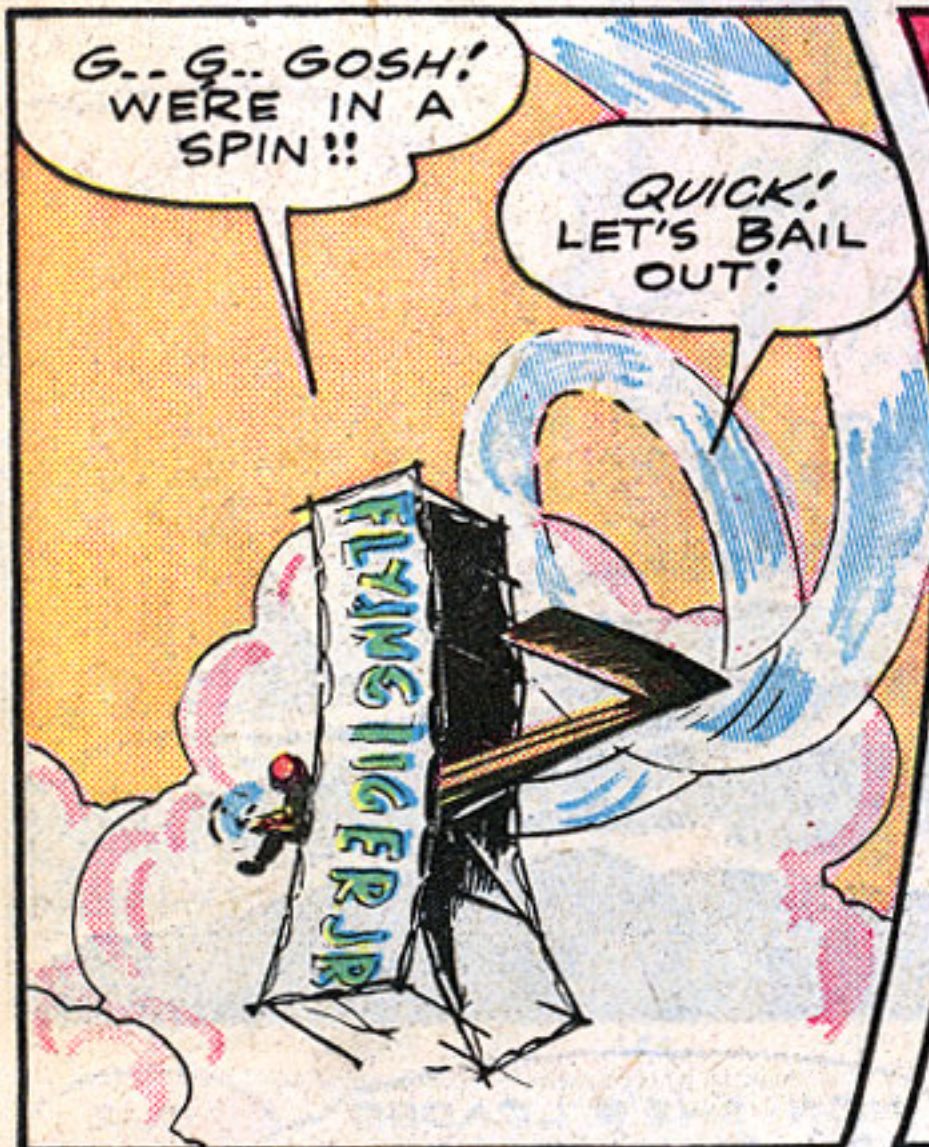
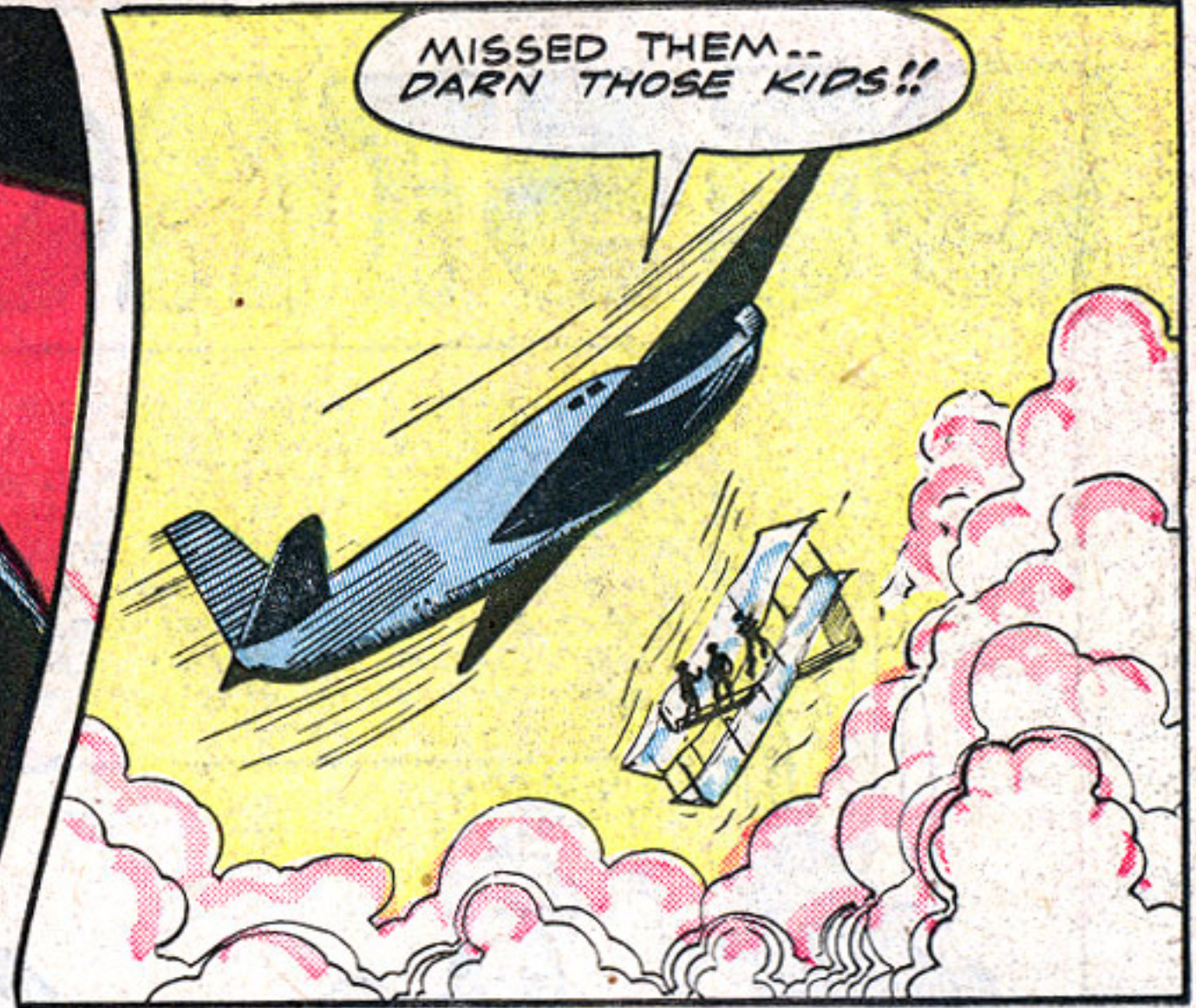
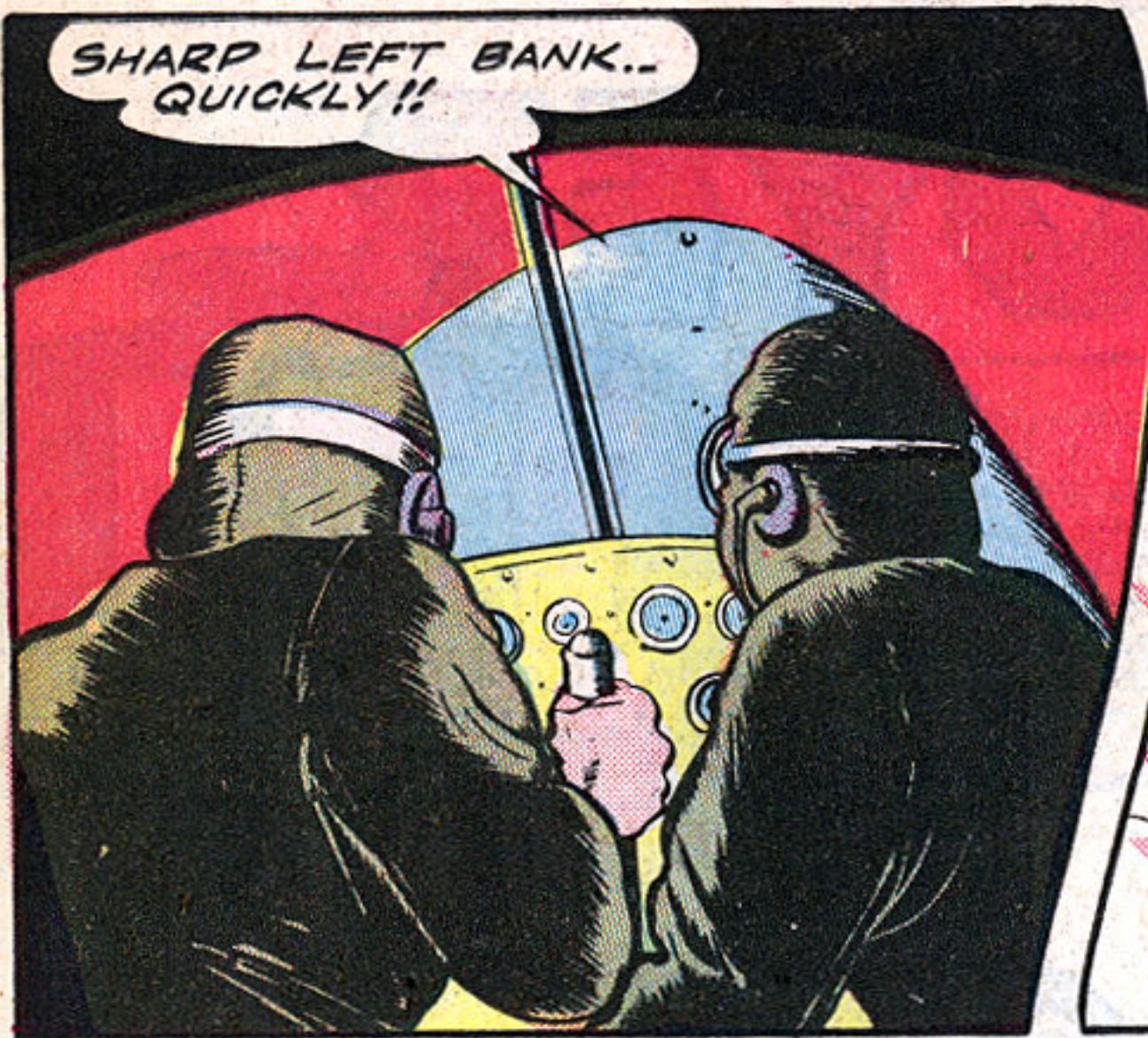
OKAY, OKAY!! BUT HOW ABOUT GETTIN' TO WORK!







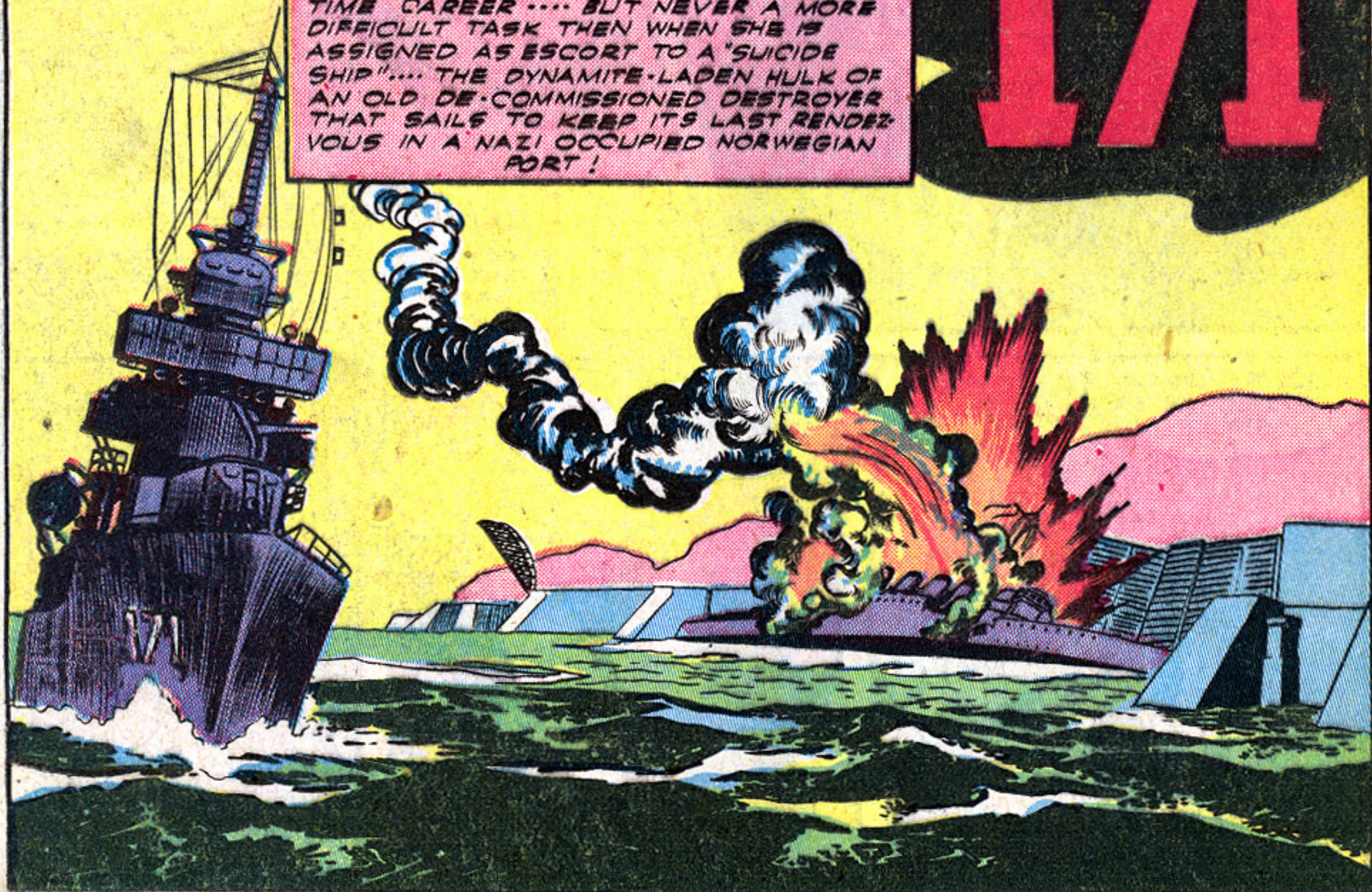




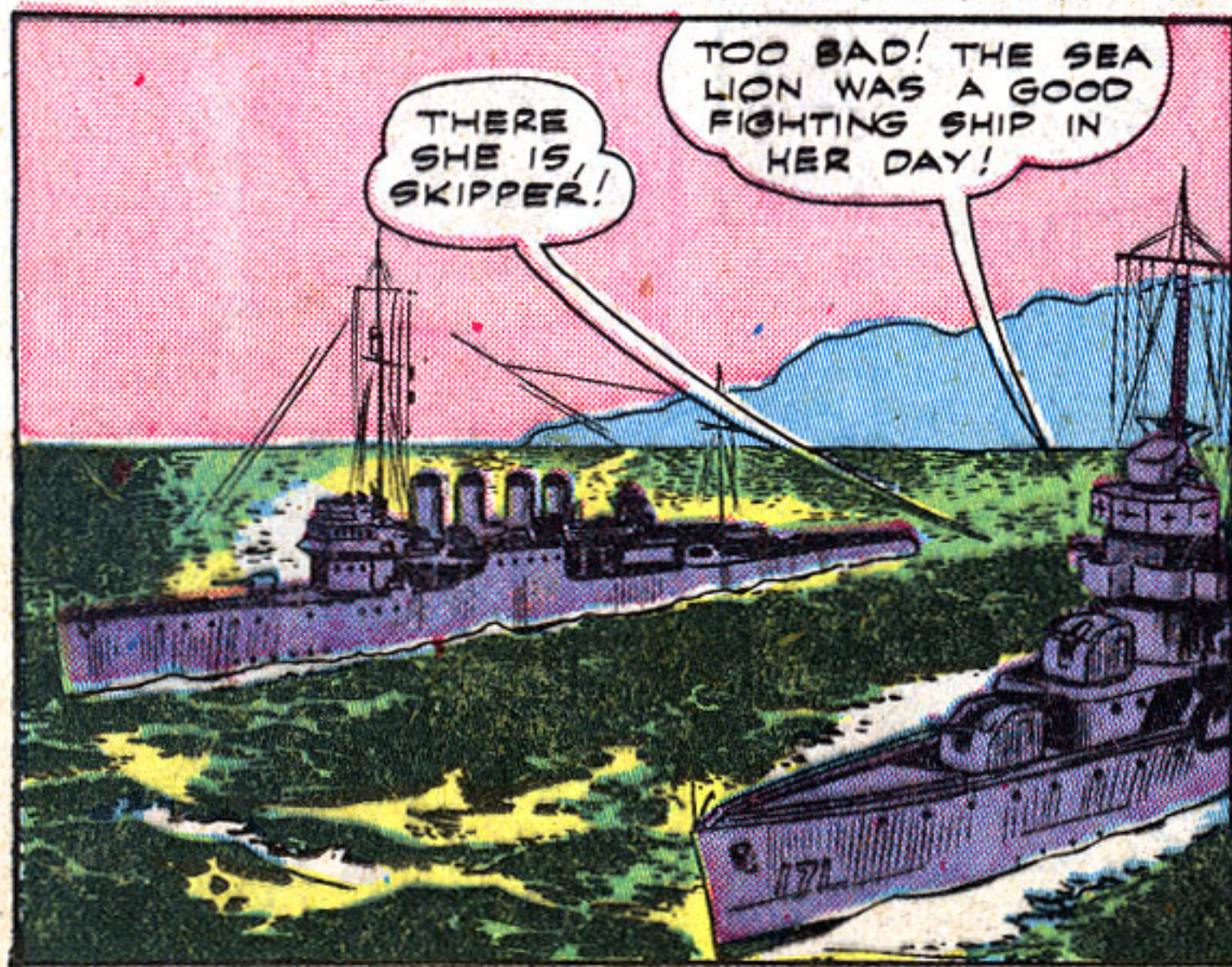
DESTROYER

171

THE U.S.S. PAWNEE HAS SURVIVED MANY PERILOUS ENGAGEMENTS IN HER WAR-TIME CAREER BUT NEVER A MORE DIFFICULT TASK THEN WHEN SHE IS ASSIGNED AS ESCORT TO A "SUICIDE SHIP" THE DYNAMITE-LADEN HULK OF AN OLD DE-COMMISSIONED DESTROYER THAT SAILS TO KEEP ITS LAST RENDEZ-VOUS IN A NAZI OCCUPIED NORWEGIAN PORT!

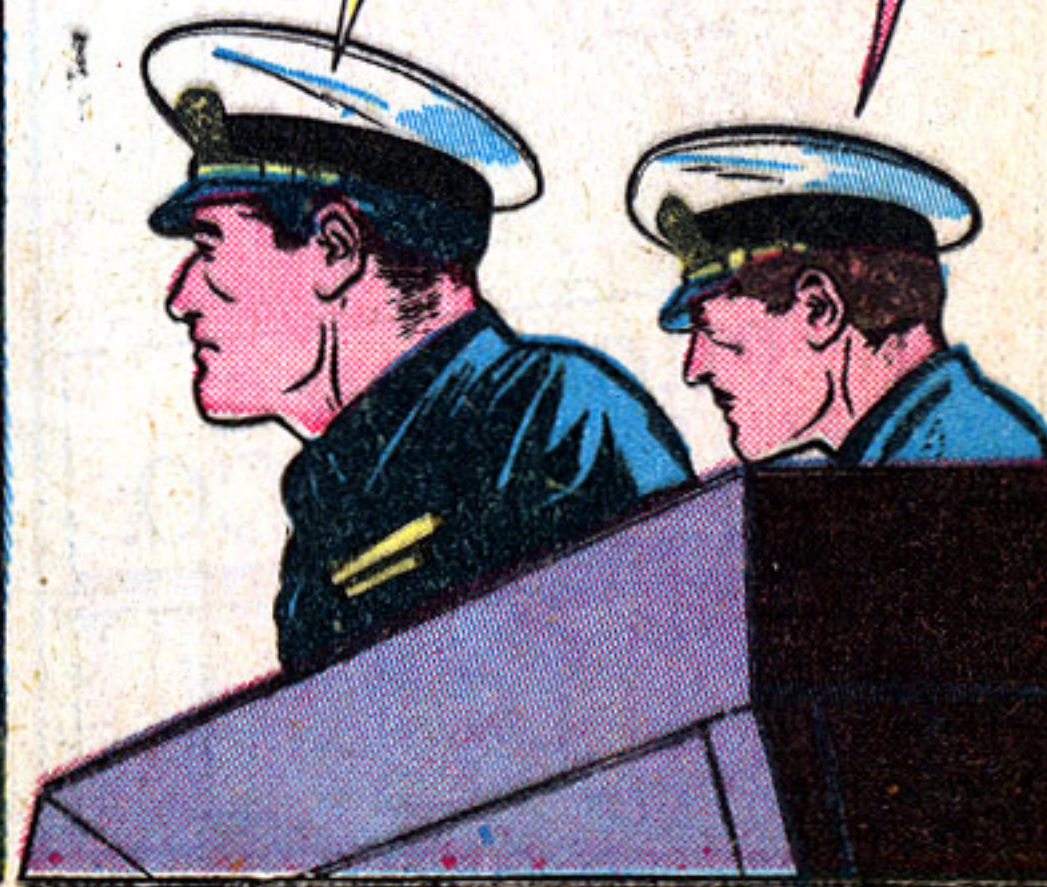


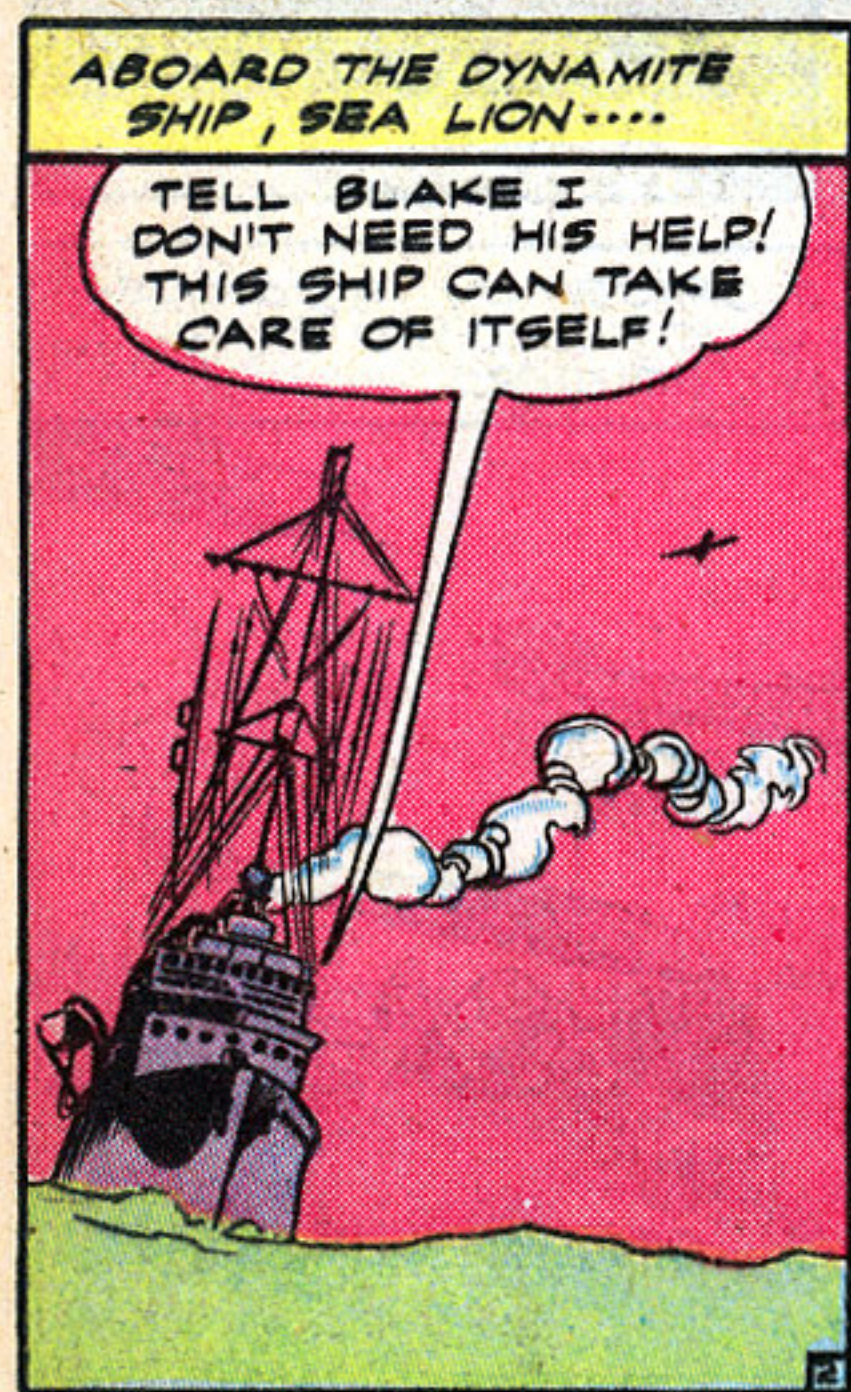
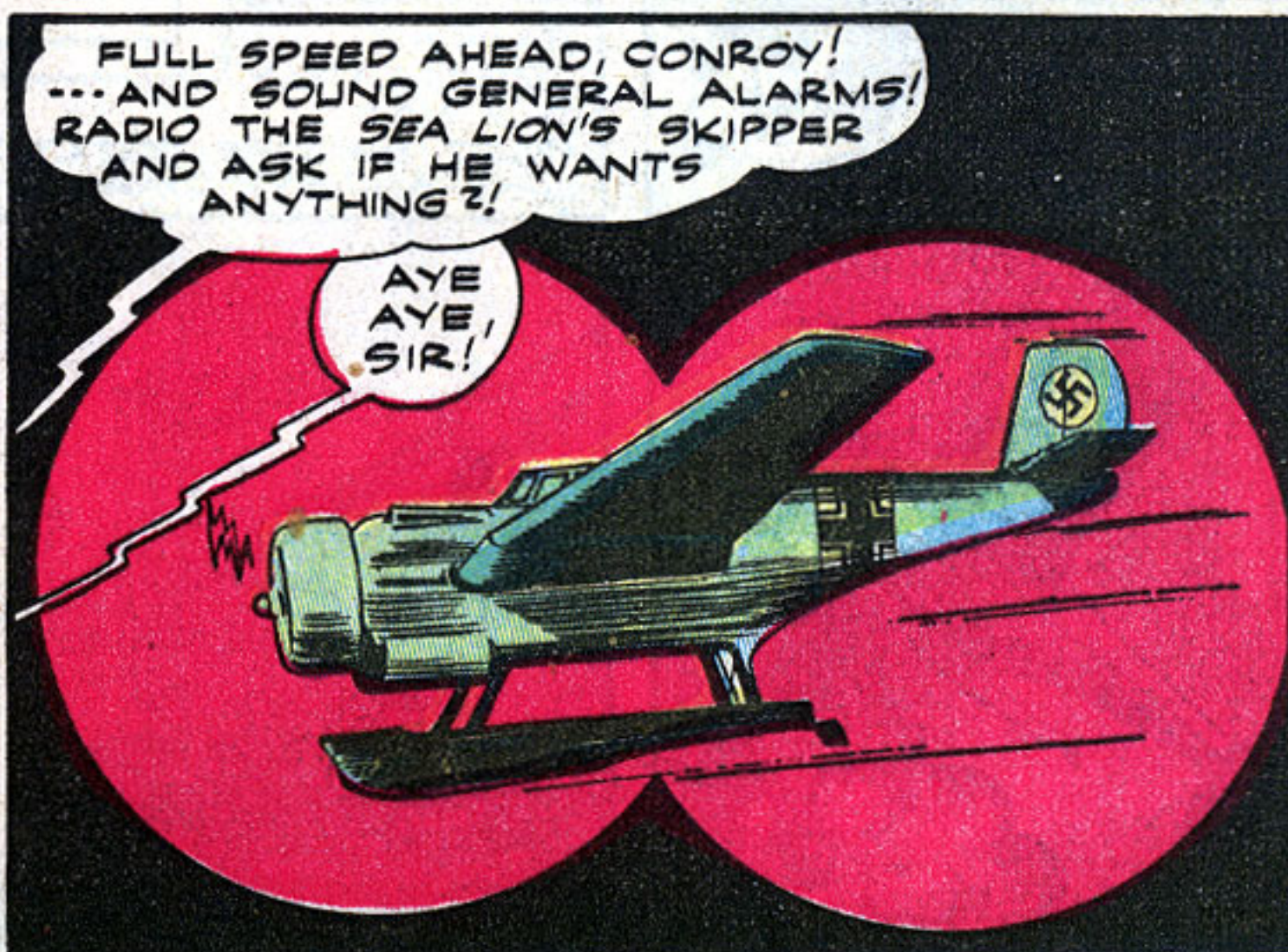
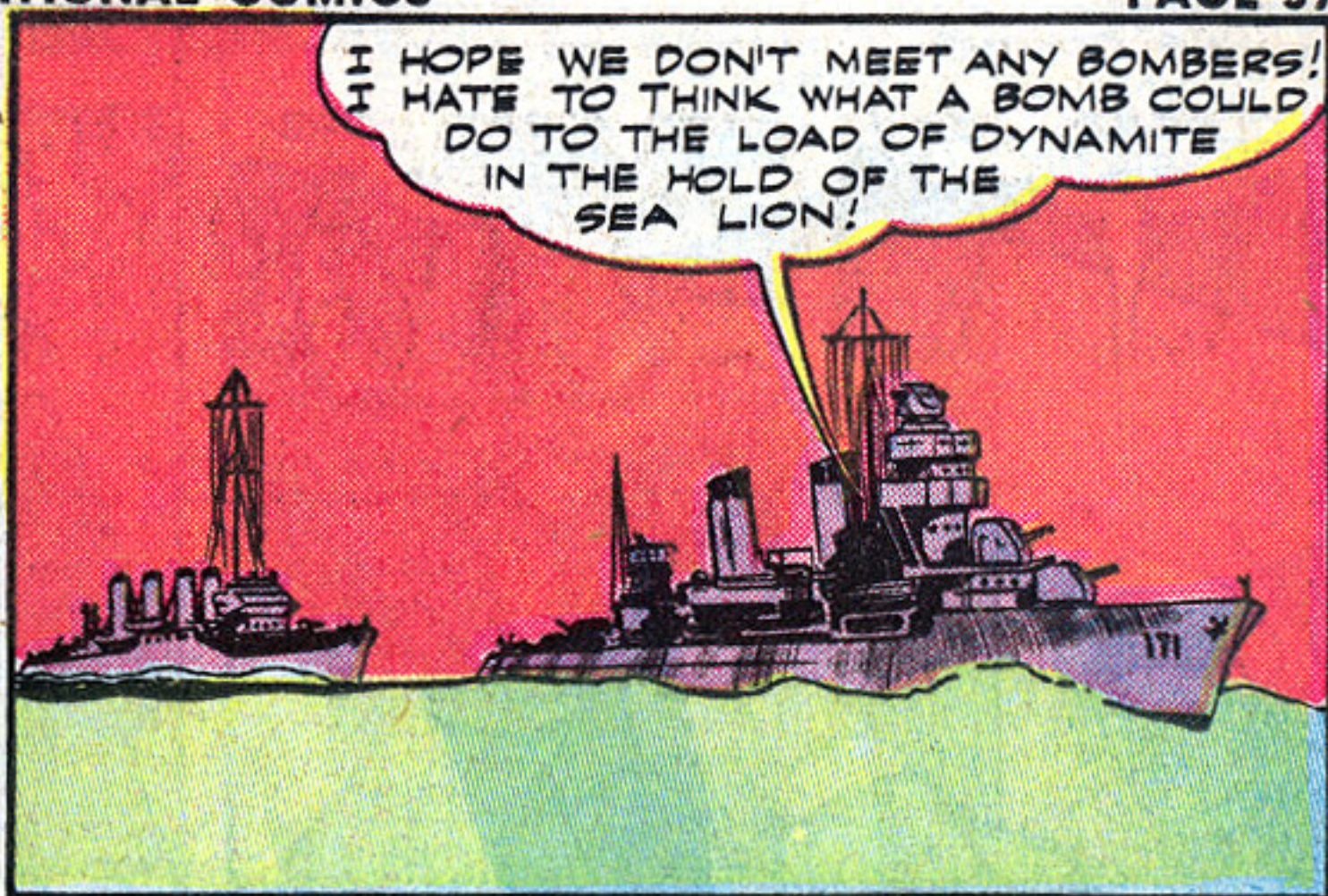
ON THE BRIDGE OF THE U.S.S. PAWNEE WITH LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE AND HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER...

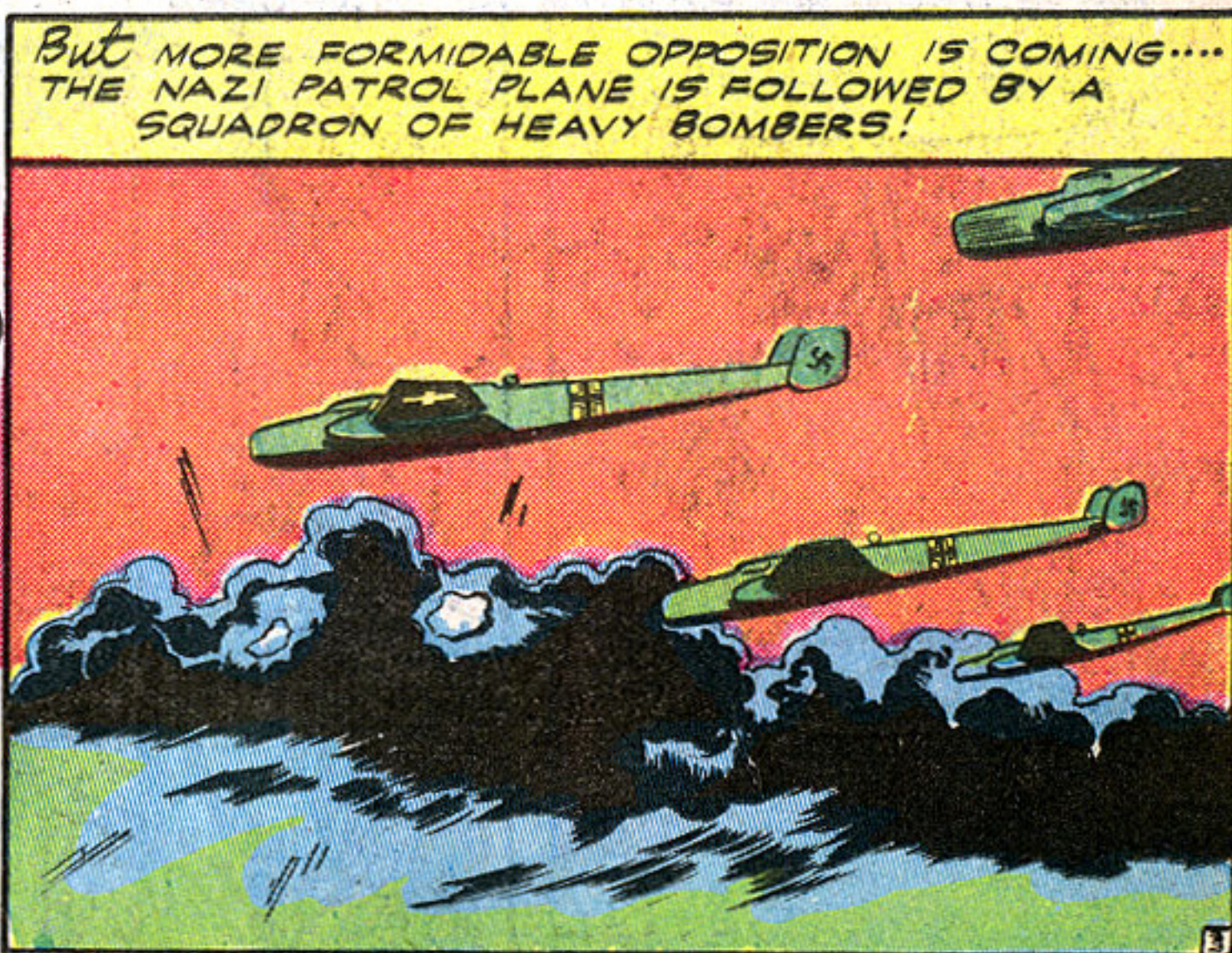
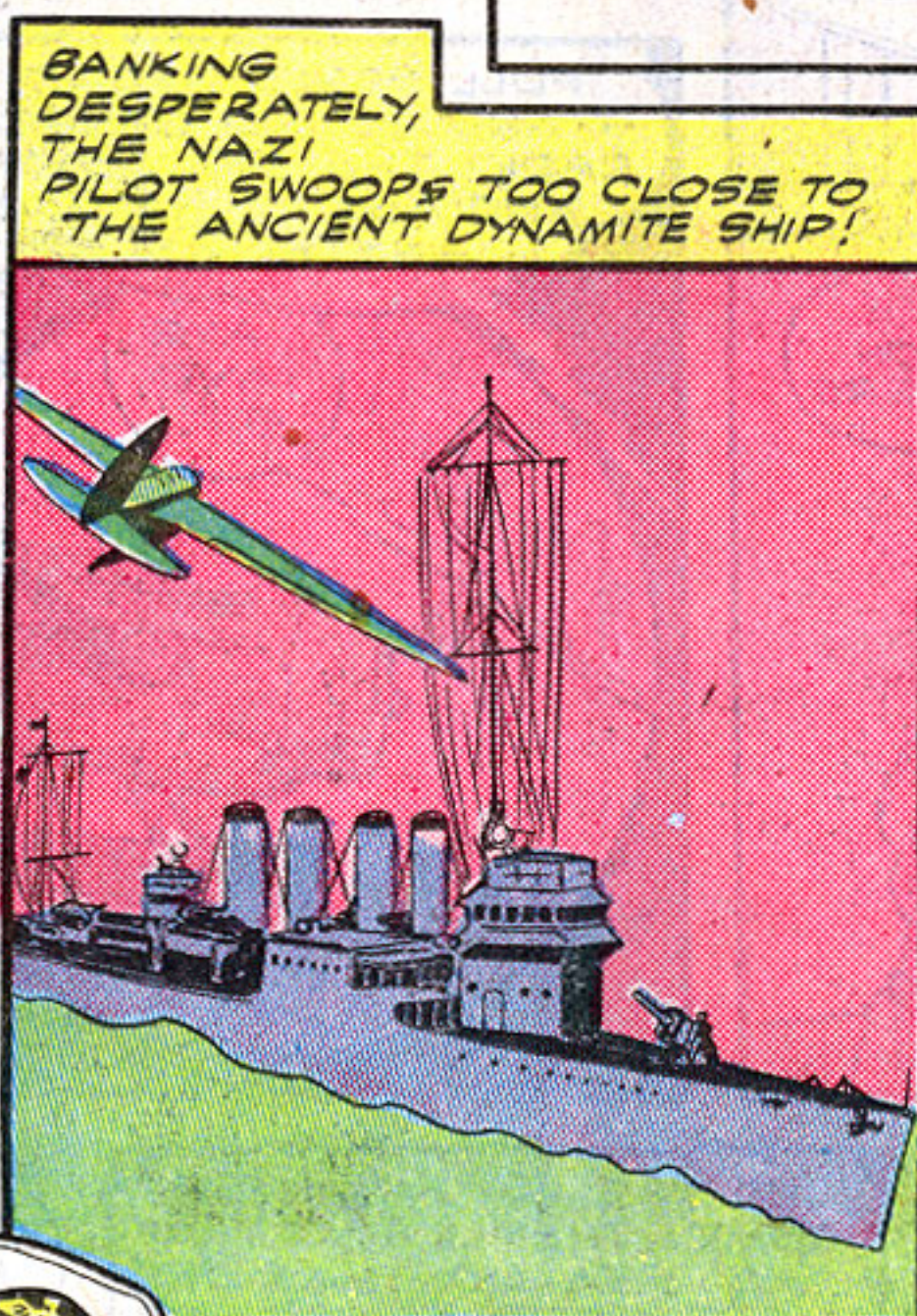
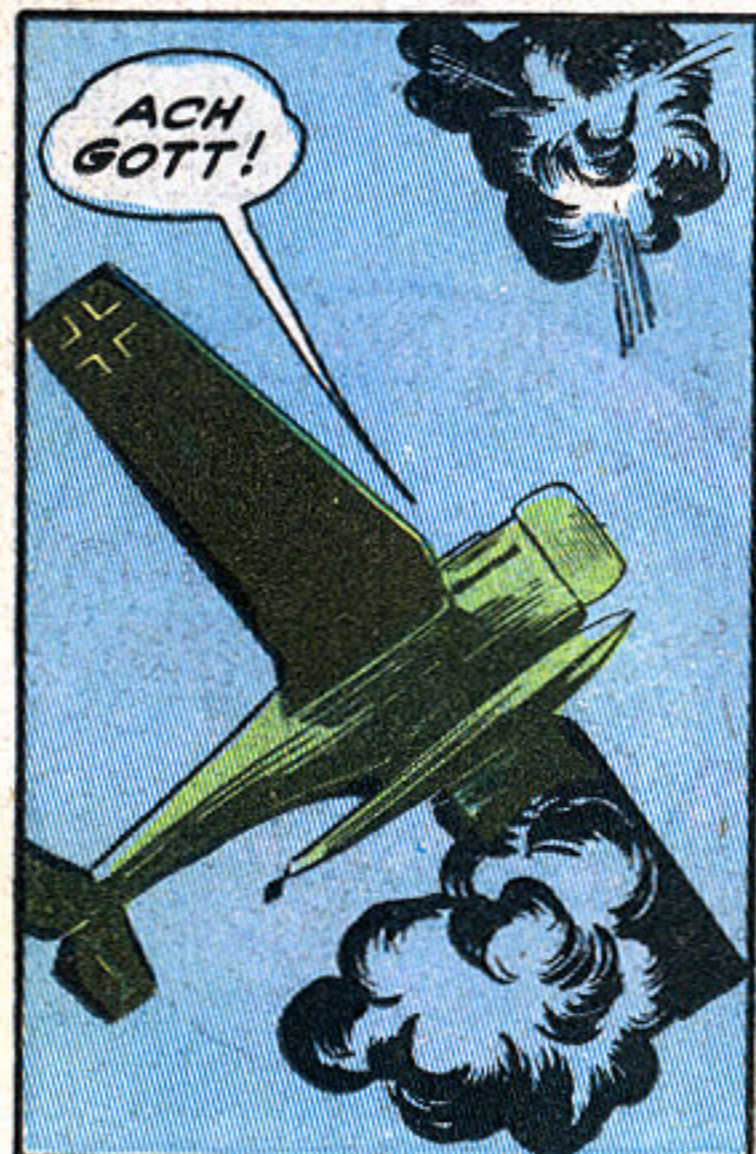
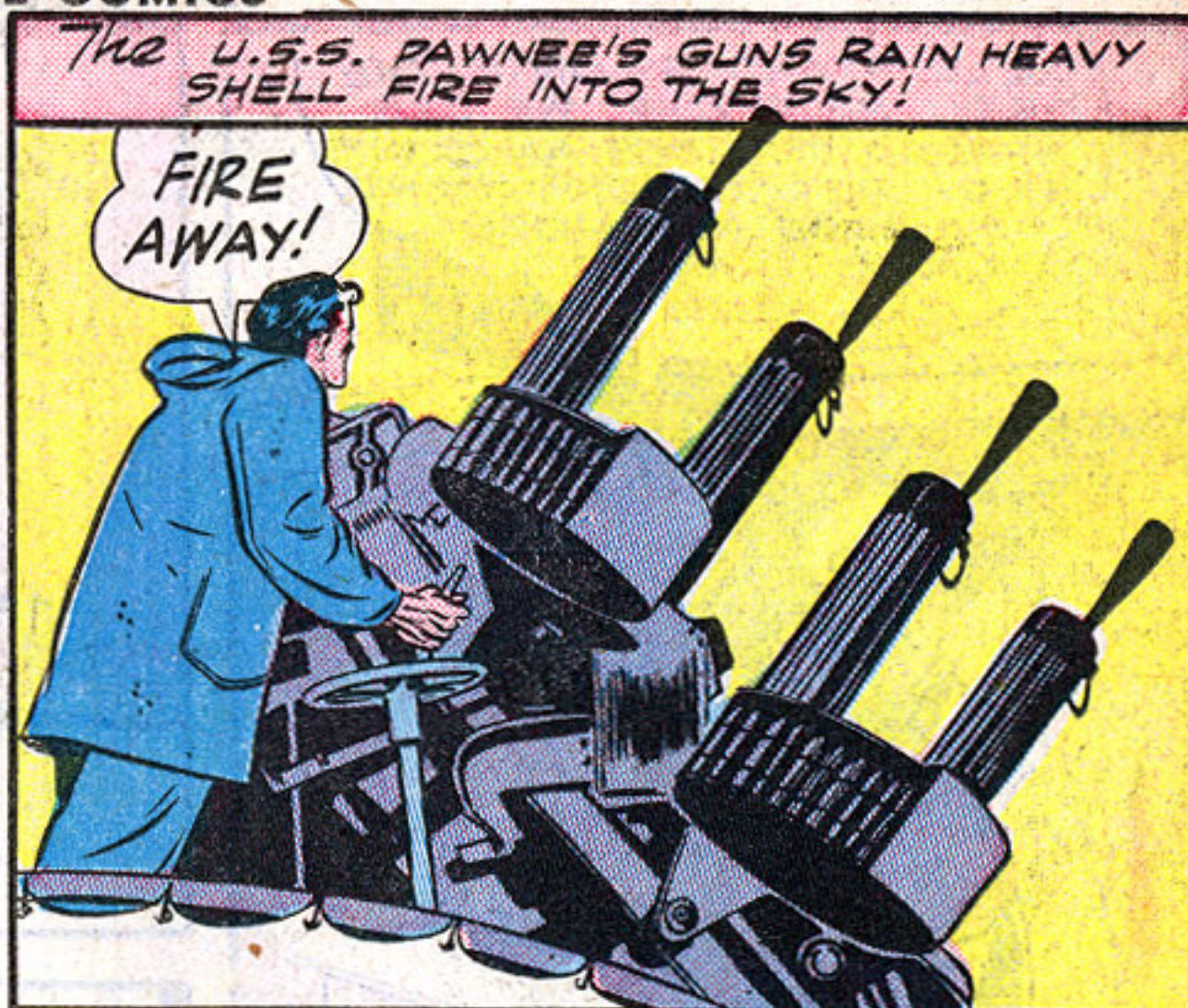
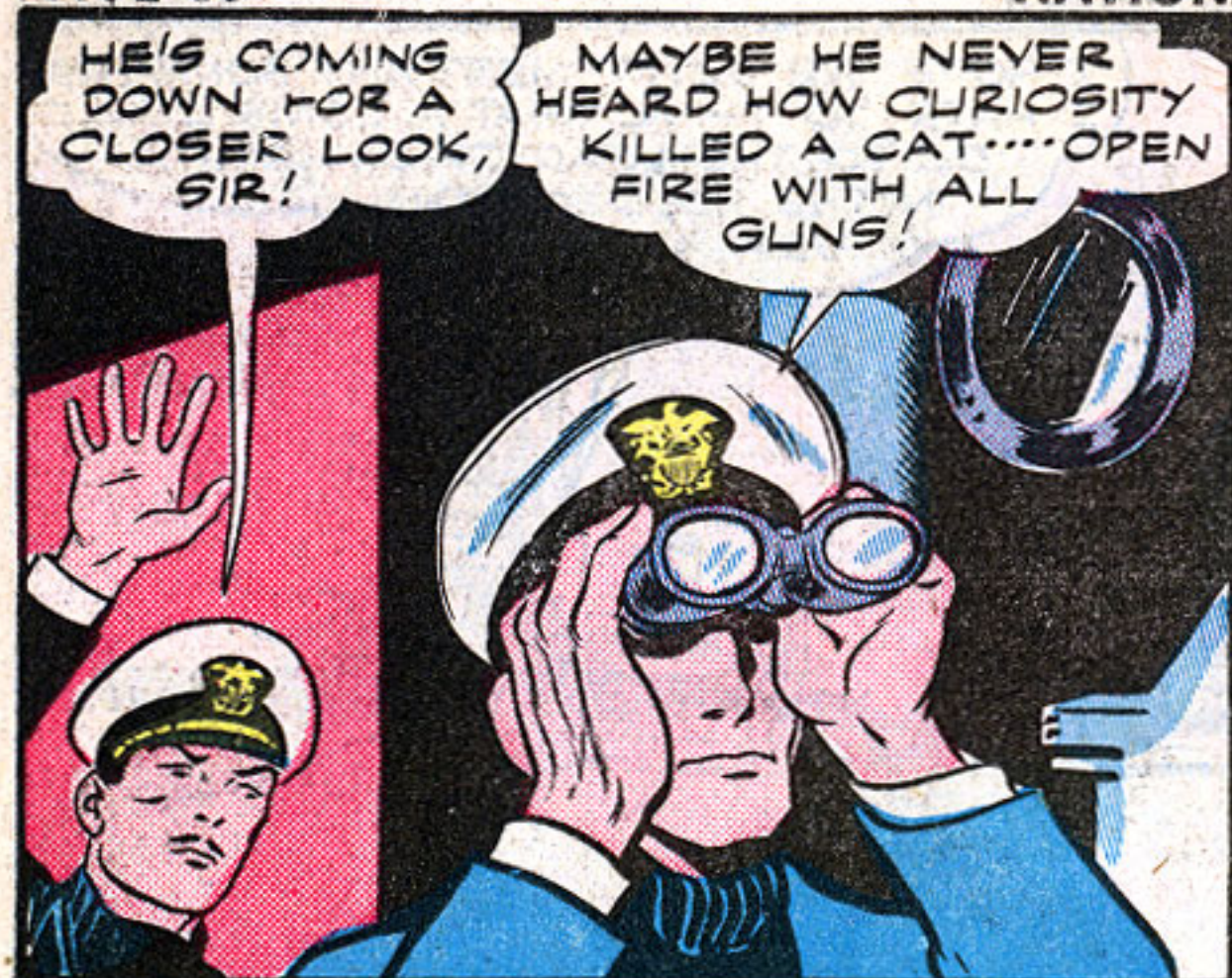


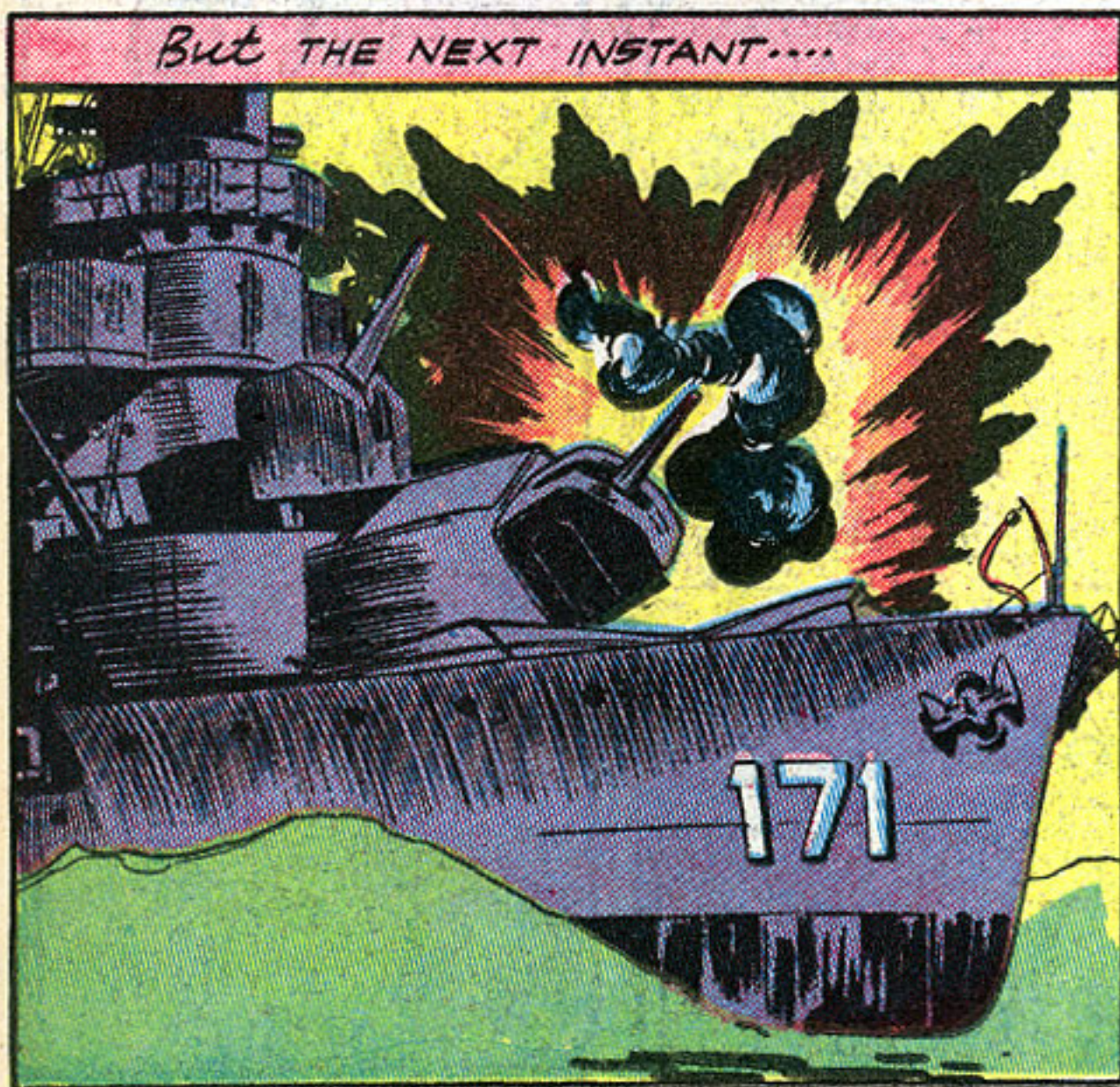
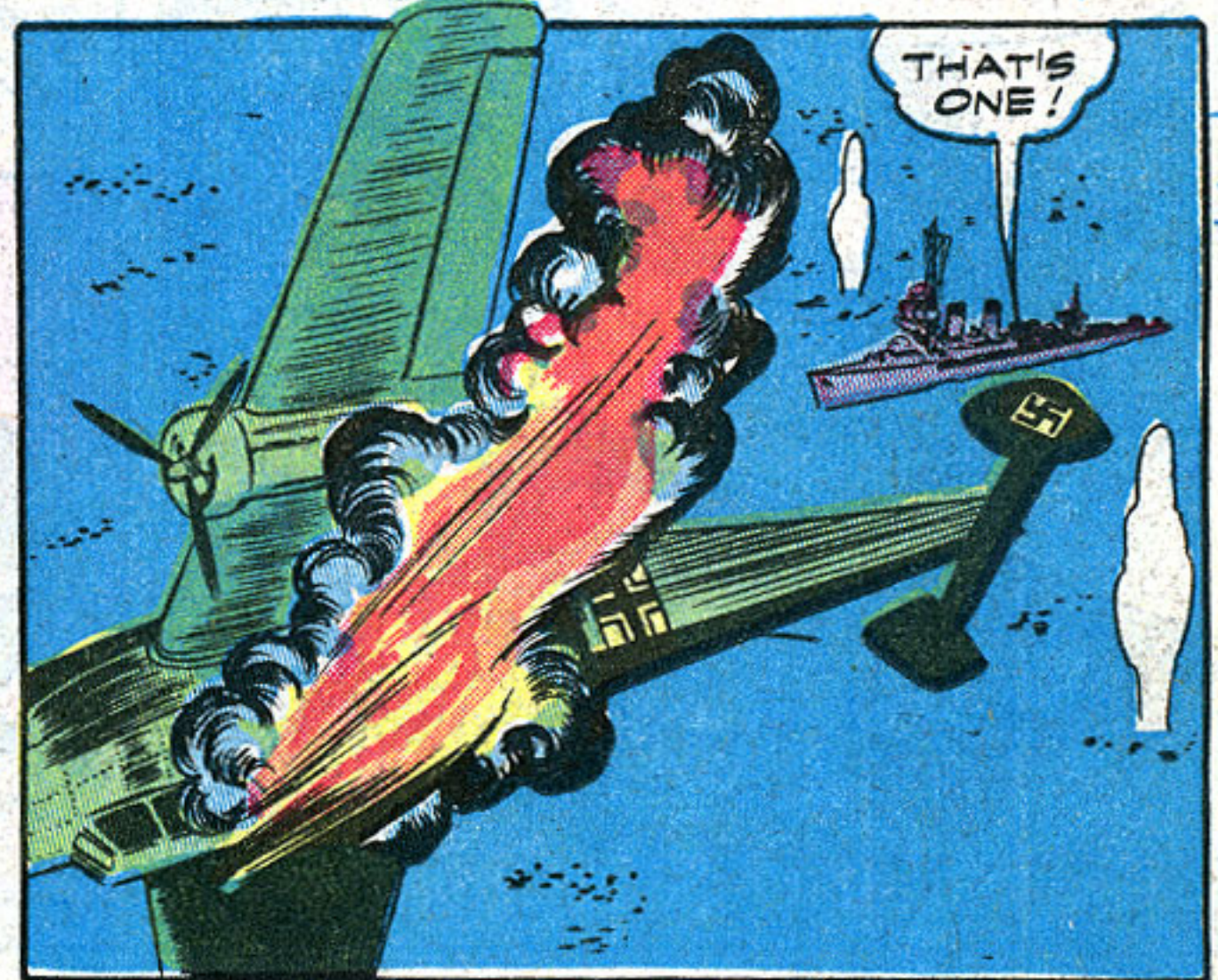
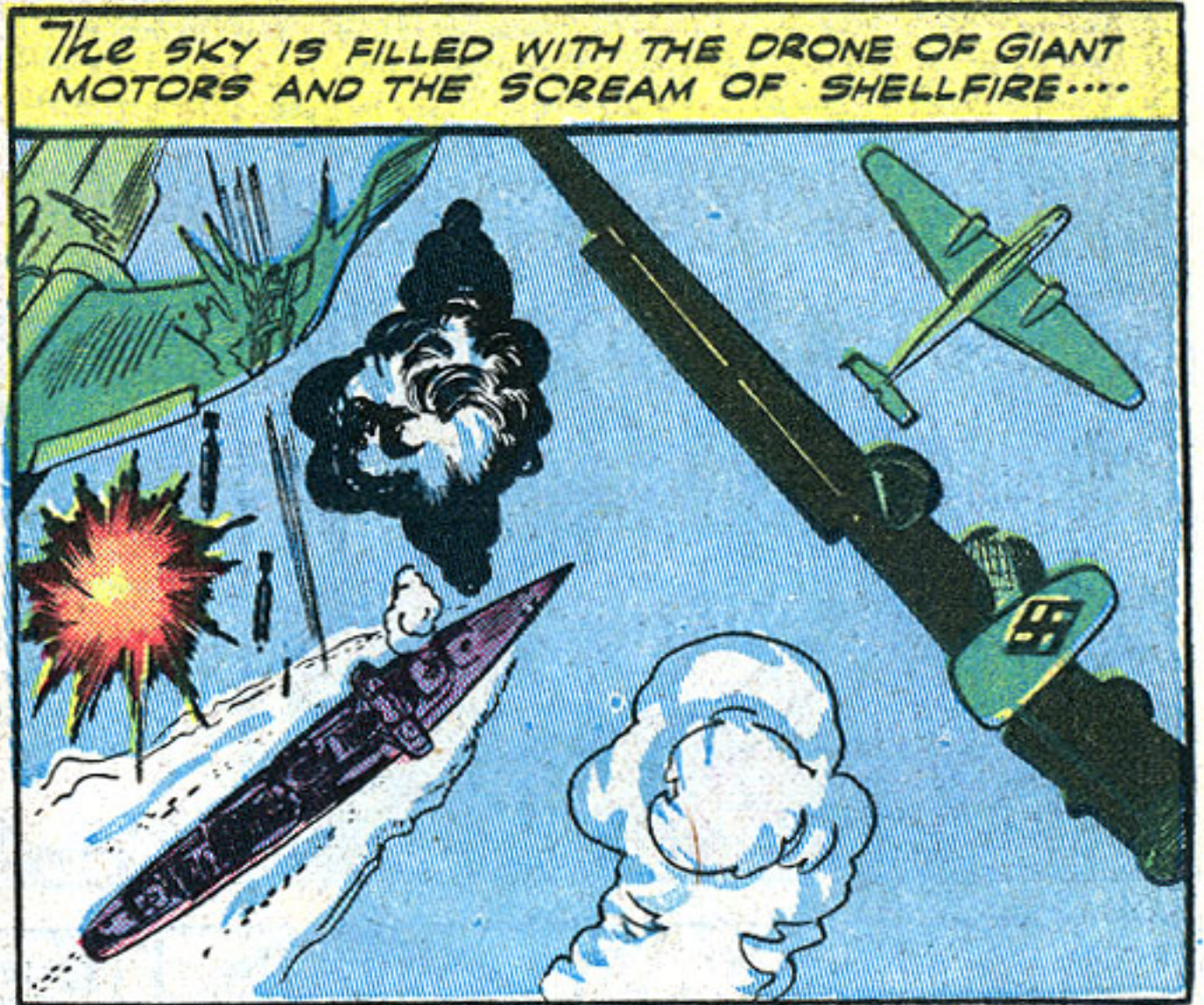
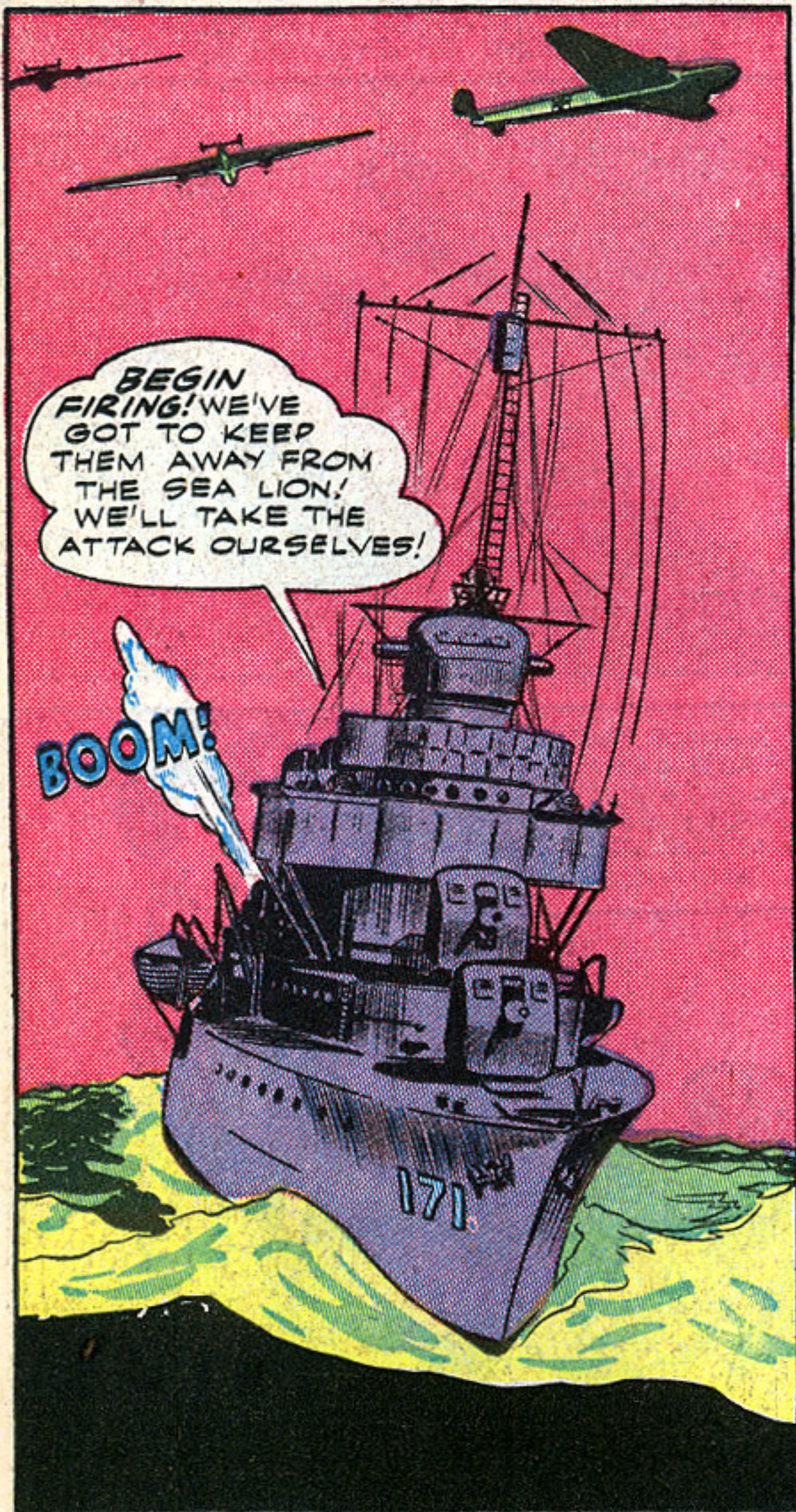
NOW SHE'S LOADED WITH DYNAMITE! READY TO BLOW OUT HER INNARDS THE MINUTE SHE HITS THE CANAL LOCKS!

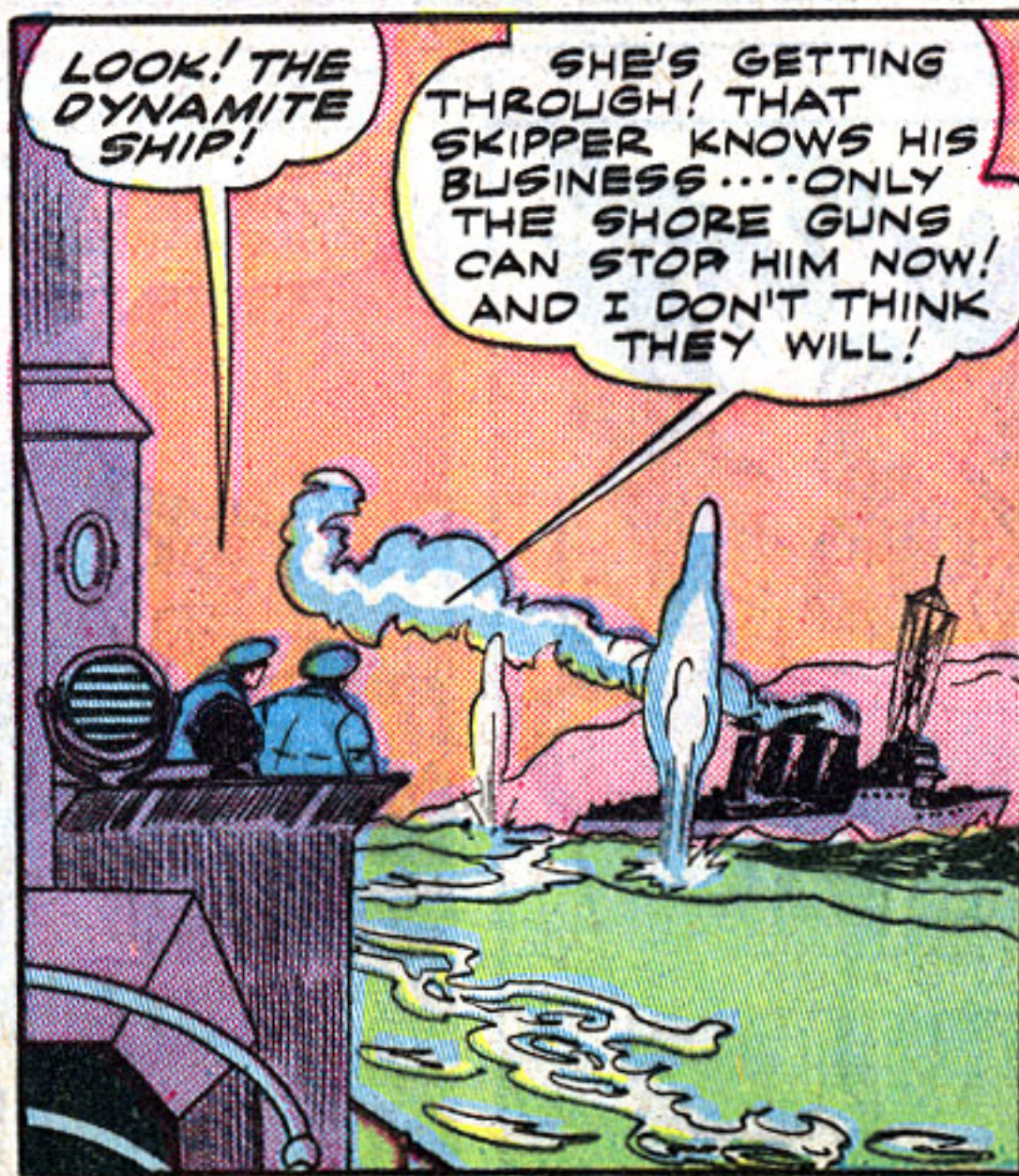
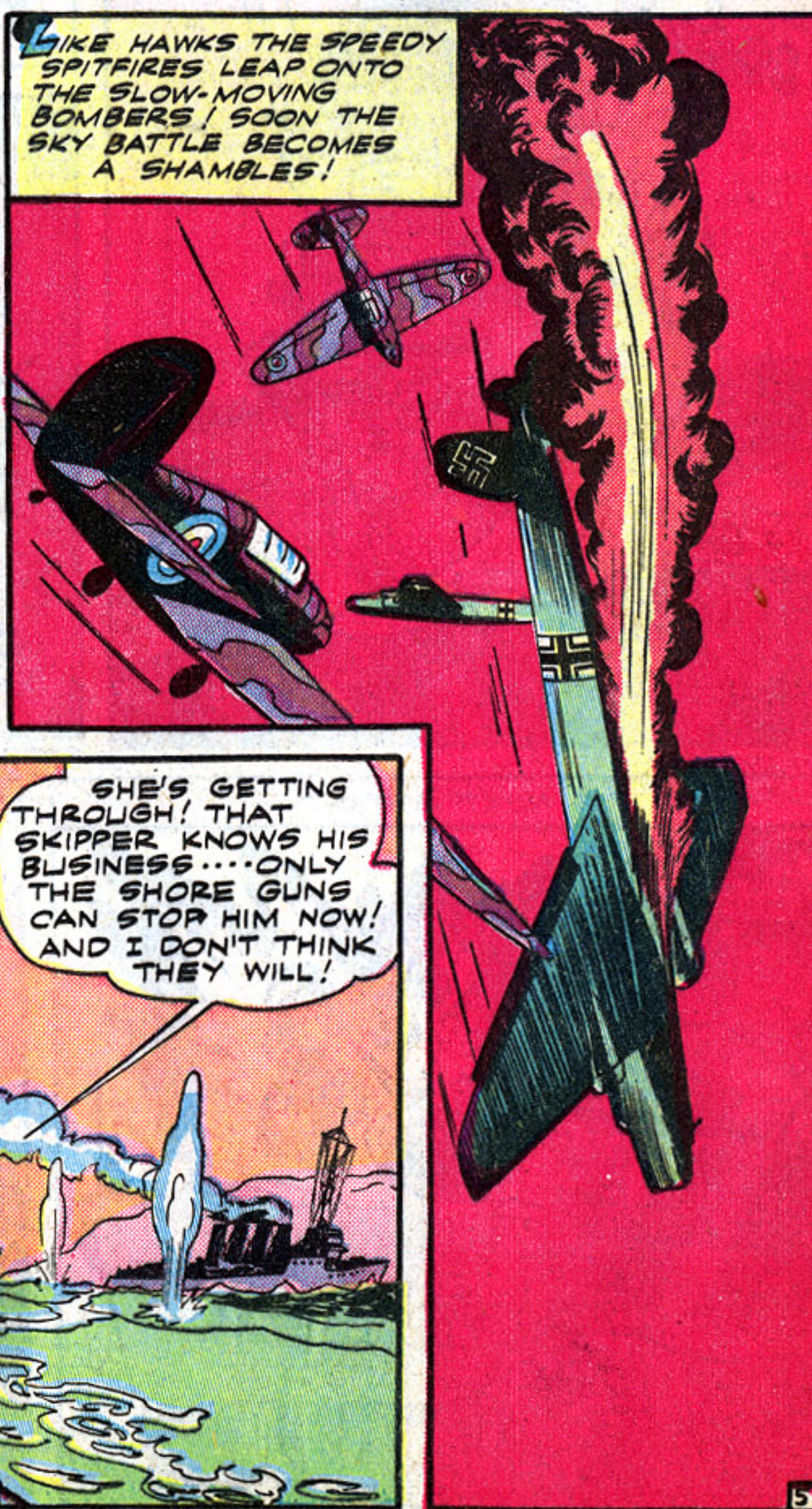
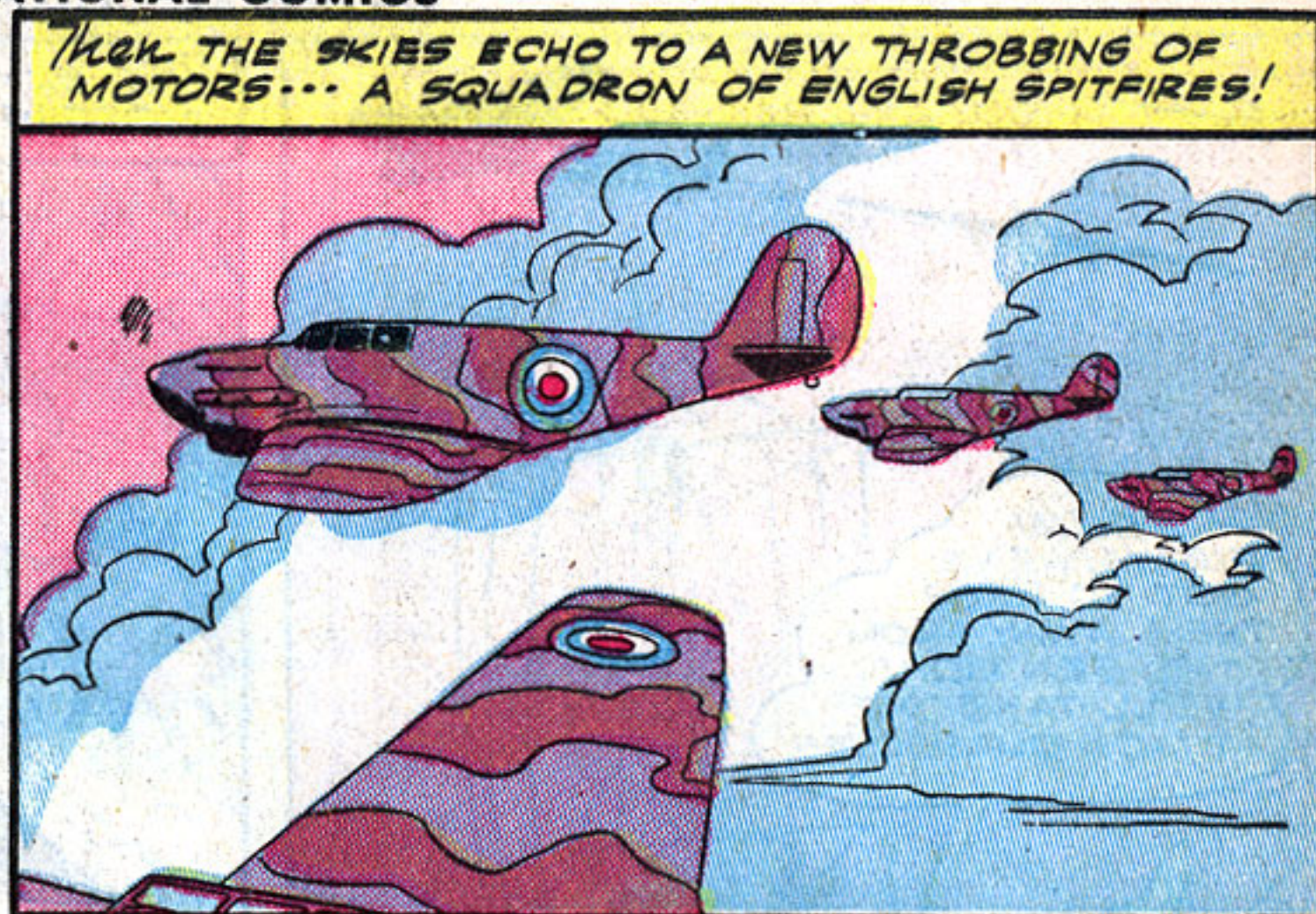
OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT SHE GETS THERE, SIR!

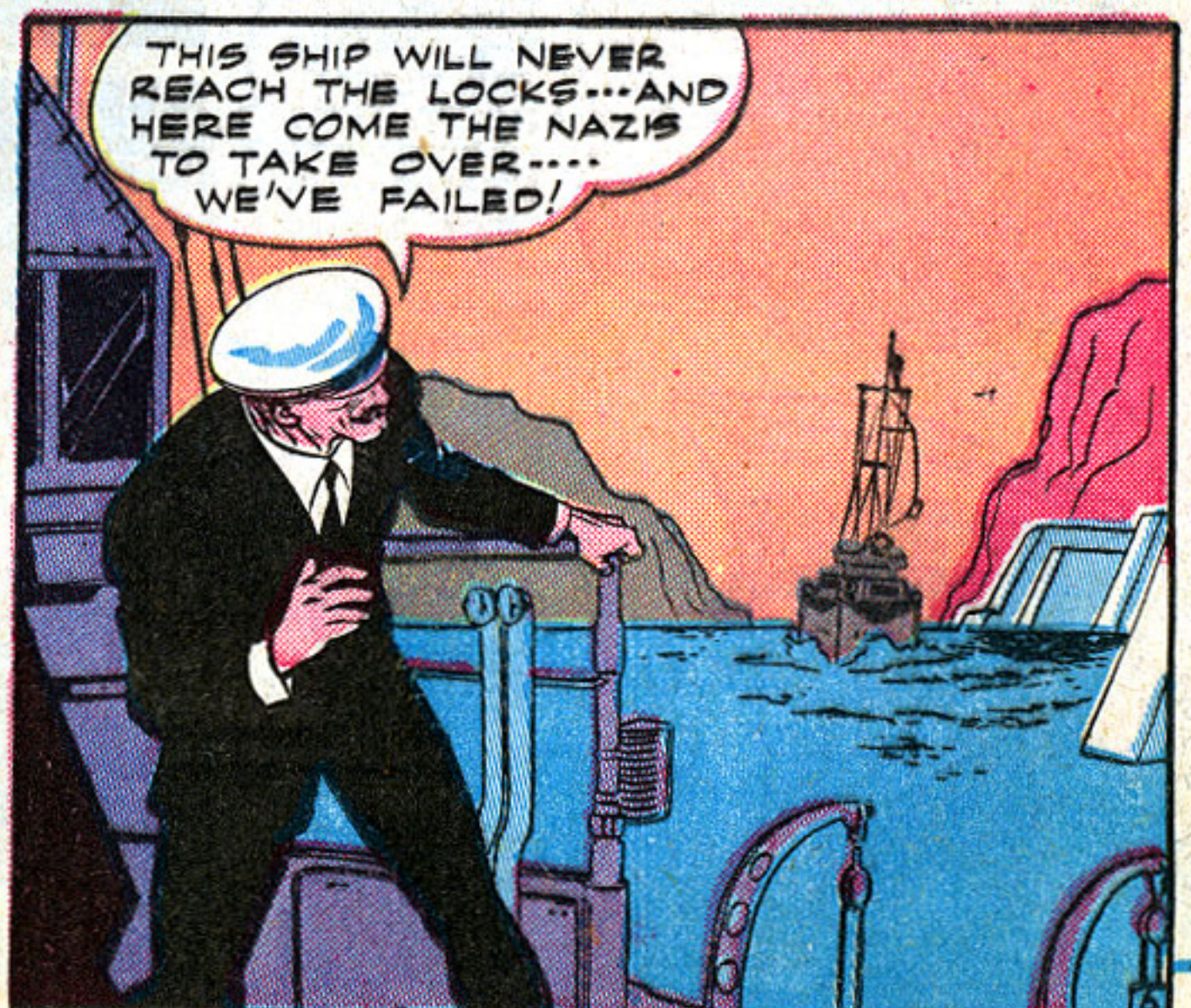
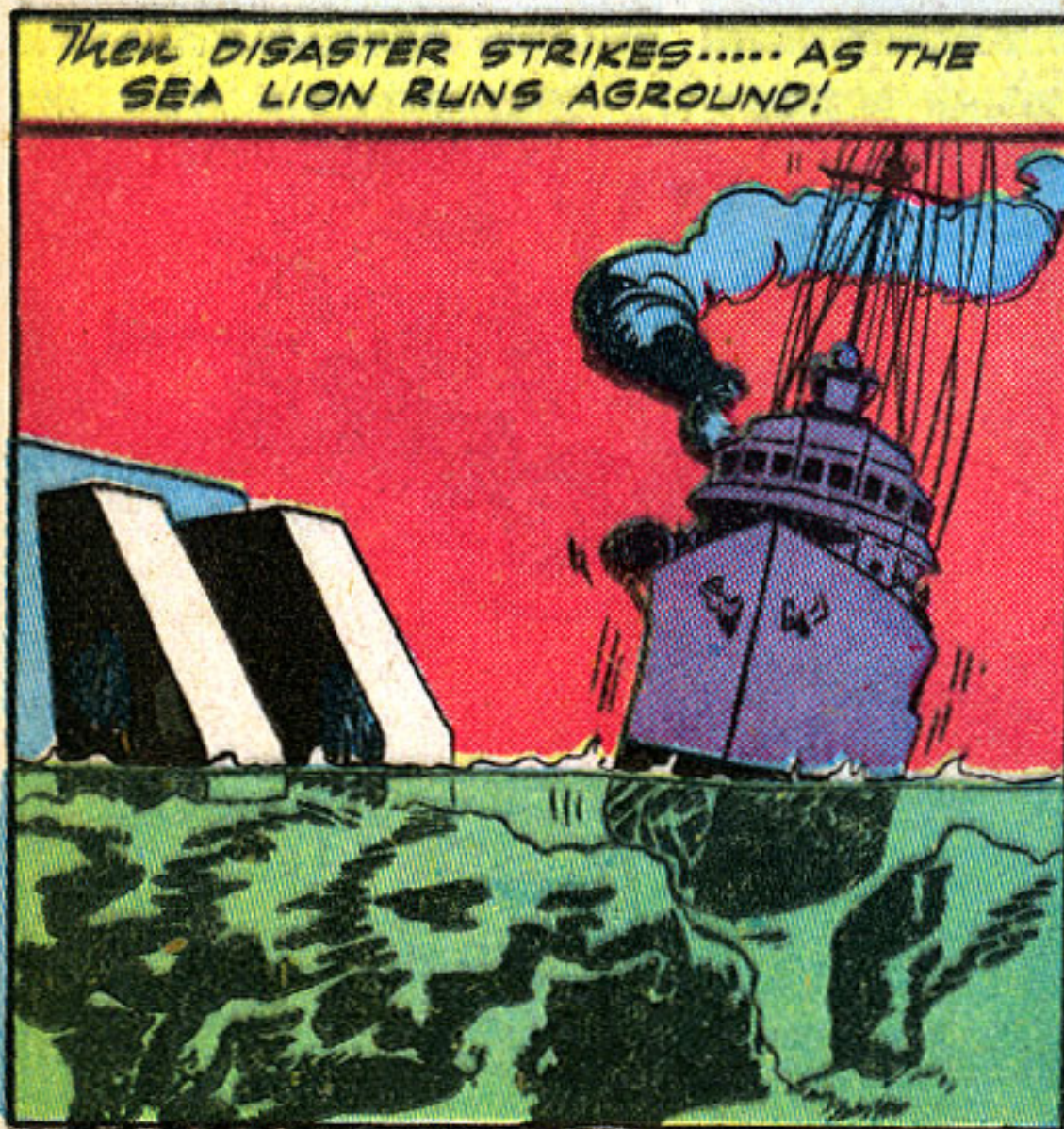
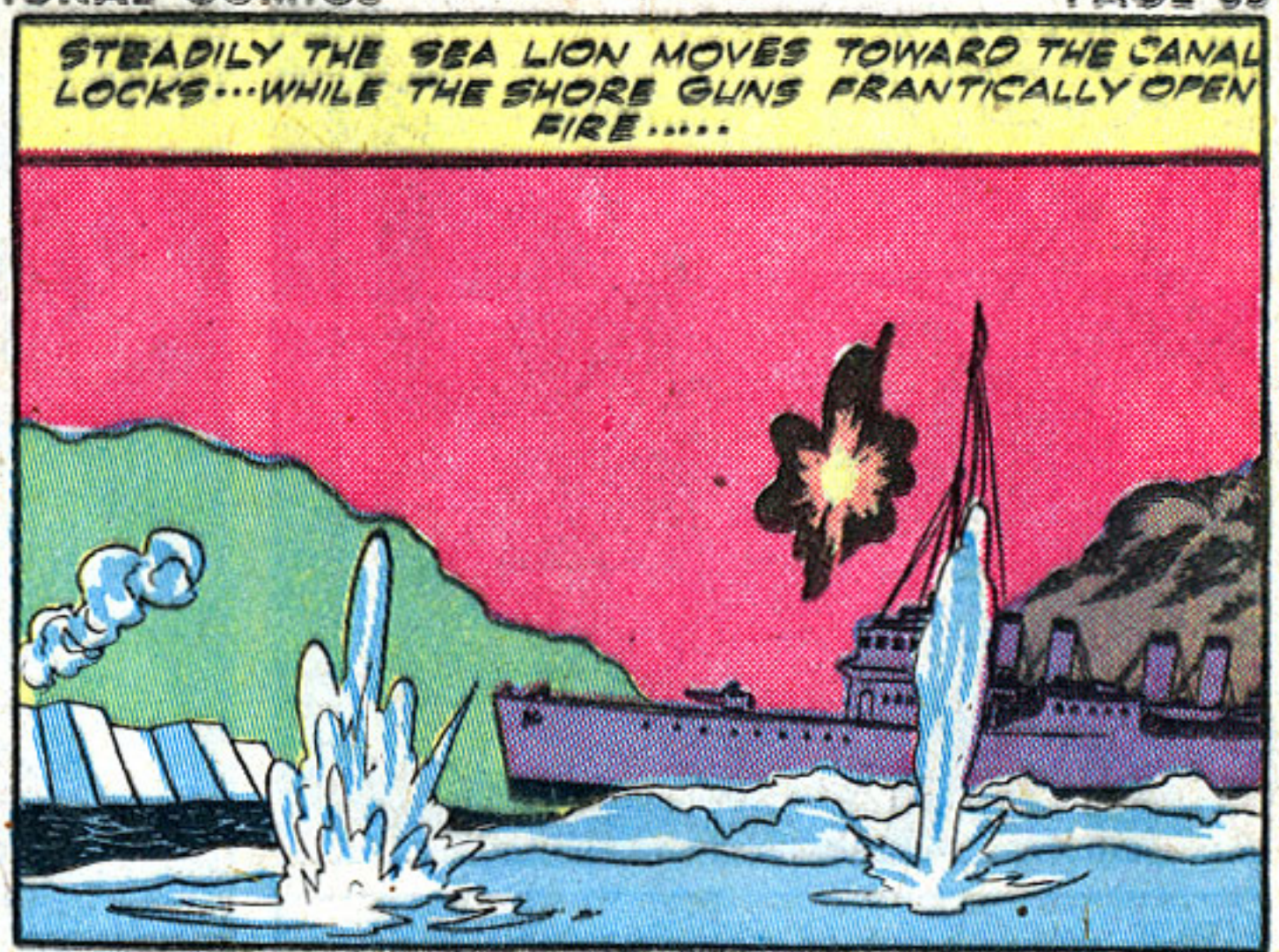


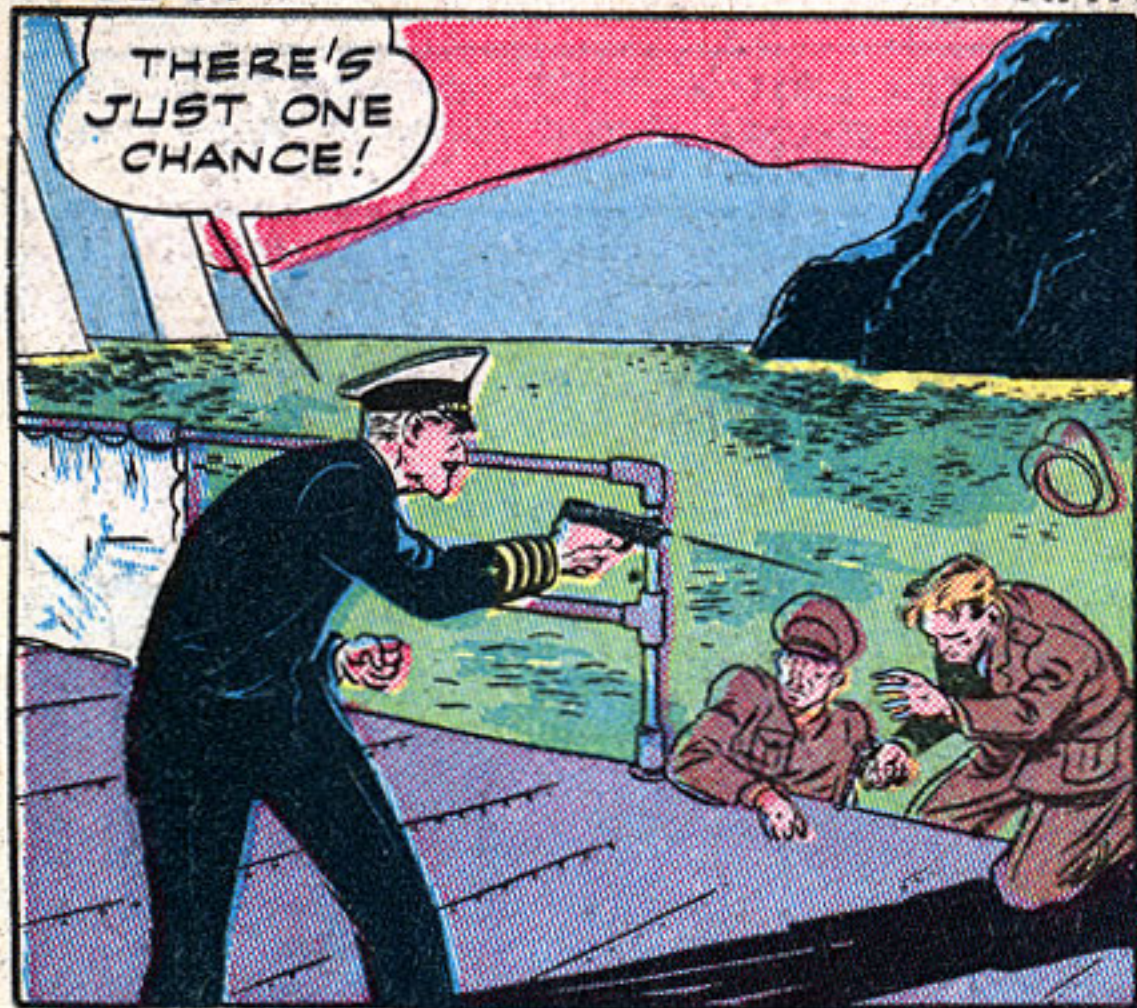










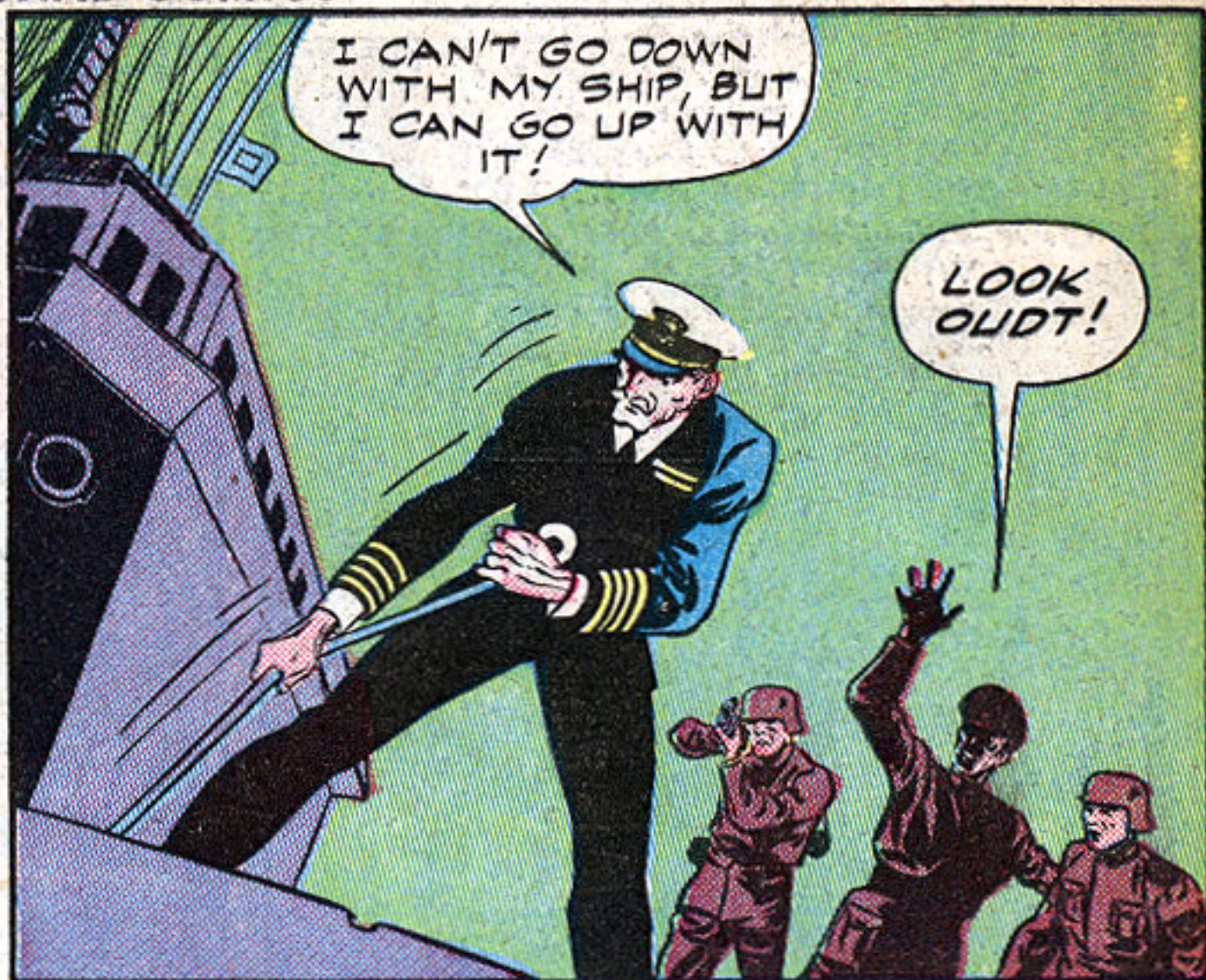
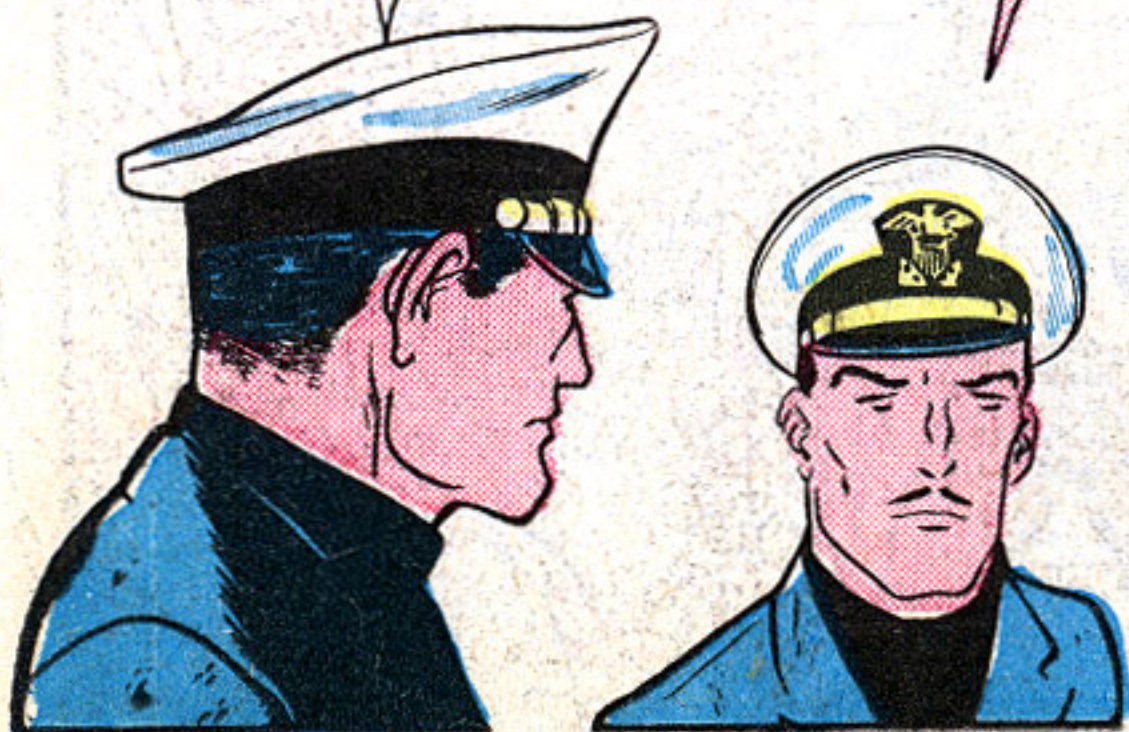


THE FIRING PIN IS RELEASED...AND THE DYNAMITE ERUPTS WITH VOLCANIC FURY!



AN OLD SAILOR NEVER DIES, CONROY, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT! ...AND THE SEA LION WILL BE DOING HER JOB FOR THE REST OF THE WAR! THE NAZIS CAN'T GET IN OR OUT OF THE HARBOR WHILE SHE'S LYING THERE!

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR! I'LL GIVE THE ORDER TO TURN ABOUT, SIR! WE'D BETTER LEAVE... BEFORE THE NAZI AIRCRAFT COME BACK!



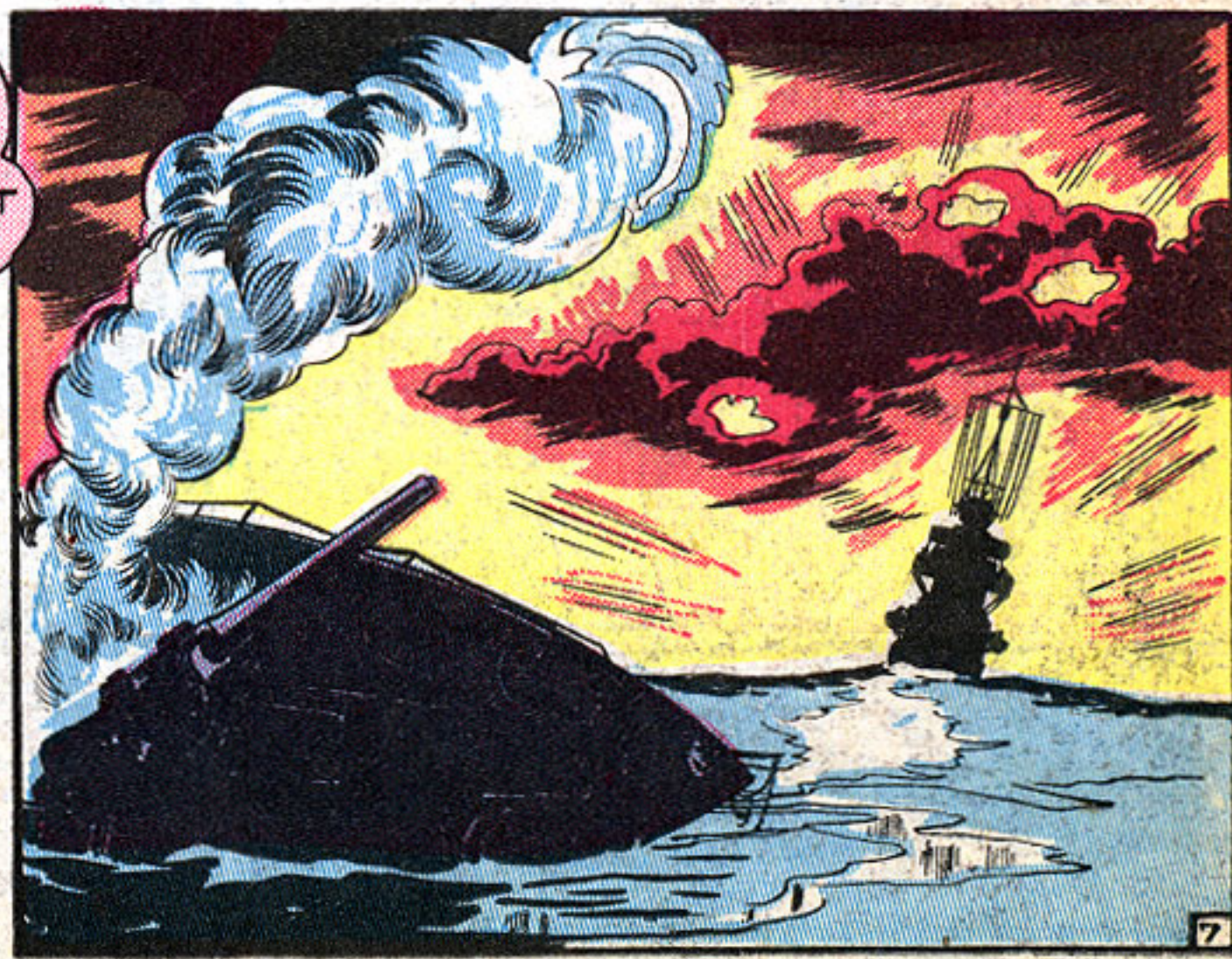
LOOK OUT!



HE TOOK THOSE NAZIS WITH HIM!

THE SEA LION DID HER LAST JOB! THOSE CANAL LOCKS WILL BE BLOCKED FOR GOOD! MAKE SURE THE LAST MAN OF HER CREW IS TAKEN ABOARD!

BUT, SIR, HE'S DEAD! HE DIED WITH HIS SHIP!



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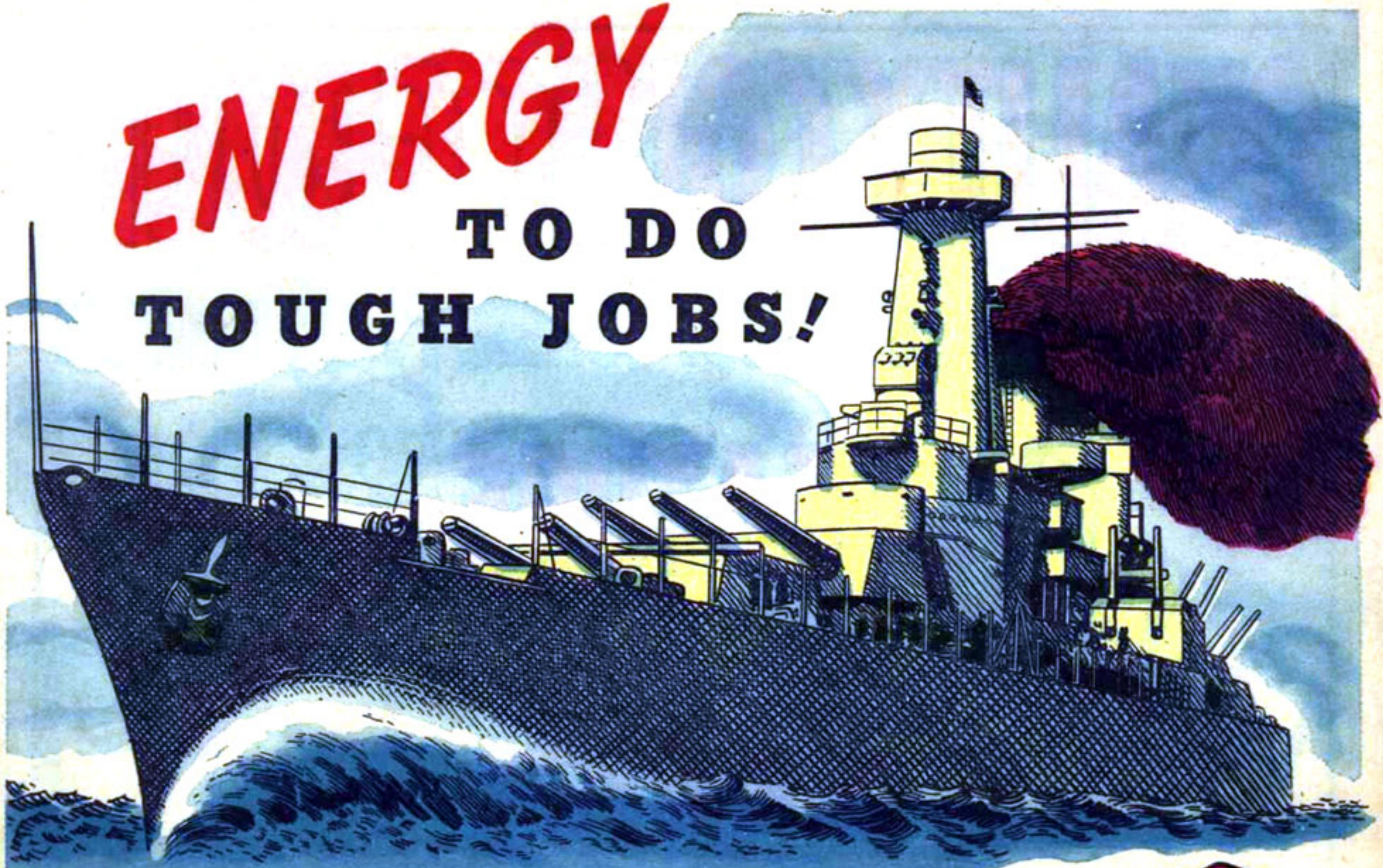


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